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THE NEW YORKER

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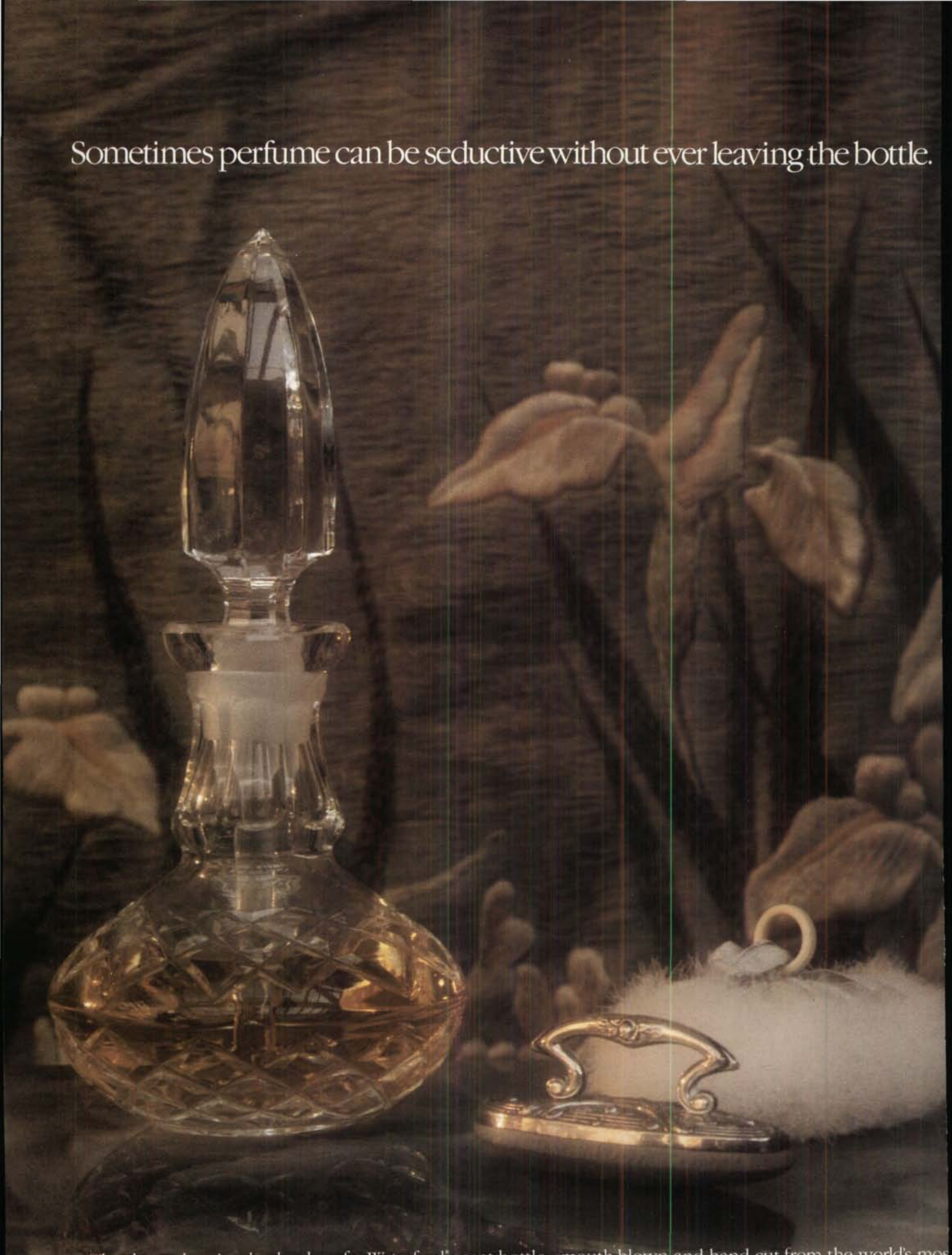
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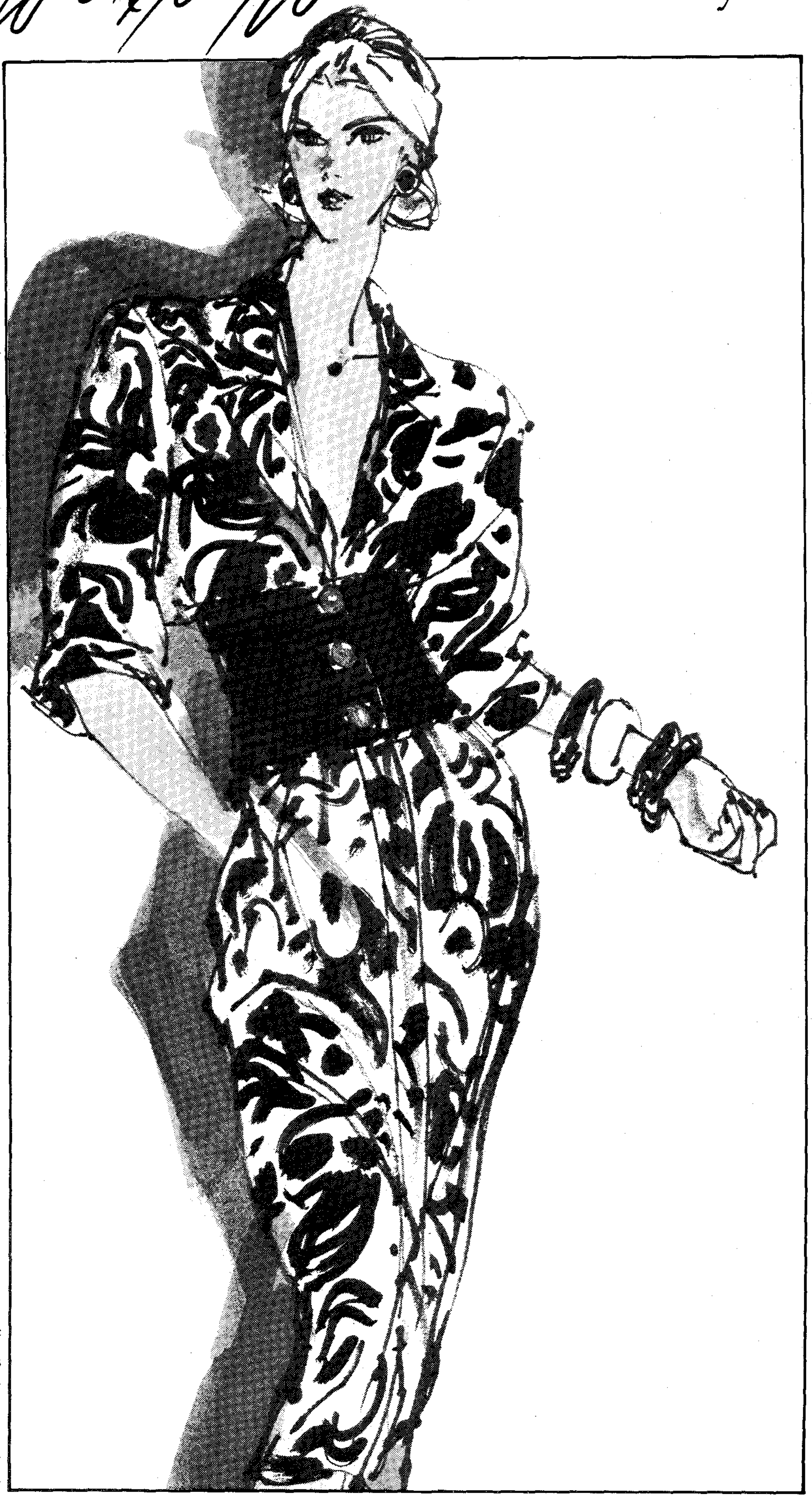

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A debate on the nature of good and evil, by Wallace Shawn. The director is Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Pippa Pearthree. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/4/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—The moral of this harsh and yet continuously entertaining play by Michael Frayn is that no good deed goes unpunished. The cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Mary Beth Hurt, and Simon Jones, and the direction is by Michael Blakemore. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Deal—Bob Fosse's bewildering attempt to transform an old Italian movie into a contemporary Broadway musical is made all the more bewildering by his use of old American songs in new tempos. The Fosse choreography remains brilliant and the cast is apparently unfazed by the bizarre activities it is called upon to carry out. (4/21/86) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Boys in Autumn—A wretched little non-play about the late years of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Unaccountably, George C. Scott and John Cullum have consented to appear in it. The author is Bernard Sabath. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cheapside—A play by David Allen. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, May 11.)

Daughters—The DiAngelo women of Brooklyn would make rather trying company were it not for the performances of the actresses who play them. John Morgan Evans was the dramatist, John Henry Davis directed. (4/14/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Emerald City—A comedy by Donald Marcus, presented by the Ark Theatre Company. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 18. For tickets, call 226-7682.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Opening performances of a festival of twelve one-act plays, running through Monday, June 16. "Sunday Morning Vivisection," by Elise Caitlin; "Blind Date," by Horton Foote; "The Worker's Life," by Brandon Cole; and "Mink on a Gold Hook," by James Ryan: Wednesday through Friday, May 7-9, at 7:30 (previews); Saturday, May 10, at 6 (opening) and 10; Sunday, May 11, at 3 and 7; and Monday, May 12, and Friday, May 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ "Vanishing Act," by Richard Greenberg; "Terry Neal's Future," by Roger Hedden; "The West Side Boys Will Rock You Anytime," by Shirley Kaplan; and "Comic Dialogue," by Alan Zweibel: Previews Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15, at 7:30, and Saturday, May 17, at 6 and 10. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

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Goblin Market—This musical, based on Christina Rossetti's erotic allegorical poem, has a charming score by Polly Pen, imaginative scenery by William Barclay, and good performances—*singing and acting*—by Terry Klausner and Ann Morrison. It may prove a little too fanciful for every taste, though. (4/28/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes an excellent singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

Hamlet—Kevin Kline is one of our best actors, and his Hamlet has much to commend it, but he is almost done in by the foolish, intrusive production and the poor work of the supporting company. (3/24/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Sunday, May 11.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy with Swoosie Kurtz, John Mahoney, and Stockard Channing, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterly comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, ex-

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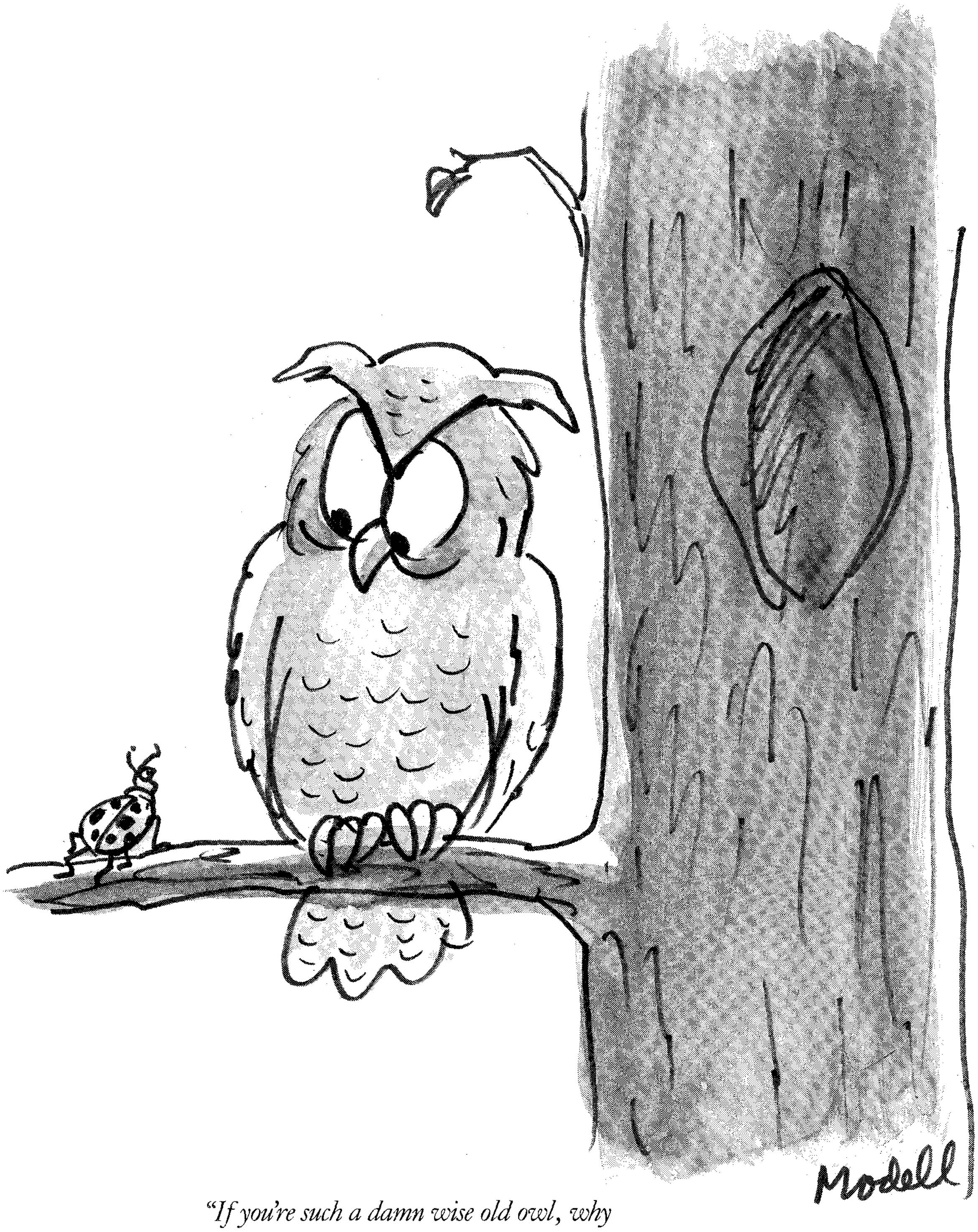

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Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **SWEETHEARTS.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A superb production of the greatest of American plays, directed by Jonathan Miller and with a cast that includes Jack Lemmon, Bethel Leslie, Peter Gallagher, and Kevin Spacey. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Loot—A far too mild revival of Joe Orton's fierce and highly polished farce about all sorts of criminal activity in England, but with considerable merriment, all the same. With Joseph Maher and Zeljko Ivanek, among others. John Tillinger directed. (3/3/86) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Maggie Magalita—A play by Wendy Kesselman, presented by the Lambs Theatre Company. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays at 11 A.M.; Thursdays at 11 and 8; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Wednesday, May 14, at 2.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—The novel that Dickens left unfinished at the time of his sudden death has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

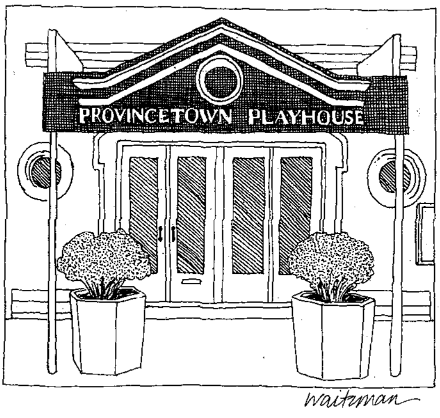
The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, Charlotte Moore, David Margulies, and Kate McGregor-Stewart is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Petition—Brian Clark has written a two-character play about a well-bred old couple in London, who on the brink of the grave learn a little something about themselves as they quarrel over nuclear weaponry. Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn lend a certain plausibility to a work unworthy of them. (5/5/86) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Precious Sons—A tale of miserable lower-middle-class life in Chicago in the late forties. Ed Harris and Judith Ivey are the stars. The author is George Furth. (3/31/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 10.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations—some harsh, some tender—written for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)



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Smoking Newports and Eating French Fries—A comedy by Sebastian Stuart. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—In his first Broadway comedy, Andrew Bergman proves a worthy successor to the Neil Simon of "Barefoot in the Park." The fine cast is composed of Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Kenneth Welsh, Olympia Dukakis, Joanna Gleason, and Stefan Schnabel. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

So Long on Lonely Street—A Southern Gothic comedy that tiresomely recapitulates a dozen other Southern Gothic comedies, some of them going back to the War Between the States. The author is Sandra Deer. (4/14/86) (Jack Lawrence, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song & Dance—Imported from England and tricked up for the American trade, this uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sweet Charity—A musical that, with very little alteration, has mysteriously improved with age. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse, it has a book by Neil Simon, songs by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, settings by Robert Randolph, and a star in the person of Debbie Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Williams and Walker—A musical triumph about the great Bert Williams, who, in 1910, became the first black comedian to star on Broadway, and about his partner, George Walker. Ben Harney and Vondie Curtis-Hall are the marvellous stars. The score is authentic ragtime, by Scott Joplin, Will Marion Cook, Williams himself, and others. Strong, lively direction by Shauneille Perry, choreography by Lenwood Sloan, and musical direction by Neal Tate, who accompanies the show on the piano, with percussionist Joe Marshall at his side. (3/17/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 5:30.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BILOXI BLUES:** A chapter in the life story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back further—and fondly—upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 11.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,832 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays, except May 10 at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except May 10, and Sundays a 3.) . . . **SINGIN' IN THE RAIN:** An attempt to translate an immortal movie musical into a Broadway show; everyone concerned has labored hard, always in vain. (Gershwin, 51st St west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—*Ringling Brothers and Barnum &* Bailey's hundred-and-sixteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays a

10:30 A.M.; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the seven-thirty performance on Wednesday, May 7, has been cancelled, and the five-thirty performance on Sunday, May 11, may be cancelled. Through Sunday, June 1.)

Mummenschanz—A mime-and-mask trio. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, May 25.)

"Furies"—An experimental theatre-opera work created by the Roy Hart Theatre of France and New York's The Talking Band. The production is based on Robert Lowell's adaptation of the first two parts of Aeschylus' Orestean trilogy. With music by Ellen Maddow, Harry Mann, and Jonathan Hart. (Crypt, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Through Sunday, May 18. For information about tickets, call 316-7563.)

Village Light Opera Group—Presenting Lerner and Loewe's "Brigadoon." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Thursday through Saturday, May 8-10, at 8, and Sunday, May 11, at 2. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 7: "Shadows," "Pas de Deux," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 8: "Interplay," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 9: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 10: "Ballo della Regina," "Eight More," "In Memory of. . .," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 10: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 11: "La Source," the new ballet, and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 11: "Interplay," "Shadows," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 13: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 14: "Ballo della Regina," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 15: "Interplay," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 16: "La Source," "Eight More," the new ballet, and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 17: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 17: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 22.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée, May 7: "Les Sylphides," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 7: "Les Sylphides," "Francesca da Rimini," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 8: "Symphonie Concertante," "Dark Elegies," "Walk This Way," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 9; Saturday matinée and evening, May 10; Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 12-13; and Wednesday matinée and evening, May 14: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 15: "Les Sylphides," "The Mollino Room" (New York première), and "Bourée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 16: "The Leaves Are Fading," "The Mollino Room," "Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 17: "Les Sylphides," "Francesca da Rimini," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 17: "Les Sylphides," "The Mollino Room," and "Symphonie Concertante." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 5.)

Sankai Juku—Final performances of "Kinkan Shonen." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, May 7-9, at 8; Saturday, May 10, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 11, at 3.)

Pilar Rioja—Final performances of the engagement. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Wednesday, May 7, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, May 8-9, at 8; Saturday, May 10, at 3; and Sunday, May 11, at 7.)

Battery Dance Company—"Divertimento for Strings" (première), "God's World," and "At the Fair." (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, at 6:45; Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, at 8; and Sunday, May 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call 219-3910.)

Shakti—Presenting "Salome." With the Vasantamala Dance Troupe of Japan. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Wednesday through Saturday, May 7-10, at 8.)

DanceAfrica Festival—Two programs of traditional African dances, as well as adaptations of them, each performed by the Chuck Davis Dance Company, Calabash Dance Company, Forces of Nature, the Kan Kouran Dance Company, Odadaa Dance Company, and Sabar Ak Ru Afriq. With Djimo Kuoyate, narrator. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, May 10, at 8, and Sunday, May 11, at 2.)

Rachel Harms Dance Company—Performances of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, May 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 10-11, at 8.)

Marleen Pennison Company—Performances of "If Walls Could Talk" and other works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday, May 14, at 7, and Thursday through Saturday, May 15-17, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

Ballet Interviews—Heather Watts being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, May 12, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**julie wilson,** a wonderful, engaging singer, is currently in residence in the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, will be **major holley**-and-**jill mc manus** Nights, and Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, pianist **hugh lawson** and bassist **calvin hill** will be on hand. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**blossom dearie** is ensconced in this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. A little later on in the evening, singer **jo sullivan** will take over the microphone. Her shows run from nine Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Bassist **ray brown's** trio trades sets with bluesy tenor saxophonist **stanley turrentine** and his band through Sunday, May 11, and on Tuesday, May 13, the master, **dizzy gillespie,** will bring in his quintet. Monday, May 12, the **klaus suonsaari all-stars**—**tom harrell, bob mintzer, kirk lightsey,** and **ray drummond**—will be present. Sets from about nine. **ted curson** heads a jam session after the last set every night but Monday until about four in the morning. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—"Just Once," a musical, is presented Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight; Fridays and Saturdays, except May 10, at seven-thirty and eleven; and Sundays at seven and ten. Mondays, **buster poindexter** (a.k.a. David Johansen when he's not wearing a tux) **& the banshees of blue** lay it down at eight and eleven. On Saturday, May 10, the Third Annual **fast folk musical magazine show** can be attended at eight and eleven.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great, up-close view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists or guitarists and bassists. Guitarist **john abercrombie** and bassist **george mraz** are here through Saturday, May 10, and on Monday, May 12, pianist **fred hersch** will join up with **george mraz.** Sundays are given over to pianist **hugh lawson.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**bobby short,** the vigorous interpreter of show, movie, and pre-punk popular music, is back in the Café Carlyle, along with his trusty sidekicks, **beverly peer** and **robbie scott.** Their hours are Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . **barbara carroll** is in the Bemelmans Bar at the piano, soloing and singing from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. Singers **kim shaw** and **marion cowings** share the stage on Wednesday, May 7; **kenny rankin,** the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, performs Thursday through Sunday, May 8-11; and on Tuesday, May 13, pianist **ahmad jamal** will arrive with his quintet. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **les paul,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone and pianist **ronny whyte** can be found here Wednesday through Saturday, May 7-10, at nine and eleven; Tuesday through Thursday, May 13-15, at ten-fifteen; and Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at midnight. Starting Tuesday, May 13, singer **margaret whiting** will appear Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The dining-room grand is in the hands of **judy carmichael,** who looks like a wisp of a girl but who is actually a fireball of a stride pianist; Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by Amy Duncan, and Mondays by **dick hyman.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **kirk lightsey** works with **cecil mc bee** through Saturday, May 10, and then on Tuesday, May 13, **ronnie mathews** will alight on the piano bench for a five-night stint with **mr. mc bee.** Music from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, New Orleans pianist **dr. john;** Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, Spirit; Monday, May 12, Wishbone Ash; Tuesday, May 13, **delbert mc clinton** and Duke Robillard & the Pleasure Kings; Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15, the Mamas & Papas and Shawn Colvin; and Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, blues singer and guitarist **johnny copeland.** Music after nine nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**rosemary clooney** sings at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody

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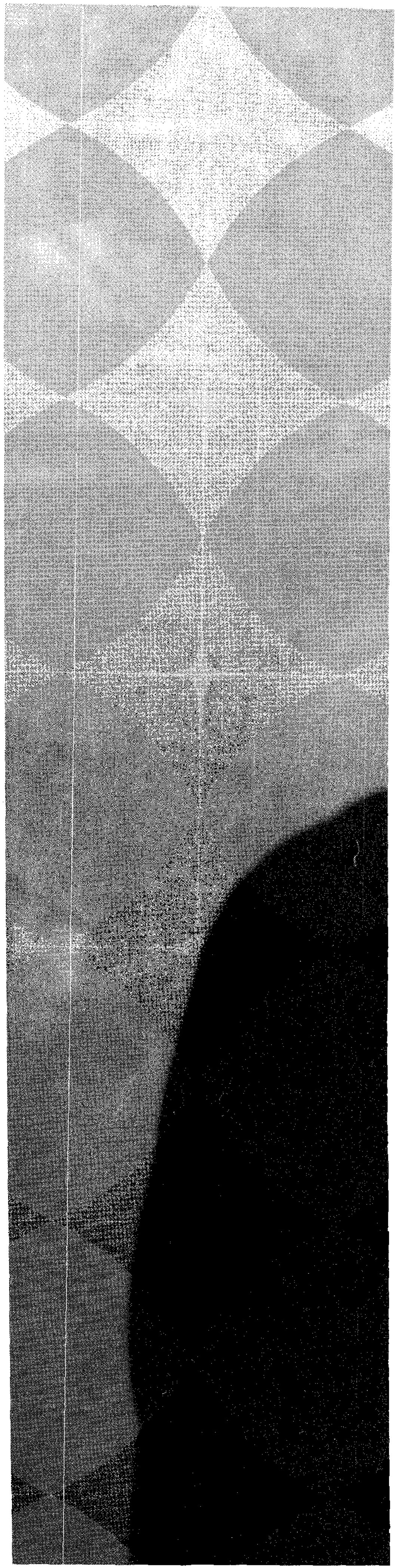

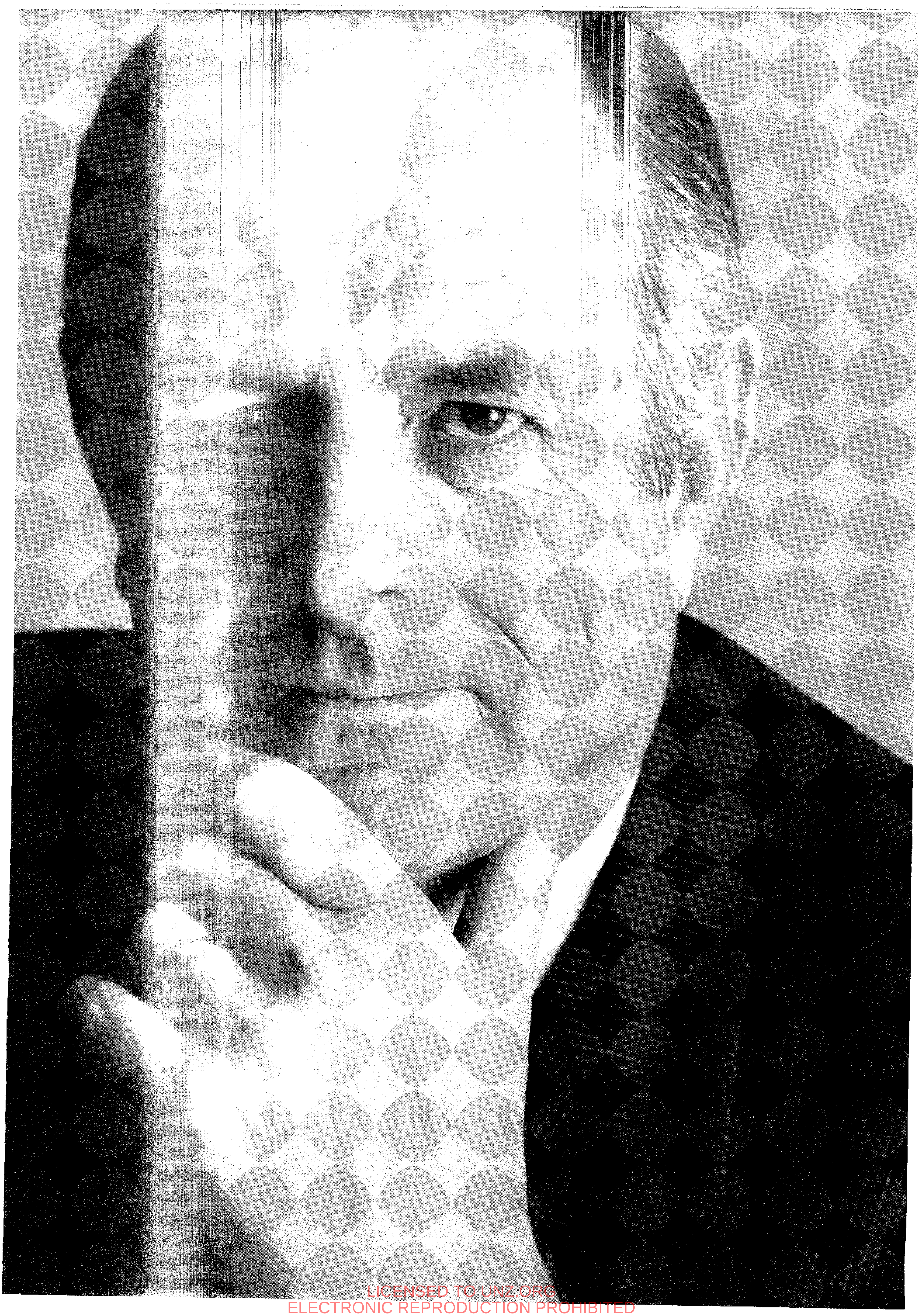

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt. The music: Wednesday, May 7, reggae drummer and singer **WINSTON GRENNAN;** Thursday, May 8, Axiom; Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, rhapsodic electric violinist **NOEL POINTER.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Park Ten, 10 Park Ave., at 34th St. (889-1310)—**SYLVIA SYMS** will be performing songs associated with Fred Astaire Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, at nine-thirty; Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, at nine-thirty and eleven-fifteen; and Sunday, May 11, at seven.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Friday, May 9, Erasure; Saturday, May 10, Trouble Funk; Sunday, May 11, **JOHN PRINE;** Wednesday, May 14, Senegalese pop music with Youssou n'Dour and Super Etoile; Thursday, May 15, Level 42; Friday, May 16, the **DEL-LORDS** and Rank & File; and Saturday, May 17, Opus and Movieland. Shows begin at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, salsa music, and American music. Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, **CHIEF COMMANDER EBENEZER OBEY;** Friday, May 9, Wilfrido Vargas; Saturday, May 10, **MIKATA;** Tuesday and Wednesday, May 13-14, **ETTA JAMES;** Thursday, May 15, reggae with Culture & Tenor Saw, with Roots Radics; and Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, **LOREMIL MACHADO.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **MC COY TYNER** is starring until Sunday, May 11, and on Tuesday, May 13, wailing tenor saxophonist and singer **PHAROAH SANDERS** will begin playing spiritually enlightened hard bop with his quartet. Mondays are turned over to pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his enthusiastic **ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room, after nine on Mondays: on May 12, **MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE, DANIEL PONCÉ'S JAZZBATA,** and pianist **MC COY TYNER,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. . . . ¶ *On the Terrace,* **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** sets the keyboard on fire every night but Monday. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present, with a trio, on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. Guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** heads up his quartet through Sunday, May 11, and on Tuesday, May 13, Olympian drummer **ELVIN JONES** will bring along his quintet. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music from nine-thirty.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A Columbia-student and uptown-jazz hangout. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** bassist **JAMIL NASSER,** and guitarist **RODNEY JONES** perform together until Sunday, May 11, and on Wednesday, May 14, blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will turn up with a trio featuring guitarist **BILLY BUTLER** and, on Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, singer **PAULA STEWART.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—**JUNIOR MANCE** and his longtime colleague **MARTY RIVERA** handle the piano-bass duties Mondays through Saturdays, and **GENE BERTONCINI** and *his* longtime colleague **MICHAEL MOORE** see to the guitar-bass responsibilities on Sundays. Music weeknights from eight and Sunday, May 11, from six.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Pat Metheny, Ornette Coleman, Charlie Haden, Jack De Johnette, and Denardo Coleman—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, May 8, at 7:30 and 10:30.

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Alarm—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, May 9, at 8.

Arto Lindsay and Bill Frisell—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, May 9, at 8.

José José—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, May 9, at 8.

Chesterfield Kings, the Reducers, and the Maneaters—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Friday, May 9, at 10.

Barry Harris Trio—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Ola Belle & Bud Reed, the Whitstein Brothers, and **Bessie Eldreth**—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. 362-0290. Saturday, May 10, at 8.

Tony Bennett—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8, and Sunday, May 11, at 3.

Craig Harris—With the Tailgaters Tales and a string quartet. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, May 11, at 7:30. For tickets, call 722-8223.)

Vintage Jazz at the Vineyard—The first in a series of four concerts, this one featuring the Peter Ecklund trio at 5, and the Ken Peplowski quartet at 8:30. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Sunday, May 11.)

American Jazz Orchestra—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. 254-6374. Monday, May 12, at 8.

A Salute to Buddy Tate—Mr. Tate will be there, along with Ray Bryant, Phil Woods, David (Fathead) Newman, Irv Stokes, Phil Flanigan, and Eddie Locke. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 15, at 8.)

Siouxsie and the Banshees—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, May 15, at 8.

Jazz Center of New York—Saturday, May 10, at 9:30 and 11: Bill Barron quintet in a salute to Lester Young. . . . ¶ Friday, May 16, at 9 and 10:30: John Shaw & Assemblage. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 17, at 9: Tina Fabrique trio. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Byron Browne (1907-61)—Ten abstract paintings from the fifties. Through May 24. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Anthony Caro—Nudes in bronze and in charcoal drawings executed in his Pine Plains, Dutchess County, studio. Through May 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—Colorful abstract geometric paintings dating from 1965 to 1969. Through May 31. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

René Genis—Tropical landscapes and related still-lifes. Through Saturday, May 10. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Maria Cooper Janis—Impressionist paintings. Through Saturday, May 10. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

Henry Koerner—Paintings and drawings dating from the thirties to this year. Through May 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Kasimir Malevich (1878-1935) and **Liubov S. Popova** (1889-1924)—Works on paper, watercolors, and drawings by two leaders of the Russian avant-garde early in this century. Through May 30. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Mitchell—Abstract paintings completed in 1985. Through Saturday, May 10. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Aiko Miyawaki—Abstract steel sculptures. Through May 24. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Owen Morrel—An abstract bronze sculpture and five very large pencil drawings of the piece as it would appear if it were enlarged to monumental scale. Through Saturday, May 10. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Georgia O'Keeffe (1887-1986)—Paintings, pastels, drawings, and prints—more than forty works in all. Through June 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Two exhibitions. A loan show of fifty drawings, which are being shown in public for the first time. Through June 28. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ *Forty-five sketchbooks detailing the artist's* day-to-day work. Picasso kept a total of a hundred and seventy-five sketchbooks during his lifetime. Through August 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Arnulf Rainer—Paintings, drawings, and photographs from the seventies. Through May 30. (Kren, 22 E. 65th St.)

John Singer Sargent (1856-1925)—Impressionist paintings done in England and France in the eighteen-eighties. Through June 14. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Mario Sironi (1885-1961)—Paintings and works on paper. Through May 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Theodoros Stamos—Paintings from the past forty years. Through May 24. (Kouros, 23 E 73rd St.)

Selina Trieff—Figure paintings and drawings Through May 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. at 78th St.)

Jan Tschichold (1902-74)—Posters, books, and typographical designs by a designer known for theatre posters (from the twenties) and for the design (in the thirties) of the Penguin paperback. Through June 6. (Prakapas, 19 E 71st St. Opens at noon.)

Mary Ann Unger—A walk-through aluminum architectural work that will go to a Philadelphia park this summer. Also, three life-size figures. Through May 31. (Sculpture Center 167 E. 69th St.)

Willard Gallery Anniversary—The gallery that takes the credit for introducing such artists as David Smith, Mark Tobey, Morris Graves and Dorothy Dehner has mounted the work of these and other artists in the first of two fiftieth-anniversary exhibits in memory of its founder, Marian Willard Johnson. Through Saturday, May 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **HOFFELD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Animal sculptures by American artists; Eli Nadelman and William Zorach are among those represented by works that date from 1915 to 1950. Through May 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MATHES,** 85 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and works on paper by the founders of Purism Ozenfant and Le Corbusier, and their followers. Through May 31. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 1 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of about a hundred paintings and works on paper from the Princeton University Art Museum. These works—by Europeans and Americans—include a Degas "Dancers," Ammi Philips' "The Girl in Pink," and Willem de Kooning'

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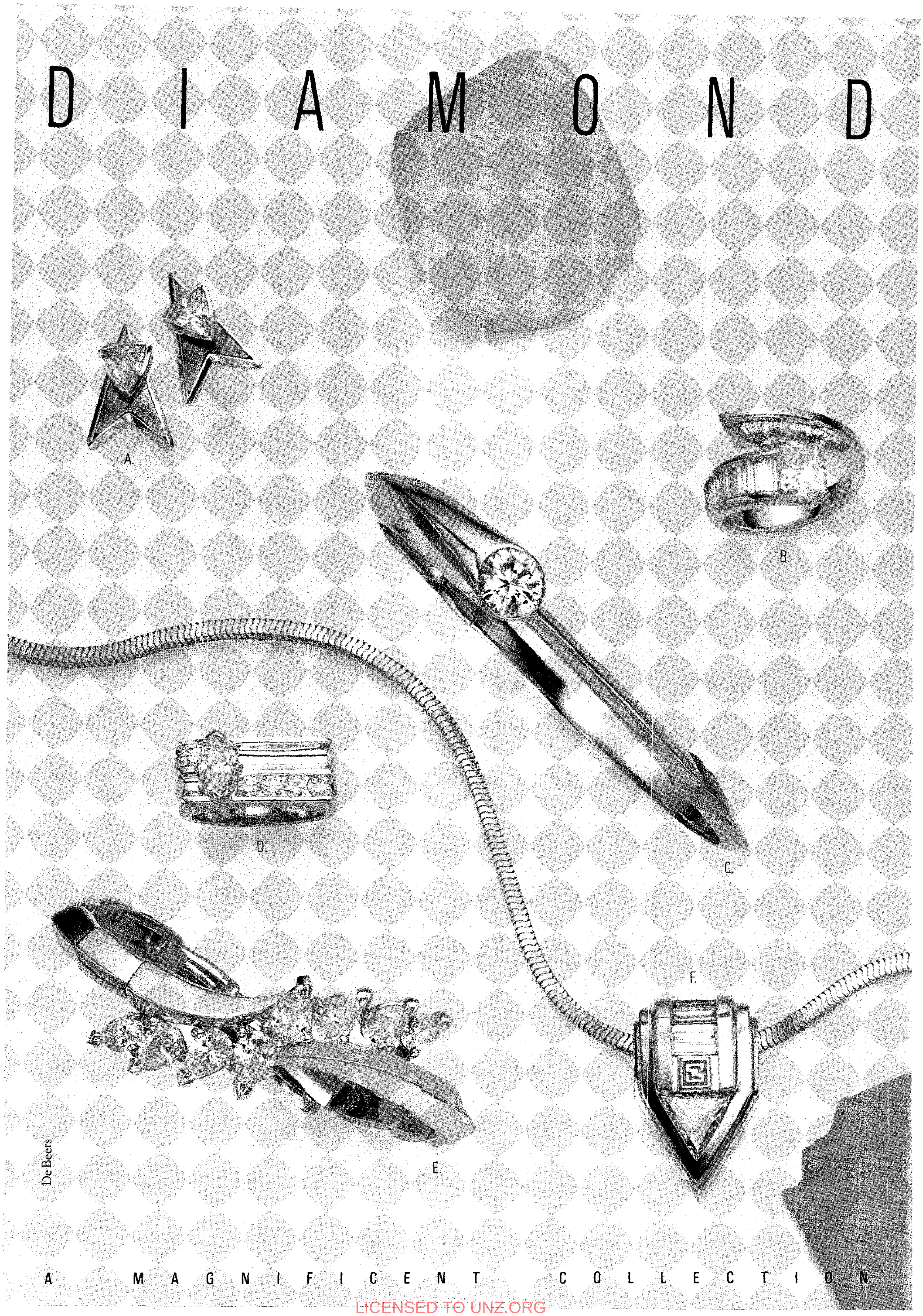
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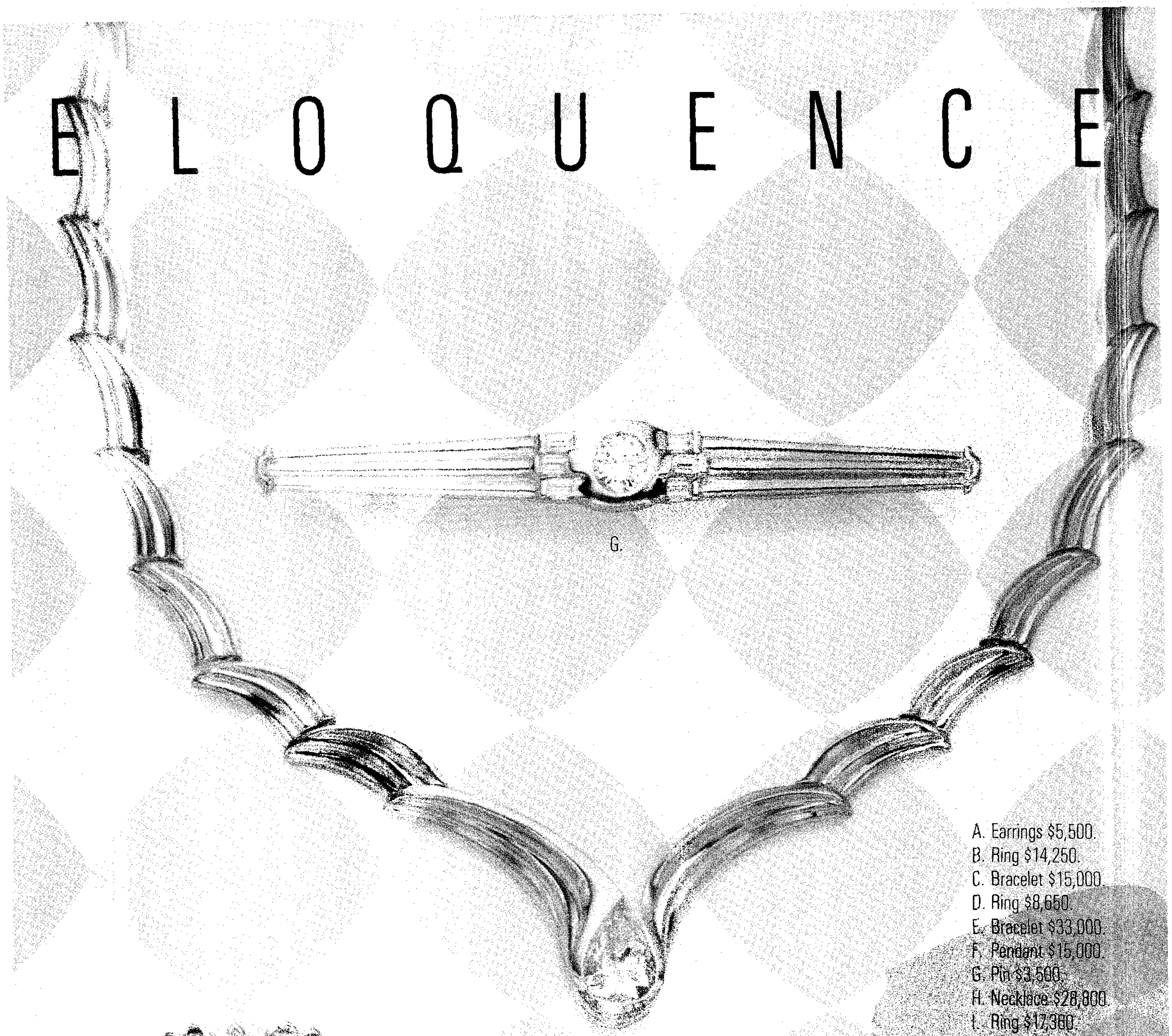

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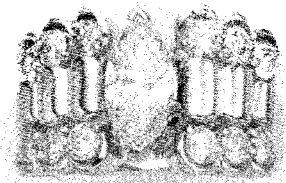
A. Earrings $5,500.
B. Ring $14,250.
C. Bracelet $15,000.
D. Ring $8,650.
E. Bracelet $33,000.
F. Pendant $15,000.
G. Pin $3,500.
H. Necklace $28,800.
I. Ring $17,360.
J. Earrings $16,750.



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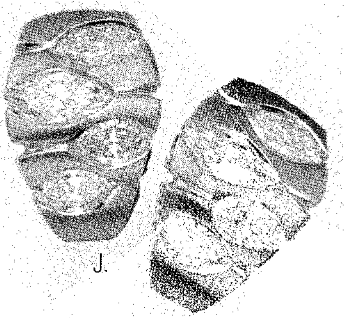

J.

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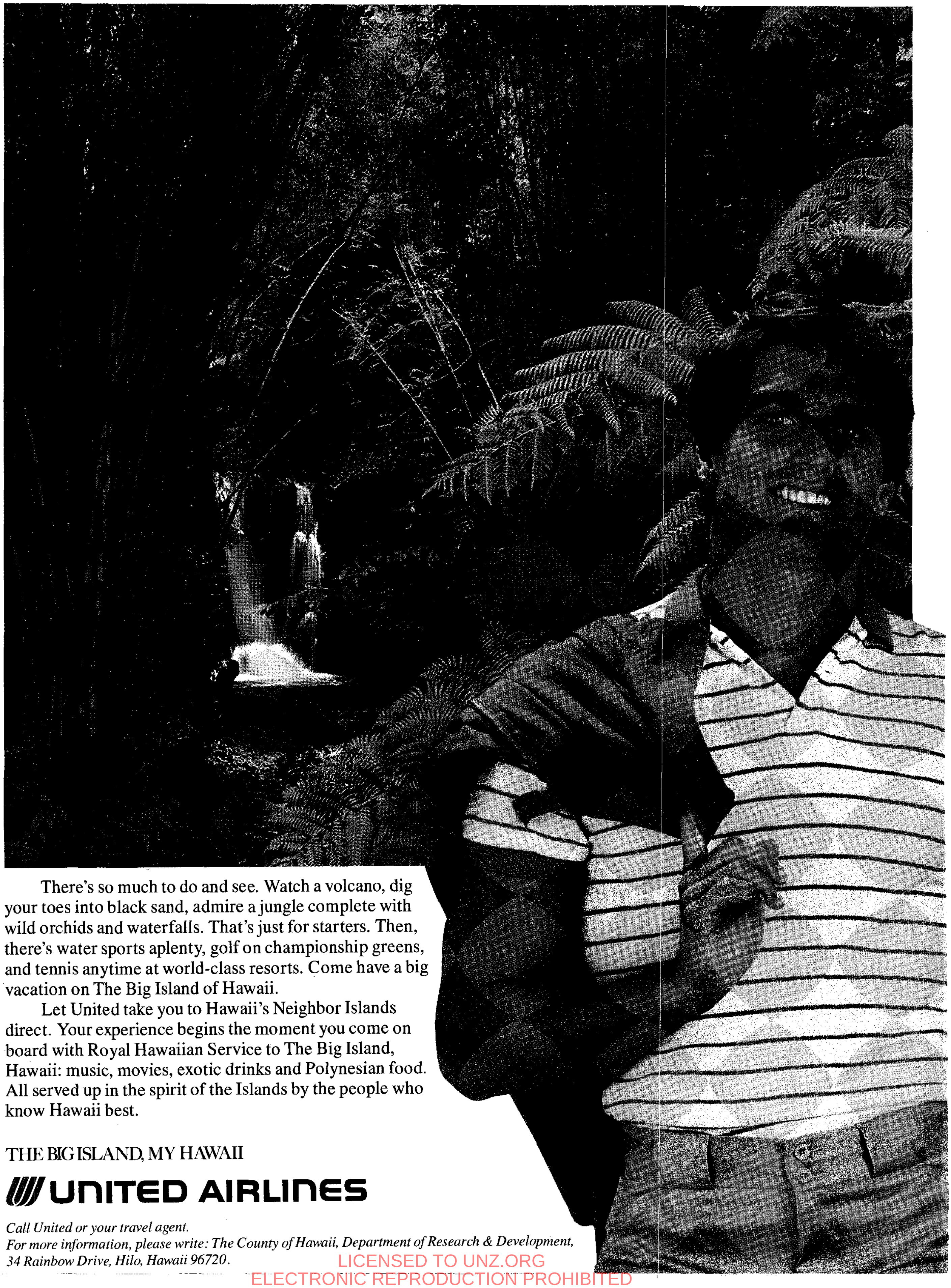

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Black Friday." Through June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

at Adams—Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through Saturday, May 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

udolf Bauer (1889-1953) / **Seymour Lipton**—Nonobjective paintings. / Drawings in Conté crayon by a sculptor. Through May 21. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

om Blackwell—Paintings. Through Saturday, May 10. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

orman Bluhm—A two-gallery show of voluptuous abstract paintings that bleed copiously from the brushstrokes. Through June 14. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and 113 Greene St.)

ank Bowling—Recent impastoed abstractions. Through May 31. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

olleen Browning / **Elihu Vedder** (1836-1923)—Landscapes and portraits in oil. / Drawings in a variety of mediums. Through May 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

ott Burton—New furniture pieces carved from granite and wood. Through May 31. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

lan Davie—Paintings entitled "Meditations and Hallucinations," plus related drawings. Through May 31. (Gimpel, in a new location at 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ter Dean—Neo-Expressionist paintings of landscapes. Through May 24. (Kerr, 225 W. 57th St.)

onzalo Fonseca—Sculptures carved from stone blocks which suggest archeological digs. Through May 31. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

hn Gundlefinger / **Margaret Grimes**—Landscapes of western New Jersey. / Oil paintings that depict summer at Cape Cod. Through May 28. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

bert Hudson—Abstract polychrome bronze sculptures. Through June 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

D. Huggins and Diane Keaton—Joint works (hers the conception, his the execution) in oil on canvas which are based on interpretations of Christian tenets for children. Through May 24. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

yan Hunt / **Ellsworth Kelly**—Small-scale bronzes, and drawings. Through May 31. / Monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases. Through June 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Seven sculptures by Mr. Kelly are on view at the Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.

lex Katz—Fourteen new large-scale paintings complement a retrospective of this artist's work at the Whitney Museum. Through May 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

es Klein (1928-62)—Monochromatic paintings, sponge reliefs and sculptures, and paintings with body imprints. Through May 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

uce McLean—Functional painted plates and bowls that the artist made at Fulham Pottery, in England. Through Saturday, May 10. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

enry Moore—Sculptures, drawings, and prints. Through June 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

illiam Palmer—Paintings from the early years of the artist's career, including a four-panel screen of Washington Square Park (1929). Through June 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

verly Pepper—Large totemlike sculptures in stone, painted steel, and stainless steel. Through May 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

dy Pfaff—Brightly colored mixed-medium wall constructions, some more than ten feet long. Through June 7. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

chard Pousette-Dart—Recent paintings, including reliefs. Through May 31. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

rbara Siegel—Paintings and works on paper depicting pigeons—walking on cobblestone streets, perched on corners of buildings. Through Saturday, May 10. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

ntoni Tàpies—New abstract paintings. Through June 6. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

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Joyce Treiman—A series of lively Expressionist paintings involving one or more figures (the artist and a possible suitor) and, sometimes, an ocean liner. Through May 24. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jane Wasey—Animal sculptures cast in bronze and carved in wood or stone. Through May 24. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Elbert Weinberg—Twenty sculptures. Through May 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the DONSON, 24 W. 57th St.: Handmade wood-block prints by early-twentieth-century Fauvists and Expressionists, among them Dix, Feininger, and Maillol. Through June 14. . . . ALEX ROSENBERG, 20 W. 57th St.: A show entitled "Free Space: Artists' Use of Floating Forms in Two-Dimensional Art" includes works by Lee Krasner, Sonia Delaunay, Manoucher Yektai, and others. Through May 29. (Open Mondays.) . . . SCHOELKOPF, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings reflecting the current interest in city (or town) street incidents, by contemporary realists, including Rackstraw Downes, Louisa Matthiasdottir, and Wayne Thiebaud. Through May 21.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Richard Beckett—Abstract constructions and large works on paper. Through May 31. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Tom Bills—Relatively small but sturdy pieces of sculpture made of steel inlaid with lead and weighing from five hundred to eighteen hundred pounds each. Through Saturday, May 17. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Adam Cvijanovic—Multipanel paintings. Through May 24. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Dorothy Dehner—A retrospective, including watercolors, prints, and sculptures in wood, bronze, and Corten steel. Through May 28. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

Elaine de Kooning—Figurative oils inspired by cave paintings in southern France. Through May 31. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Elizabeth Dworkin—Abstract paintings. Through May 31. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Perle Fine / **Paul Russotto**—Works on paper from the fifties and sixties by a New York School artist. / Paintings. Through May 24. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

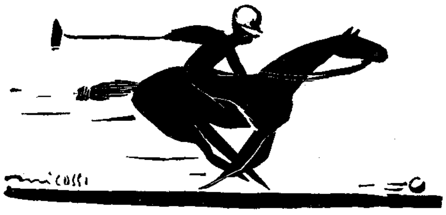
April Gornik—Paintings and drawings by a landscapist who capitalizes on nature's overstatements. Through Saturday, May 10. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

George D. Green—What appear to be large, abstract wall constructions but are actually trompe-l'oeil canvases. Also, large preliminary drawings for the paintings, and smaller works on paper. Through May 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

John Hultberg—A veteran New York artist showing paintings in which (often) landscapes, cityscapes, and figures converge. Through Saturday, May 10. (Shapolsky, formerly Arbitrage, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Komar & Melamid—Large multipanel works embracing numerous art styles. Through Saturday, May 17. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Christopher Le Brun—Large paintings involving romantic classical figures—Pegasus, for instance. The artist is British. Through May 31. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)



Mimi Korach Lesser / **Doris Lubell**—Paintings of the Galápagos Islands. / Acrylic-and-watercolor paintings. Through Sunday, May 11. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

Robert Longo—Large-scale sculptures using mixed mediums, including iron castings and canvas paintings. Through June 4. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Robert Mangold—Six large-scale paintings from the past year, and works on paper. Through May 24. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Rosemary Naegele—Realist paintings of city buildings. Through May 23. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St.)

Thomas Nozkowski—Abstractions in oil derived from the artist's memories of forms and colors seen in nature. Through Wednesday, May 14. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Joseph Raffael—Landscapes in oil (with Japanese motifs) and watercolors of oversize birds and moths. Through Wednesday, May 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Marion Ranyak—Landscape paintings. Through Saturday, May 17. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Ricardo Regazzoni—Numerous freestanding columns made of paperboard and covered in gold leaf, pencil drawings of the columns, and folding screens painted with columns. Through May 31. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

Babe Shapiro—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 17. (Allen, 110 Greene St.)

Hunt Slonem / **Philip Ayers**—Colorful paintings of tropical birds, goldfish, monkeys, etc. / Urban realist paintings. Through June 7. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Gary Stephan—Abstract acrylics from this year, plus abstract oils on Masonite done twenty years ago. Through May 31. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Mark Tansey—A new series of his large, skillfully executed monochromatic puzzle pictures. In one, for instance, Eskimo and Bedouin parties encounter one another in a blinding whiteout that partakes of both the Arctic and the Sahara. Through Saturday, May 10. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Bruce Wall—Three-dimensional paintings in which the canvas provides the street-scene habitat for a larger-than-life-size fluorescent creature cut from foam. Through May 31. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Karl Wirsum—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Through May 24. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the BRYERS, 111 Greene St.: Paintings, mostly, by Mike Bidlo, Keith Haring, Rhonda Zwillinger, and many others in an exhibit that pays tribute to the late artist Nicolas Moufarrege. Through Saturday, May 10. . . . THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: A show entitled "The Northern Landscape: Flemish, Dutch, and British Drawings from the Courtauld Collections" contains some of the major exponents of the landscape genre between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, among them Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), Collaert, Constable, and Turner. Through July 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . 55 MERCER STREET GALLERY: Oil paintings by Ethelyn Honig, wall sculptures by Anna Broell Bresnick, and a painting (among other works) on paper that is attached to an aluminum framework and suspended from the ceiling, by D. Corley. Through Saturday, May 10.

OTHER GALLERIES

Milan Kunc—Robust paintings by a Czech artist, now residing in West Germany, who enjoys thumbing his nose at the Russians. Through Sunday, May 11. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Will Mentor—Small, concise abstract paintings, most of them devoted to what appear to be sewer pipes draining into one another. Through Sunday, May 11. (Wolff, 513 E. 6th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Roxie Munro—Watercolor paintings and ink

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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drawings by an artist whose work has appeared on the cover of this magazine. Through Saturday, May 10. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Paintings and collages dated 1949 to 1952. Through May 31. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near 11th Ave.)

Alan Scarritt—*An installation of found objects* and plaster sculptures, plus related drawings. Through Wednesday, May 14. (Attitude Art, 184 Franklin St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts. Opens at noon.)

Mark Schwartz / Claire Lieberman—Figurative *paintings. / Abstract sculptures done in* colored stone and slate; also, monoprints. Through May 31. (Baum, 109 Hudson.)

Russell Sharon—Landscapes on wood, some with small sticks projecting from the surface. Through June 1. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David Wojnarowicz / Steve Doughton—Paintings in which nightmarish vignettes (tortured people, babies with outsize umbilical cords) intermingle with gigantic locomotives and other moving stock. / Sketchy drawings with a circus atmosphere. Through May 18. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Ave. A., at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **Artists Space,** 223 West Broadway: Paintings by Lee Mullican and Gordon Onslow-Ford, and a geodesic dome and animal sculptures impastoed with sequins, gems, and beads by Gerome Kamrowski. Through Saturday, May 10. . . . **P.S. 1,** 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: "Images of the Unknown," an exhibit of artsts who avow a spiritual motivation for their work—for example, three visionary paintings by Joseph Parker, a recluse who lives in the desert, and a room-size piece by Ann McCoy in which the walls, ceiling, everything is painted a very dark blue, to make a sanctuary for her *paintings and bronze preternatural figures.* Through June 15. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt (1904-83) / **Picasso** (1881-1973)—Vintage photographs of nudes. / Manipulated and cutout prints resembling his Cubist paintings. Also, portraits of the artist taken by his contemporaries—Man Ray, Irving Penn, Robert Capa. Through August 1. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. has approximately a hundred vintage photographs by Mr. Brandt. Through June 7. (Opens at 1.)

Bernard Faucon—Fresson prints. Through May *24. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)*

Stephen Frailey—Photographs of various items superimposed on old photographs. Through May 29. (303 Gallery, 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

Benno Friedman / Margaretta K. Mitchell—Silver prints on which the artist has drawn and painted. / Photogravures of dancers. Through May 22. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Eliot Porter / Charles Heaney (1897-1981)—Black-and-white photographs of the Southwest, dating from 1939 to 1965. / Paintings and prints. Through May 31. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

David Robbins—*Photographic works.* Through May 30. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

John Thomson (1837-1921)—Albumin prints and carbon prints of the Orient by a travelling Scottish photographer whose predilection for capturing people and customs (a king of Siam, Buddhist priests, flower sellers)—in addition to recording more standard landscape views of, say, tea plantations and the mountains of Formosa—has led some to consider him a precursor of photojournalism. Starts Thursday, May 8. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

Group Show—Photographs concerned with television—either taken directly from the TV screen or of TV sets in various living rooms. Louise Lawler, Frank Majore, Bruce Davidson, and Anne Turyn are among those represented. Through May 25. (Facchetti, 211 E. 3rd St. Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—*A show of seventy works by Rodin. Through* June 15. . . . ¶ A chronological arrangement of the school of Nuremberg's Gothic and Renaissance works of art, including oversize carved-oak statues of Christ and the Virgin by Veit Stoss, Dürer's sketch for a chandelier in the shape of a dragon and the finished chandelier itself, and brass sculptures by Peter Vischer the Elder. Through June 22. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Richard Serra contains several pieces made for the exhibition, one of them located out in the garden. Through Tuesday, May 13. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9, except May 15, when the museum will close at 8.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Recent work by Enzo Cucchi, including eight large paintings, a two-part sculpture, and drawings. Through July 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. *at 75th St.—A retrospective of works by* Alex Katz, including paintings, wood and aluminum cutouts, and collages. Through June 15. A complementary show is at Marlborough Gallery, 40 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty-eight paintings by Eric Fischl. Through Sunday, May 11. . . . ¶ An exhibit entitled "Sacred Images in Secular Art" includes paintings, sculptures, and photographs by a dozen contemporary artists; Italo Scanga, Audrey Flack, and Joel-Peter Witkin, among them. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, *Eastern Parkway*—Works by some of the preëminent American watercolorists of the past two centuries—John William Hill, Seth Eastman, Homer, Burchfield, Avery, O'Keeffe, and others. Through May 26. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of antique and contemporary Chinese puppets and shadow figures. Through June 29. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A record of the life and career of Bronislava Nijinska, a dancer, choreographer, and member of the creative-genius crowd early in this century. This record includes costumes designed for her by Natalia Gontcharova and Léon Bakst; set designs by Max Ernst and Joan Miró; and a musical score for her ball "Le Baiser de la Fée," in the handwriting Igor Stravinsky. The dancer herself is seen photographs of Diaghilev's Ballets Russ among others. Through July 13. (Open da except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to with no admission charge after 5; Wedn days through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunda noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A loan show fifty drawings by Ingres, who bequeath them to a museum in his birthplace, Mo auban. Through June 15. (Open daily exce Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sat days, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—The authors the manuscripts, proofs, first editions, a letters collected by the University of Tex (and being shown here) amount to a *Wh Who* (male version) of the literary world the past century: Poe, Conrad, Wilde, Fau ner, Kerouac, Beckett. George Eliot is t sole woman represented. Through June (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show drawings, watercolors, prints, and pho graphs that document British rule in In from the eighteenth century to the twentie Photographs by Beato, Frith, and Bourne a *in the section devoted to that subje* Through July 31. (Open daily except M days. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturda 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. 104th St.—Paintings, sculptures, drawin and prints by Arbit Blatas re-create t Theatre de Lys's 1954 production of "T Threepenny Opera." (Open daily exce Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sat days, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., 89th St.—Drawings and models by Brit architects, primarily, spanning three hundr years—from Inigo Jones to Sir Edwin L yens. The subjects are generically call country houses but are known individually Hampton Court Palace, Blenheim, Cas Drogo, etc. Starts Friday, May 9. (Open da except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to with no admission charge after 5; Wedn days through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—An exhibiti of Sots Art, shorthand for unofficial works Russian artists who managed to get out fr under the thumb of the official Social Realism; all but one of the artists live h now, and all but one (a sculptor) are painte Through June 12. (Open daily except M days and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesda noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, n to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. Contemporary artists Al Loving and Ho ardena Pindell are each represented by eig teen paintings and collages. Through Ju 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tu days. Hours: Wednesdays through Frida 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, a combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671 Lenora Champagne (performance), Thursd through Saturday, May 15-17, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—M Becker (dance), Thursday through Sund May 8-11, at 8:30; Steina Vasulka (vide Monday, May 12, at 7:30 and 9:30; a Susan Braham & Dancers, Thursday throu Sunday, May 15-18, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288— festival of theatre and performance art sp sored by the people at the Veselka Cof Shop. Thursday through Sunday, May 8- at 8: John Kelly; at 10: David Cale; at m night: Iris Rose. . . . ¶ Fridays, May 9 and at 10:30: Jim Neu (performance). . . . ¶ Sat days, May 10 and 17, at 10:30: Beth Lapi (performance). . . . ¶ Fred Holland (perf mance), Friday through Sunday, May 16- at 9.

Artists As Video / Filmmakers Series—Vid Wednesday, May 7: Ann Magnusen, T Rubnitz, and others; Thursday, May Sherry Milner, Ayoka Chenzira, and othe Friday, May 9: Carolee Schneeman, Jim and others; Saturday, May 10: Lily La

Tim Tucker, and others; and Sunday, May 11: Chris Kraus, Tony Oursler, and others. . . . ¶ Film. Wednesday, May 14: Beth and Scott B, Jerri Allyn, and others; Thursday, May 15: Andy Soma, Sokhi Wagner, and others; Friday, May 16: Animation pieces by Braden Clari, Lorie Loeb, and others; and Saturday, May 17: Dance films by Pooh Kaye, Doris Chase, and others. (El Bohio Community and Cultural Center, 605 E. 9th St. 533-6835. All programs begin at 8.)

MUSIC

he box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 2-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for rnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Con- rt Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers e included in the listings.)

OPERA

era Ensemble of New York—Michael Recchiuti conducting performances of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice." (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesdays, May 7 and 14, and Fridays, May 9 and 16, at 8, and Sundays, May 11 and 18, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

ato Opera Company—Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," in French and English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, May 10, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 11, at 2:30.)

onx Opera Company—Two performances of Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte," in English, staged by Albert Sherman, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra, conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 8. For tickets, call 787-1356.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

w York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta directing the final concerts of the regular season—Thursday, May 8, at 8; Friday, May 9, at 2; and Tuesday, May 13, at 7:30: A Haydn-Druckman-Tchaikovsky program, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano, and members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 15, at 8; Friday, May 16, at 2; and Saturday, May 17, at 8: A Copland-Orff program, with Sylvia Greenberg, soprano; Chris Merritt, tenor; Robert Galbraith, baritone; and the New York Choral Artists.

náček Chamber Orchestra—An ensemble from Czechoslovakia, with Michael Ponti, piano, and Vitezslav Kuznik, violin. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, May 9, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

oul Philharmonic Orchestra—Chai-Dong Chung conducting, with Dong-Suk Kang, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8.)

ronto Symphony—Andrew Davis conducting, with Alexander Toradze, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

eveland Orchestra—Christoph von Dohnányi conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL:** Wednesday, May 14, with Franklin Cohen, clarinet; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; and John Shirley-Quirk, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 17, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Friday, May 16, with Heinrich Schiff, cello. (Evenings at 8.)

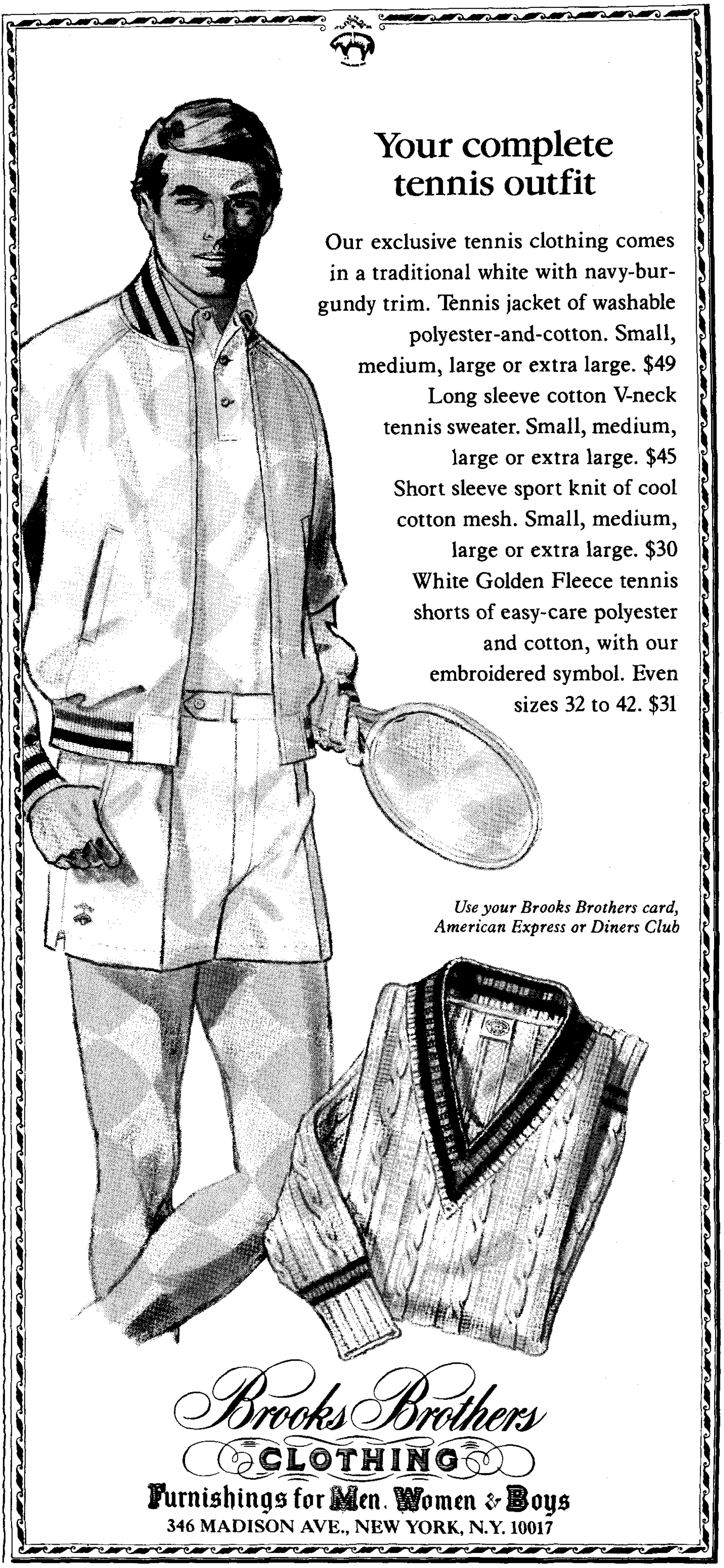
s Angeles Philharmonic—André Previn directing and acting as piano soloist, with Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Anne Howells, mezzo-soprano; Martyn Hill, baritone; and the Los Angeles Master Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 15, at 8.)

rizons Concerts Orchestra—Terrill Jory conducting, with Fred Strickler, tap dancer, and Mayor Edward Koch, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 1.)

era Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a benefit program of Verdi arias and duets, with Ghena Dimitrova, soprano, and Piero Cappuccilli, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 7:30.)

ooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series of programs, this one with Speculum Musicae and Judith Bettina, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Thursday, May 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 9, at 8. For information about tickets to both concerts, call 636-4120.)

hard Strauss Opera Festival—Andrew Davis



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directing the Toronto Symphony and members of the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir in a concert version of "Daphne," with Catherine Malfitano, soprano, in the title role. The last in a series of performances. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 7:30.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble Chamber Orchestra—Morton Gould and Thomas Booth conducting a program of new American music, with Mary Ann Hart, soprano; Arturo Spinetti, tenor; Kenneth Bell, bass; and members of the Violoncello Society. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 8.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducting a program of music for string instruments. With Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 12, at 8.)

Il Piccolo Teatro dell'Opera—Arturo Delmoni conducting members of the Brooklyn Philharmonic in a concert version of Puccini's "Le Villi." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Wednesday, May 14, and Friday, May 16, at 8. On Friday, Barrymore Laurence Scherer will give a pre-concert lecture at 7:15.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting the final concerts of the season. With Yo-Yo Ma, cello, and Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, May 17, at 8, and Sunday, May 18, at 3.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, this one a performance of Berlioz' Requiem. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8.)

RECITALS

Nagauto To-on-Kai—An ensemble from Japan performing two programs of nagauta music from Kabuki Theatre pieces. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015. Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, at 8.)

Aulos Ensemble—With Stanley Ritchie, baroque violin. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, May 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 567-2069.)

Mannes Baroque Ensemble—A program of eighteenth-century French music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Thursday, May 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Newband—A program of contemporary music, part classical and part jazz, with Stefani Starin, flute, and composer Dean Drummond, zoomoozophone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8.)

Music of the Bolivian Andes—Performed by an ensemble called Sukay. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday, May 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 362-3366.)

Chelsea Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Church of the Holy Apostles, Ninth Ave. at 28th St. Saturday, May 10, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Benita Valente—Soprano, with Lydia Artymiw, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Leon Fleisher conducting an ensemble in performances of the Ogden Nash version of Saint-Saëns's "Le Carnaval des Animaux," accompanied by slides of illustrations by Grandville, and Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat," with Bil Baird's Marionettes. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, May 10, at 8; Sunday, May 11, at 3; and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 13-14, at 8.)

Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 2:30.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 3.)

Chamber Music of Jon Polifrone—Performed by Jon Deak, bass; the Aspen Wind Quintet; the Miro Quartet; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 3.)

Judith Malafronte—Mezzo-soprano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, May 11, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Svjetlana Kabalin—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 5:30.)

Composers' Showcase—The second in a series of three programs, this one with Glenn Branca and Ensemble and Anthony Davis and Episteme performing, respectively, works by Mr. Branca and Mr. Davis. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 8.)

On Original Instruments—Arleen Augér, soprano; Stanley Ritchie, baroque violin; and Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano, performing the last in a series of concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, May 12, at 8.)

Aurora—A program of vocal and instrumental chamber music, with Ann Monoyios, soprano. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Monday, May 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 592-1298.)

Linda Chesis and Sara Cutler—Flute and harp. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, May 13, at 2.)

Christopher Oldfather—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 13, at 8.)

Noël Lee—Piano. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Tuesday, May 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Polly Ferman and Gerard Edery—Piano and bass-baritone, in a program of music from Spain and the Americas. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, May 13, at 8.)

Robert Taub—Piano, in a program honoring Milton Babbitt's seventieth birthday. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 14, at 8.)

Doreen DeFeis—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, May 14, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—With Thompson Hanks, tuba, and Joseph Anderer, horn. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday, May 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Fundación San Telmo Trio—Chamber music by this group making its first appearance here. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 14, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—With Paul Sperry, tenor, and James Winn, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 15, at 8. Mr. Sperry and composer Nicholas Thorne will have a pre-concert discussion at 7:15.)

Speculum Musicae—A program of contemporary music, with Barbara Ann Martin, soprano, and Bruce Kramer, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 16, at 8.)

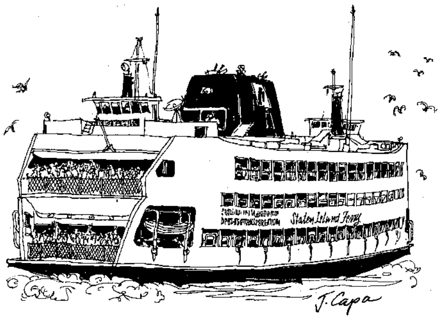
Musicians' Accord—A program of new Spanish music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 16, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin, with David Garvey, piano, and Whitney Tustin, oboe, in a program of French music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 8:30.)

Tomoko Shibata—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 9.)

MISCELLANY

Festival of the American New Music Consortium—At **eisner and lubin auditorium,** Loeb Student Center. Wednesday, May 7, at 8: Catherine Rowe, soprano; Bohdan Hilash, clarinet/bass clarinet; and the New York Women Composers, Inc. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 8: Carlo A. Neri, pianist/composer, and Andrea
Franceschelli, oboe. (Washington Sq. S. a
LaGuardia Pl.) . . . **new museum.** Saturda
May 10, at 2: Charles Stier, clarinet, a
Gary Louie, saxophone. (583 Broadway.) .
amos eno gallery. Saturday, May 10, at
Dinos Constantinides, violinist/compos
(164 Mercer St., at Houston St. No tick
necessary.) . . . **new york university theat**
Monday, May 12, at 8: The New Yo
University Contemporary Chamber Playe
Paul Kim, piano; and the New Reperto
Ensemble of New York. . . . ¶ Tuesday, M
13, at 8: The New York University Conte
porary Chamber Players; the New Jers
Guild of Composers; Judith Nicosia, sopra
Gary Dranch, clarinet; and Paul Hoffma
piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 14, an Elect
Acoustic Music Marathon, at 2 (no tick
necessary), and Barbara Janwinski, pianis
composer, and Composers Concordance, at
(35 W. 4th St. For detailed information ab
tickets and other festival events, call 5
3491.)



SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houst
Wednesday, May 7, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Cincinna
Friday, May 9, at 7:35; Saturday, May 10,
1:20; and Sunday, May 11, at 1:35. . . . ¶
lanta, Monday and Tuesday, May 12-13,
7:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium:
Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday, May
15, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Seattle, Friday, May 16,
7:30, and Saturday, May 17, at 1:30.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Wednesday and Thu
day, May 7-8, at 1. The Withers, Wedn
day, May 7, and the Comely, Thursday, M
8. . . . **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at
from Saturday, May 10, through Mond
July 28. The Carter Handicap, Saturd
May 10, and the Shuvee Handicap, Sat
day, May 17. . . . **garden state park,** Che
Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through S
urday, June 14. . . . **pimlico,** Baltimore: T
Preakness, Saturday, May 17.

Tennis—Shearson Lehman Brothers Tour
ment of Champions: Jimmy Arias, Bo
Becker, Aaron Krickstein, Ivan Lendl, Y
nick Noah, and others. (West Side Ten
Club, Forest Hills. 1-718 268-2300. Wedn
day through Friday, May 7-9, at noon a
6:30; semifinals Saturday, May 10, at 12:
and finals Sunday, May 11, at 12:45.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbu
Nightly at 8; through Monday, June 16. .
saratoga raceway, Saratoga Springs: Wedn
days through Saturdays at 8; through Sat
day, Nov. 22. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknig
at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

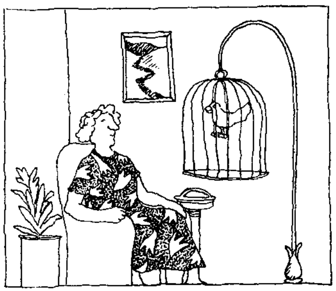
ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Meg Wolitzer a
David Leavitt reading from their own nov
(Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th
Thursday, May 8, at 8. No tickets necessa
seating on a first-come, first-served bas
. . . ¶ Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., reading from
own works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 7
6557. Friday, May 9, at 8.) . . . ¶ Rob
Stone, Gordon Lish, Mona Simpson, a
James Wilcox reading from their own sh
stories. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th
Monday, May 12, at 8. For tickets, call 4
5707.) . . . ¶ Alice Walker reading from
own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave.
92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 12, at 8

New York Armory Antiques Show—Americ
English, and French furniture and decorat
accessories. (7th Regiment Armory, P
Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday, May 14, fro
to 9; Thursday through Saturday, May
17, noon to 9; and Sunday, May 18, noon
6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd
(Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Sat
days, 10 to 5; Sunday, May 11, from 1
5.)—Monday, May 12, at 10:15 and 2: P
tographs. Exhibition starts Thursday, May
. . . ¶ Tuesday, May 13, at 7, and Wedn
day, May 14, at 2: Impressionist and mod
paintings and sculptures. Admission to
Tuesday sale by ticket only; for informati
call 606-7202. Exhibition starts Thursd
May 8. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 14, at 10:
Impressionist and modern drawings and
tercolors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May

A GIFT: THE PLEASURE OF READING Fifty-two Times a Year



Mother's Day

Father's Day

Graduation

For the person who reads, the person for whom reading is one of life's joys, what more welcome gift than *The New Yorker*? But what, exactly, is *The New Yorker*? Nobody so far has been able to define it. It is what Duke Ellington used to call "beyond category." It is an odd and special mixture of humor pieces, fiction, reporting, poetry, cartoons, essays, and reviews (books, theatre, films, music, art, dance): all done with style. Taken as a whole, the magazine can be seen as a high-spirited, intelligent running commentary on the main cultural, social, and political events of our time.

The New Yorker provides information that restores intellectual order, and entertainment that restores balance. It is not concerned with following trends or setting them, yet stays a step ahead of the news. It has a clear, steady view of what's going on, and can distinguish between what counts and what doesn't count. It is renowned as a literary magazine, and at the same time it covers the whole world journalistically. Its reporting and its fiction are among the country's finest; its reviews are among the liveliest; its humor pieces and its cartoons are among the funniest. The London *Observer* recently put it this way: "*The New Yorker* must be the best general magazine ever published."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 8: "Funny Dirty Little War" (1983; directed by Hector Olivera; in Spanish).
From May 9: "Dreamchild" (†) and "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 8: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
From May 9: "Dangerously Close" (Albert Pyun).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 8: "Violets Are Blue" (†).
From May 9: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Blue City" (Michelle Manning), with Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy.
Theatre 2: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.
Theatre 3: Through May 8: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise. From May 9: "Fire with Fire" (Duncan Gibbins).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 8: "On Valentine's Day" (Ken Harrison), with William Converse-Roberts and Hallie Foote.
From May 9: "Violets Are Blue" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 8: "F/X" (†).
From May 9: "Agent on Ice" (Clark Worswick).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through May 8: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.
From May 9: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Bliss" (Ray Lawrence).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: "8 Million Ways to Die" (Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).
Theatre 2: "Violets Are Blue" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through May 15: "Echo Park" (Robert Dornhelm), with Susan Dey and Tom Hulce. From May 16: "Death of a Soldier" (Philippe Mora), with James Coburn and Reb Brown.
Theatre 2: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

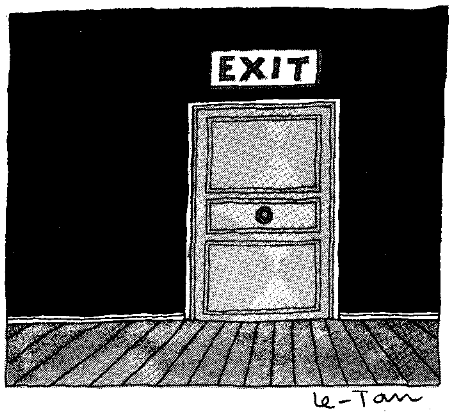
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 8: "Agent on Ice" (Chris Worswick). From May 9: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 2: Through May 8: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser). From May 9: "Dangerously Close" (Albert Pyun).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Blue City" (Michelle Manning), with Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy.
Theatre 2: Through May 8: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise. From May 9: "Fire with Fire" (Duncan Gibbins).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ginger and Fred" (†).



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 8: "Agent on Ice" (Clark Worswick).
From May 9: "In the Shadow of Kilimanjaro" (Raju Patel), with John Rhys-Davies and Timothy Bottoms.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "8 Million Ways to Die" (Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette.
Theatre 2: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 8: "Cut and Run" (Ruggero Deodato).
From May 9: "F/X" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 8: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson. From May 9: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through May 13: "Routine Pleasures" (directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin). From May 14: "Forest of Bliss" (1985), "Deep Hearts" (1978), and "Sons of Shiva" (1984), all directed by Robert Gardner.
Theatre 2: Through May 8: "High and Low" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. May 9-15: "Horse" (1941; Kajiro Yamamoto; in Japanese). From May 16: "Metropolitan Avenue" (Christine Noschese); and "I Remember Barbra" (Kevin Burns).

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through May 8: "Smooth Talk" (†). From May 9: "Smooth Talk" (†); and "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).
Theatre 2: Through May 8: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary; and "Broken Rainbow" (Victoria Mudd), a documentary. From May 9: A program of animated short films.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood).
Theatre 2: "Doña Herlinda and Her Son" (Jaime Humberto Hermosillo; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 13: "Out of Africa" (†). From May 14: "Sweet Liberty" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Michael Caine, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through May 8: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro. From May 9: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).
Theatre 2: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 15: "Dark of the Night" (Gaylene Preston). From May 16: "Funny Dirty Little War" (1983; Hector Olivera; in Spanish).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through May 8: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh. From May 9: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 2: "8 Million Ways to Die" (Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette.
Theatre 3: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Femmes de Personne" (Christopher Frank; in French), with Marthe Keller, Philippe Léotard, and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Absolute Beginners" (Julien Temple), with Ed O'Connell, Patsy Kensit, and David Bowie.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Home of the Brave" (Laurie Anderson), with Anderson.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through May 8: "Violets Are Blue" (†).
May 9-15: A week-long program of seven Greek films.
From May 16: "On the Edge" (Ron Nilsson), with Bruce Dern and John Marley.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through May 8: "Lucas" (David Seltzer).
From May 9: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 2: "Smooth Talk" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Ran" (†).
Theatre 2: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 15: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). From May 16: "Hard Choices" (Rick King).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 8: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo. From May 9: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 3: "8 Million Ways to Die" (Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette.
Theatre 4: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre 5: "Blue City" (Michelle Manning), with Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy.
Theatre 6: Through May 8: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise. From May 9: "Fire with Fire" (Duncan Gibbins).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through May 8: "Getting Even" (Dwight H. Little), with Edward Albert. From May 9: "In the Shadow of Kilimanjaro" (Raju Patel), with John Rhys-Davies and Timothy Bottoms.
Theatre 2: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.
Theatre 3: Through May 8: "Cut and Run" (Ruggero Deodato). From May 9: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 4: Through May 8: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long. From May 9: "Dangerously Close" (Albert Pyun).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 3: "Out of Africa" (†).
Theatre 4: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Money Pit" (directed by Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
Theatre 6: "Water" (Dick Clement), with Michael Caine and Valerie Perrine.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Pretty in Pink" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 8: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton. From May 9: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.
Theatre 4: "Wise Guys" (Brian De Palma), with Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Blue City" (Michelle Manning), with Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy.
Theatre 2: Through May 8: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh. From May 9: "Fire with Fire" (Duncan Gibbins).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 8: "Cut and Run" (Ruggero Deodato). From May 9: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through May 15: "Getting Even" (Dwight H. Little), with Edward Albert. From May 16: "Mountain Top Motel Massacre."
Theatre 2: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through May 8: "Agent on Ice" (Clark Worswick). From May 9: "Dangerously Close" (Albert Pyun).
Theatre 2: Through May 8: "8 Million Ways to Die" (Hal Ashby), with Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette. From May 9: "In the Shadow of Kilimanjaro" (Raju Patel), with John Rhys-Davies and Timothy Bottoms.

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REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 8: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; directed by Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.
May 9-10: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.
May 11: "Klute" (†) and "Irma la Douce" (†).
May 12-13: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
May 14-15: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.
May 16-17: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.

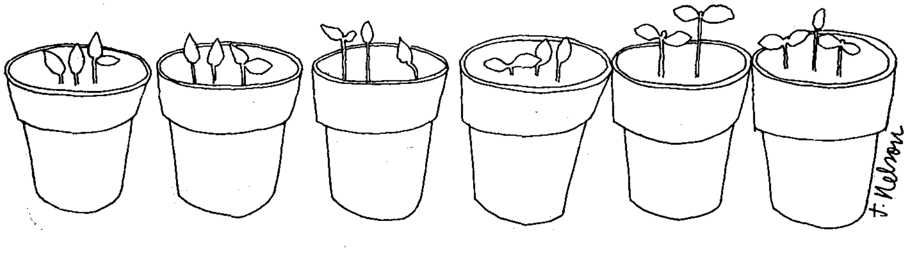
Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
"On Valentine's Day" (Ken Harrison), with William Converse-Roberts and Hallie Foote.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 7: "Yolanda and the Thief" (1945; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire and Lucille Bremer; and "Ziegfeld Follies" (1944; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Gene Kelly.
May 8-10: "Gold Diggers of 1937" (Lloyd Bacon), with Joan Blondell, Victor Moore, and Dick Powell; and "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye and James Ellison.
May 11-12: "Second Fiddle" (†) and "Easter Parade" (†).
May 13-14: "Invitation to the Dance" (†); and "The Pirate" (1948; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly.
May 15-17: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (†) and "For Me and My Gal" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
May 7: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty; and "Anastasia" (1956; Anatole Litvak), with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes.
May 8: "Tabu" (1931; Robert Flaherty and F. W. Murnau; a silent film); and "Moana" (1926; Robert Flaherty; a silent film).
May 9: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
May 10: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "THX 1138" (1971; George Lucas), with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie.
May 11: "Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980; Yvonne Rainer); and "A Film about a Woman Who . . ." (1982; Yvonne Rainer).
May 12: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950; John Huston), with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, and Sam Jaffe; and "Cool Breeze" (1972; Barry Pollack), with Thalmus Rasulala.
May 13: "Golden Boy" (1939; Rouben Mamoulian), with Barbara Stanwyck, William Holden, Lee J. Cobb, Sam Levene, Joseph Calleia, and Adolphe Menjou; and "Ladies They Talk About" (1933; William Keighley and Howard Bretherton), with Barbara Stanwyck, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot, and Lillian Roth.
May 14: "Irezumi" (1984; Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese); and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada.
May 15: "The Tempest" (1928; Sam Taylor; a silent film), with John Barrymore; and "Piccadilly" (1928; E. A. Dupont; a silent film).
May 16-17: "In the Name of the Pope King" (1986; Luigi Magni).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
May 7: "Medium Cool" (1969; Haskell Wexler), with Robert Forster; and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
May 8: "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya.
May 9-10: "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
May 11: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.
May 12: "Going Places" (1974; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere; and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton.
May 13: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "The Nanny" (1965; Seth Holt), with Bette Davis.
May 14: "The Sea Gull" (†); and "Marriage" (1945; Isidor Annensky; in Russian).
May 15: "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence; and "The Great Gatsby" (1974; Jack Clayton), with Robert Redford, Mia Farrow, and Bruce Dern.
May 16-17: "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
May 7: "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan; and "It's Love I'm After" (1937; Archie Mayo), with Bette Davis and Leslie Howard.
May 8: "The Long, Hot Summer" (1958; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, and Orson Welles; and "Hud" (1963; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde.
May 9-10: "Murder at the Gallop" (1963; George Pollock) and "Murder Ahoy" (1964; George Pollock), both films with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.
May 11: "Little Women" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington; and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.
May 12: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ."



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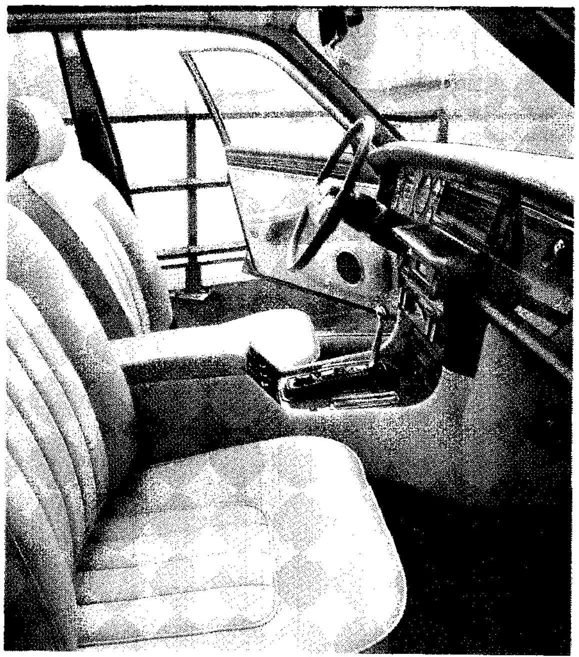

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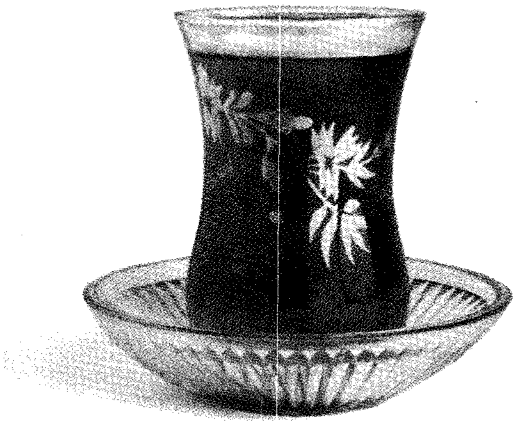

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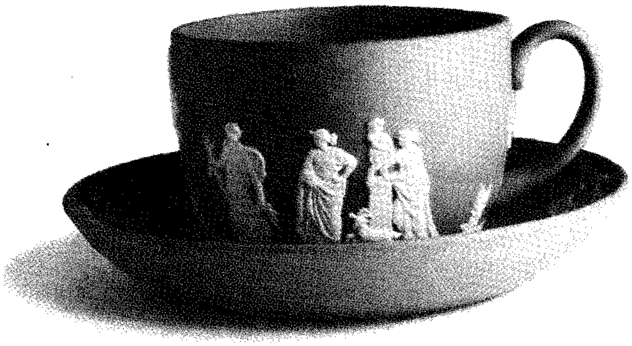

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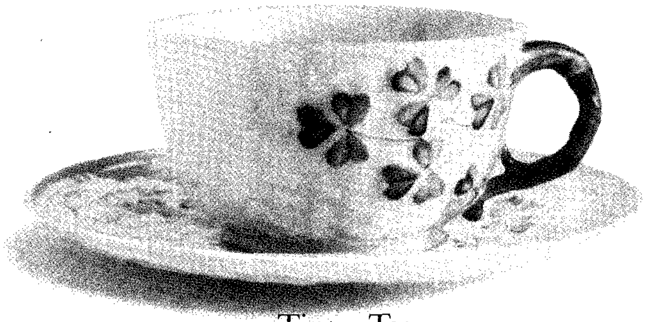

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(1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.

May 13: "The Criminal Code" (1931; Howard Hawks), with Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, and Constance Cummings; and "Crime and Punishment" (1935 †).

May 14: "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939; Howard Hawks), with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant; and "Once Upon a Time" (†).

May 15: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts.

May 16-17: "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke) and "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: May 8 at 2:30: "Stalker" (1979; directed by Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 8 at 6: "Morocco" (1930; Josef von Sternberg). . . . ¶ May 9 at 2:30: "Amore Mio Aiutami" (1969; Alberto Sordi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Sordi and Monica Vitti. . . . ¶ May 9 at 6: "Polvere di Stelle" (1973; Alberto Sordi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Sordi, Monica Vitti, and John Phillip Law. Miss Vitti and Mr. Sordi will be present. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2: "La Tosca" (1973; Luigi Magni; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti, Luigi Proietti, Vittorio Gassman, and Aldo Fabrizi. . . . ¶ May 10 at 5: "La Ragazza con la Pistola" (1968; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti and Stanley Baker. . . . ¶ May 11 at 2: "Bello Onesto Emigrato Australia Sposerebbe Compaesana Illibata" (1971; Luigi Zampa; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi and Claudia Cardinale. . . . ¶ May 11 at 5: "La Grande Guerra" (1959; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi, Vittorio Gassman, and Silvana Mangano. . . . ¶ May 12 at 2:30: "Drama of Jealousy" ("The Pizza Triangle;" 1970; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Monica Vitti, and Giancarlo Giannini. . . . ¶ May 12 at 6: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Warren Beatty, Natalie Wood, Barbara Loden, and Pat Hingle. Mr. Kazan will be present. . . . ¶ May 13 at 2:30: "The White Sheik" (1952; Federico Fellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bovo, and Leopoldo Trieste. . . . ¶ May 13 at 6: "Amore Mio Aiutami." . . . ¶ May 15 at 2:30: "Morocco." . . . ¶ May 16 at 2:30: "È Primavera" (1949; Renato Castellani; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 16 at 6: "Due Soldi di Speranza" (1952; Renata Castellani; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 17 at 2: "Guardie e Lardi" (1951; Mario Monicelli and Steno; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Totò, Aldo Fabrizi, and Rossana Podestà. . . . ¶ May 17 at 5: "Dov'è la Libertà?" (1952-54; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Totò and Leopoldo Trieste.

Theatre 2: May 8 at 3: "Shamans of the Blond Country" (1980; Michael Oppitz), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2:30: "Red Desert" (1964; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. . . . ¶ May 10 at 5:30 and May 11 at 2: "Andrei Rublev" (1966; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 11 at 5:30: "Stalker" (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 13 at 3 and 6:30: Three films by Willard Van Dyke—"To Hear Your Banjo Play" (1946), "Valley Town" (1940), and "The City" (1939). . . . ¶ May 15 at 3: "Le Rendez-vous de Minuit" (1962; Roger Leenhardt; in French, with no English subtitles), with Lilli Palmer, Michel Auclair, and Maurice Roner. . . . ¶ May 16 at 3 and 6:30: Four films by Willard Van Dyke—"The Photographer" (1948), "Northwest U.S.A." (1945), "Land of White Alice" (1959), and "Rice" (1964). . . . ¶ May 17 at 2:30: "Godzilla" (1954; Inoshiro Honda; a Japanese film, in English). . . . ¶ May 17 at 5:30: A program of 1985 award-winning short student films.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Kirribilli Wharf" (1976; Bill Fontana), an audio installation. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Brazil—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/86.) (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Color Purple—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (D. W. Griffith, and Criterion Theatres.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—There's almost everything you can think of the matter with this Hollywood version, directed by Josef von Sternberg, but it has a great Raskolnikov: Peter Lorre. Stolid Edward Arnold is embarrassingly miscast as Inspector Porfiry. As the pawnbroker, Mrs. Patrick Campbell adds some distinction, but not much can be said for the Madonna lighting given to Marian Marsh's placid Sonya, or for the standard Hollywood performances of Elizabeth Risdon, Tala Birell, Gene Lockhart, Robert Allen, and Douglass Dumbrille. There's nothing Russian about them but the long-winded names by which they address each other. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 13.)

Down and Out in Beverly Hills—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (Festival, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through May 15.)

Dreamchild—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting May 9.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford. Charles Walters directed; the score was by Irving Berlin. (Regency; May 11-12.)

For Me and My Gal (1942)—Gene Kelly made his movie début here as a good-bad guy, playing opposite Judy Garland. They are a vaudeville team who are just getting their big break when Kelly is inducted (the period is the First World War); he deliberately injures his hand so he won't have to fight and—the movie having been made during the Second World War—he must then reform and become a gallant hero. Kelly's grin could melt stone, and he and Garland are a magical pair (especially when they're singing "The bells are ringing for me and my gal"). The songs include "Ballin' the Jack," "Smiles," and "After You've Gone," and there are some nifty comedy routines featuring Kelly and Ben Blue. Directed by Busby Berkeley; with George Murphy and Keenan Wynn. (Regency; May 15-17.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through May 8. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; starting May 9.)

Ginger and Fred—This Fellini movie is about two mediocre dancers (played by Giulietta Masina and Marcello Mastroianni)—smalltimers, curiosities—who, in the nineteen-forties, entertained Italian vaudeville audiences by imitating the Astaire-Rogers numbers. Now they are being reunited, in Rome, for an appearance on a Christmas TV Special. This situation serves as a pretext for Fellini to vent his disgust at TV. He appears to be condemning TV for being a green slime that's absorbing everything, and denouncing it, too, for passing him by. With Franco Fabrizi and Frederick Ledebur. The script is by Fellini, Tonino Guerra, and Tullio Pinelli. In Italian. (4/21/86) (Loews Tower East.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Invitation to the Dance (1956)—This picture bollixed the career of Gene Kelly, who directed and choreographed it, and probably broke his heart as well: practically nobody saw it. The film consists of three ballets, with some pantomime and also some animated-cartoon work. "Circus," set to Jacques Ibert music, features Igor Youskevitch, Claire Sombert, and Kelly; "Ring Around the Rosy" has an André Previn score, and the dancers include Youskevitch, Tamara Toumanova, Tommy Rall, and Kelly; "Sinbad the Sailor" features Carol Haney as Scheherazade and Kelly as Sinbad. The film was beset by difficulties, and the work spread over three years. Then the studio put the film on the shelf for another year. There should be an ironic kicker: the picture should be a neglected marvel. But it isn't. Kelly's choreography had always seemed weakest when he became balletic; this picture is set right in his area of least originality. (Regency; May 13-14.)

Irma la Douce (1963)—Abominable, inexplicably popular sex farce, adapted from a stage musical comedy, but with the score omitted. Billy Wilder, the producer-director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, hit us over the head with the old rotten jest that prostitution is a petit-bourgeois way of life like any other. Shirley MacLaine and Jack Lemmon, vivid and gifted comics, wrestle painfully with the gross dialogue. With Lou Jacobi and Herschel Bernardi. (Cinema Village; May 11.)

Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling—Richard Pryor produced, directed, and is the star of this semi-autobiographical movie, which opens with Jo Jo the cokehead comedy star preparing to free-base and bursting into flame. Then, as he lies swathed in bandages in the burn ward, he thinks back over how he got there. But Pryor doesn't have the skills to tell his story in this form. As a standup entertainer, he sees the crazy side of his sorrows; he transforms pain and chaos into comedy. As a moviemaker, he's a novice presenting us with clumps of unformed experience. It isn't even raw; the juice has been drained away. He was himself—demons, genius, and all—in "Richard Pryor Live in Concert" and, though to a lesser extent, in "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip." Here, trying to be sincere, he's less than himself. The script was written by Rocco Urbisci, Paul Mooney, and Pryor. With E'lon Cox as the eight-year-old Jo Jo, Carmen McRae as his grandmother, Diahnne Abbott as his mother, Scoey Mitchlll as his father, Paula Kelly and Billy Eckstine as the grownup Jo Jo's friends, Fay Hauser, Barbara Williams, Debbie Allen, and Tania Boyd as his wives, and Art Evans, Wings Hauser, Marlene Warfield, and J. J. Barry. (5/5/86) (Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

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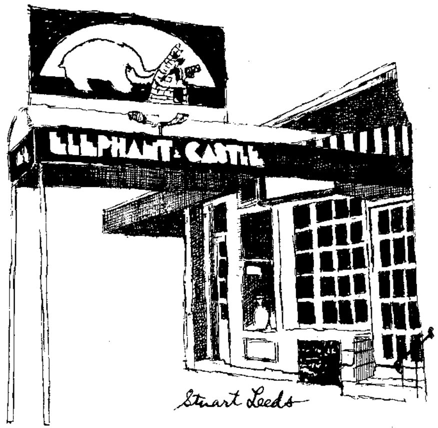
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting May 9.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as Bree, an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, but at the center is a study of Bree's temperament and drives, and here the picture is modern. The suspense plot involves the ways in which prostitutes attract the forces that destroy them. Bree's knowledge that as a prostitute she has nowhere to go but down and her mixed-up efforts to escape make her one of the strongest women characters to reach the screen. With Donald Sutherland, Charles Cioffi, Roy Scheider, Dorothy Tristan, Rita Gam, Richard Shull, and Anthony Holland. Written by Andy and Dave Lewis. (Cinema Village; May 11.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Once Upon a Time (1944)—Cary Grant is trying to sell the world on the show-biz possibilities of a dancing caterpillar. It changes into a butterfly at the end, but changing into a butterfly at the end is what the comedy itself doesn't do. Directed by Alexander Hall. With Janet Blair. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 14



Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-consciou and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticiz the lives of the high-strung Danish woma (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffe plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patr cian, and wrote under the name Isak Dine sen, and the handsome English big-gam hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Rec ford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirm around trying to make these people mora ly acceptable to a modern audience. Stree is animated in the early scenes, but Rec ford doesn't give out with anything for her t play against, and the energy goes out of he performance. The film hums a little whe Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitch en or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen they're recognizably human. (12/30/85 Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Art Greer ich Twin; through May 13.)

Pretty in Pink—The spoiled-rotten richies ar mean to Andie (Molly Ringwald), a poor-gi high-school senior who lives in a dinky, ra tletrap house on the wrong side of the track But she's the opposite of trashy: blessed wit quiet good taste, she's proudly conventiona And so she wins both a college scholarshi and the rich boy of her dreams. This pictur isn't actually about teen-agers—it's closer t being a pre-teen's idea of what it will be lik to be a teen-ager. In its sociological details, might have been made by little guys fro Mars. With the winsome comedienne Ann Potts as Andie's closest friend, Andre McCarthy, Jon Cryer, Harry Dean Stanto and James Spader. Directed by Howar Deutch. (4/7/86) (Embassy.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa epic spectacle, a variation on the theme "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and has its own ornery splendor. For the first fort minutes or so, the picture is all preparatio and it seems dead, but then the preparatio begins to pay off, and by the end the fa tidiousness and the monumental scale what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood yo with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Ta suya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite po star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikaw In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one mi utes.) (1/13/86) (Cinema Studio.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the earl novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsic social comedy about a muddled young Er glish girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who de sires yet fears sexual love; she runs awa from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs he emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich tw (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lack the carriage and presence of a trained a tress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy almost abstract—dream of a natural, unir hibited lover, and is rather vague. But th movie is well paced, and it never loses i hold on a viewer's affections, because it's thoroughly inhabited. With Denholm Elliot Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callov and Rosemary Leach. The movie is mo than a little precious, but it's a piece charming foolishness. It was directed b James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Praw Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfull and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogu directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

The Sea Gull (1968)—This carelessly made ve sion of the Chekhov play gives one an almo Chekhovian sense of missed opportunitie people come and go more rigidly than on stage—they're practically swept away whe they have spoken their lines. But Vaness Redgrave is an extraordinarily grave and gir ish Nina. She's almost too brilliant; she do so many marvellous things that at times the cancel each other out. James Mason is ver fine as Trigorin, and because he is a quie somewhat passive actor, he seems more a home in Chekhov country than the rest of th cast does. Still, there are suggestions of wha the other roles should be in the performanc of David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathlee Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, an the miscast Simone Signoret. Directed b Sidney Lumet. (Thalia SoHo; May 14.)

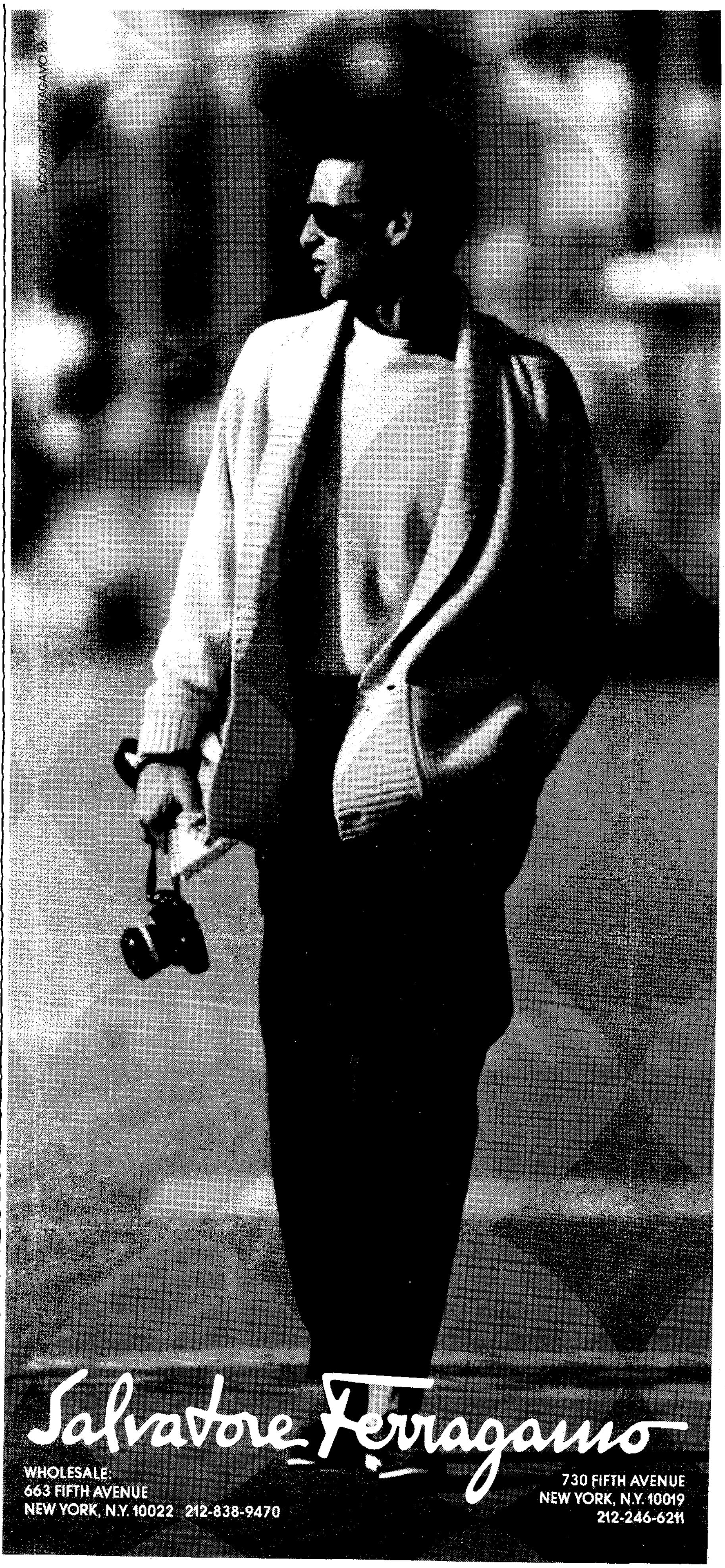
Second Fiddle (1939)—Mary Healy steals th picture clean away when she sings "I'm Sorr for Myself." Then we're left with Sonja Heni skating and pouting and making pretty littl faces to show that she's thinking. It's a pad ded little nothing about Hollywood life an publicity trickery, but the cast (Tyrone Power, Edna May Oliver, and Rudy Vallée) and the Irving Berlin songs keep it from being as lethally offensive as the Sonja Henie–John Payne movies. Sidney Lanfield directed. (Regency; May 11-12.)

MOOTH TALK—It has lovely touches in its first half, when the director, Joyce Chopra, shows us the restless and narcissistic fifteen-year-old Connie (Laura Dern), who acts seductive and teases boys her own age or a year or two older, because she doesn't know what else to do about the way she feels. Tom Cole, who wrote the script, expanding the brief Joyce Carol Oates story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?," has a fine ear for teen-age talk. But the movie's texture is thin from the start, and the second half isn't just stretched out—it's a little screwy. The Oates story is a young girl's sex-and-horror fantasy; unaccountably, Chopra and Cole try to turn this material into a coming-of-age movie with a happy resolution. With Sarah Inglis, Margaret Welch, Mary Kay Place, and Treat Williams. (3/24/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

HE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can. The camera is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, but we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting. The movie is intended to be a hymn, but all Foote and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

IOLETS ARE BLUE—A slim, undeveloped movie in which Sissy Spacek, as a globe-trotting photojournalist, is a vaporous figure standing in for all the women who got into what they once thought were the glamorous occupations and find themselves shading thirty-five or forty and alone. The movie raises the question: Can this modern woman who has given up the simpler, more basic satisfactions go back to her home town (Ocean City, Maryland) and retrieve the man she left behind? That is, can she have everything—the excitement of her work and the solidity represented by Kevin Kline as the editor of the local paper? And does this man who has been a useful, contented stick-in-the-mud for so long really want to ditch his responsibilities—which include a wife (Bonnie Bedelia) and a son (Jim Standiford)—and become a risk-taker? The director, Jack Fisk, uses the oceanside-resort-town locale, with its sailboats and its amusement park, to get the love scenes between the two retro-adolescents moving, but all he can accomplish is to keep the movie lightweight and pretty. Bedelia, who has the advantage of playing anger, comes through with a lovely performance. The picture doesn't really get started—to the degree that it ever gets started—until she's around. Based on an idea by Marykay Powell, who was the producer; the script is credited to Naomi Foner. (5/5/86) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and New Carnegie; through May 8. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting May 9.)

ANKEE DOODLE DANDY (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as the prodigious actor-playwright-songwriter George M. Cohan, in a big, enjoyable musical biography, well directed by Michael Curtiz. Made during the Second World War, it's packed with jingoistic Americanism, but this ties in with Cohan's own attitudes and with the unself-conscious Irish-American sentimentality of his songs, and Cagney's stiff-backed hoofing is so spirited that the moldy plot turns hardly bother one. Though Cagney was born in 1899 and is somewhat portly here, he is so cocky and sure a dancer that you feel yourself grinning with pleasure at his movements. With Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Rosemary de Camp, Frances Langford, Richard Whorf, George Tobias, Jeanne Cagney, Eddie Foy, Jr., and S. Z. Sakall. (Regency; May 15-17.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

otes and Comment

T'S a peculiarity of the end of the world, which human beings threaten to bring about with their iclear arsenals, that until it happens leaves us almost wholly undisturbed. e learn, it's said, from experience. aving touched the hot stove once, we cline to do so again; having polluted me communities with toxic waste, e set about protecting the rest. But e end of the world—the greatest ril of them all—fails to offer any ch pedagogical opportunities. Before e event, we are given no taste of it ny more than the individual is given preview of death—for an hour, say— see what it is like); and afterward, course, we cannot experience it, ther, for then we are gone. This ent, like many great and over-helming things—the sun, God—we n glimpse only by indirection, or in flection, with our own lives and uls serving as the mirror. This peril des. It refrains from appearing di-ctly before us or coercing us—as if me curious god, eager to test our isdom, had decided that this one su- eme decision facing mankind should made on the basis of free will alone, influenced by any other considera- on. We find ourselves placed in life, the human frame, on earth. Do we ce this? Do we want it to go on? Can e do what is necessary for it to go ı? Or shall we reject it, and, letting e missiles fly, send it all back to the aker? This is the simple, awesome iestion that the nuclear peril puts to , and we are left free to answer it, appears, entirely according to our vn inclinations. Looking indirectly, ough, at the record of the nuclear e so far, we find no lack of warn-gs. Taken together, they amount to full course in what we need to know. id we hope that the bombs were less structive than the scientists were telling us? Hiroshima and Nagasaki were there to prove otherwise. Did we think that our political competence had become so great that no crisis could carry us over the brink? The Cuban missile crisis came to disabuse us of any such notion. Did we imagine that our technical competence had become so great that we could rely on it never to break down? A whole series of nuclear alerts caused by technological malfunctions served to banish any complacence of that kind. Did we hope that the catastrophe, if it came, would spare mankind as a whole? The discovery of nuclear winter and other global ecological consequences of a nuclear holocaust tells us it wouldn't And now comes the Chernobyl disaster, spreading its cloud of radiation across the Soviet Union and Europe—as if to remind us that our peril, which sometimes seems to us abstract and theoretical, is tangible and real. Apparently, only one reactor went out of control, doing only a fraction of the damage that one bomb would do (there are some fifty thousand bombs in the world's arsenals), and a whole continent was trembling. It was one more glimpse, afforded at terrible cost, of the most important truth of our time. This disaster and the other accidents and crises are in fact something more than warnings. They are all that is given to us to know of the end of the world. In a way, they are the end of the world. Certainly it is not until we learn to see them in that light that we will be moved to make our choice and begin to act as we must to abolish nuclear arms. And then the end will be changed into a beginning.

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THE assassination of a public figure renews interest, temporarily, in the cause of gun control. Similarly short-lived and unsuccessful calls for reform are registered after other major tragedies. The full political cycle operating in these cases is routine, even ritualized: the initial public concern, the speedy proclamation of a serious governmental response, and an unsurprising return to the status quo as the worrisome event that triggered the process is forgotten. Right now, on the question of nuclear-accident risks the world is quickly recovering from the general amnesia that set in soon after the bulky official reports on the Three Mile Island nuclear accident were catalogued and shelved. Just as in March, 1979, when we watched with desperate concern what would happen to that reactor near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, we anxiously await more news of what has really been going on at the Chernobyl nuclear plant, some seventy miles north of Kiev, the third-largest city in the Soviet Union. According to the United States Nuclear Regulatory Commission, the Three Mile Island accident stopped just short—literally between thirty and sixty minutes—of a potentially catastrophic "meltdown" that might have spewed radioactive debris over a broad area. The operators of the Soviet nuclear plant do not appear to have been so lucky.

After Three Mile Island, several common-sense recommendations were made for improving the way nuclear power plants were built and operated. Few of the major proposals could be adopted, however, without what the nuclear industry regarded as unbearable costs. For, once nuclear plants are built, many of their problems, such as basic design errors, are frozen in steel and concrete. Certainly nothing about a large nuclear plant is more immutably fixed than its site. Hence there is a special poignancy in the appeal made in one particular study, dated September, 1979, which called for the siting of future nuclear plants away from heavily populated areas. This study emphasized that there was a "historical necessity" for nuclear power to meet world energy needs. Still, there were said to be "growing negative aspects" regarding too ambitious construction programs that had placed large nuclear power stations on the perimeter of urban areas. What makes this particular cautionary note stand out among all the reports written after Three Mile Island is where it was published: in the Soviet Union's official Party journal *Kommunist*. The study was entitled "Nuclear Power Engineering: Achievements and Problems," and was written by Academician N. Dollezhal and Doctor of Economics Y. Koryakin. In a society where the criticism of governmental undertakings is hardly encouraged, this implied criticism of the Soviet nuclear program takes on exceptional significance. It strongly hints that the heads of the program must themselves have begun to recognize the dangers they might be creating. Yet the commissars faced the same choice as the capitalist electric-utility companies that have nuclear plants now operating uncomfortably close to New York, Chicago, and some of our other major cities: to shut such plants down or to continue to run them at their full (and quite extraordinary) power. Rubles and dollars, respectively, played the decisive role in the course that both nations decided to follow.

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Pastoral

"DO you know the expression 'sheepish'?" Steve Eftimiades, who is the caretaker of the Queens County Farm Museum, asked not long ago as he clipped a male sheep named Rambo with an old-fashioned pair of hand shears in Brooklyn's Prospect Park. "This is where it must come from, I think. Once you get ahold of him and get him down, he doesn't do much resisting. Oh, sure, he'll kick a little. And I've sheared sheep that weigh about as much as I do, which is two hundred and forty—they can give you a pretty good kick. But once they decide you're going to do it they pretty much let you."

We called Mr. Eftimiades for more information a few days later, and he told us, "My first one I did with a pair of scissors. It took the better part of an afternoon. Occasionally, I prick the sheep a little by accident, but I have some alum to rub into the wound, and there's never any problem. What you do is you sit them down on their bottoms, shear them down the center front, and then open the sides. It's like taking off a coat."

Some of the people who were watching Mr. Eftimiades work in Prospect Park offered their evaluations.

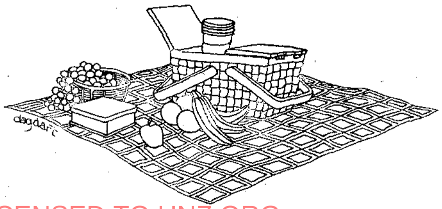
"That's a serious haircut," said a young man. "A serious Caesar."

"That's a goat," said a mother to her child.

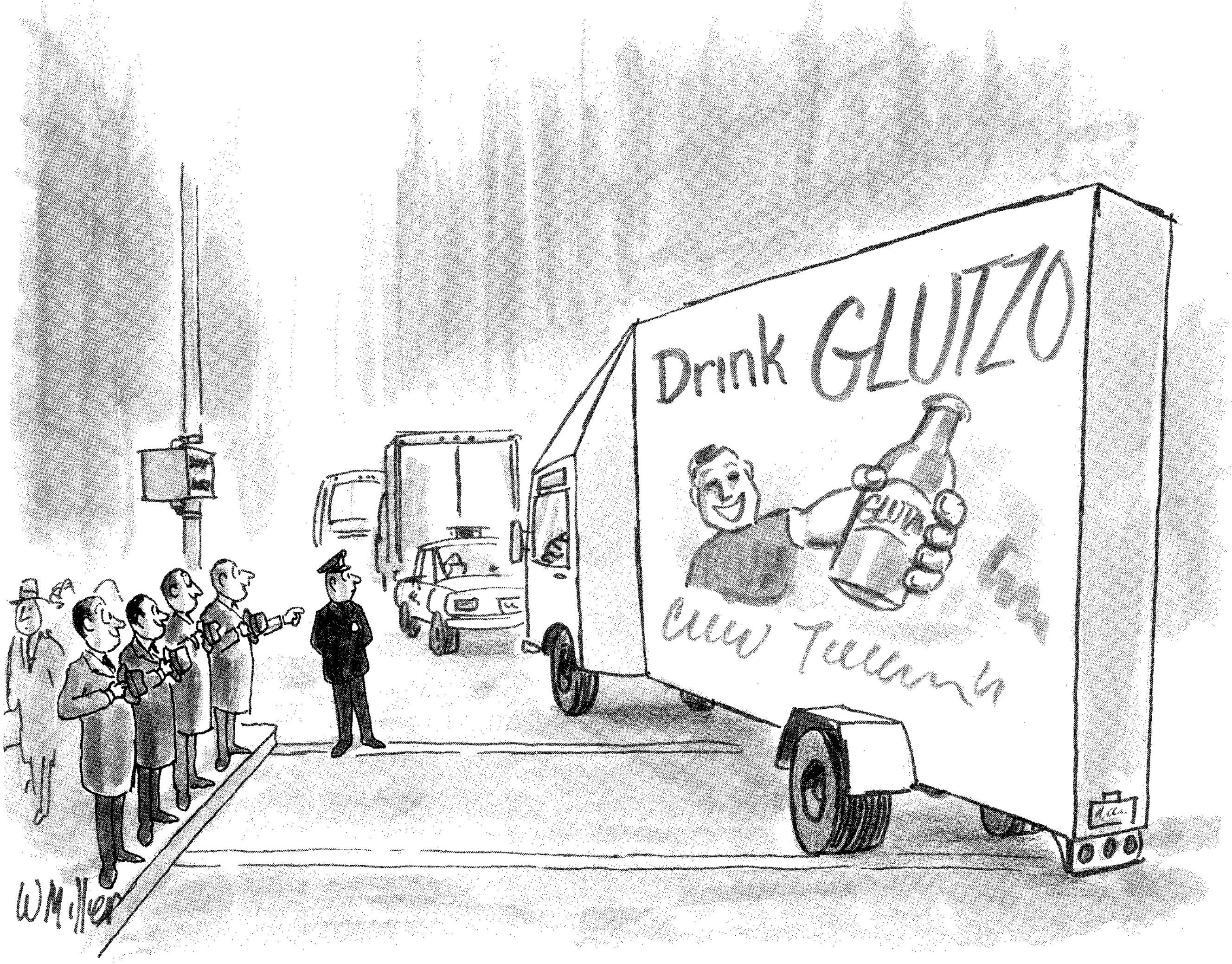
"He never reassures the sheep; he never pets him; he just keeps going," said another woman.

Sam

SAMUEL JAYSON LEFRAK, the chairman of the Lefrak Organization, which is the nation's largest private developer and builder of apartment houses, is sixty-eight, fast-talking, loud-talking, and hardworking, with a heavy appearance vaguely suggestive of an ex-fullback, and with the refreshingly self-appreciative manner of one who clearly likes what he is doing and the way he is doing it. He wears silver-framed aviator-style bifocals, sports on his left little finger a gold college ring with an almost dime-size ruby in the middle (University of Maryland, Class of '40), keeps a long cigar in his mouth ("I'm a chewer, not a smoker"), dresses conservatively (navy-blue blazer, matching pants, too tight shirts, bright knit ties), and tears around the metropolitan area in a telephone-equipped car from one to another of his three offices (Forest Hills, West Fifty-seventh Street, Battery Park City) and to his buildings. He escorts on tours of his properties ambassadors, opera singers, friends, and relatives—wife, Ethel; grown children Denise, Richard (president, as of 1975, of the L.O.), Francine, and Jacqueline; grandsons Harriso fourteen, and James, twelve ("Ric ard's sons: they're already readi leases"); and granddaughters Alliso twenty, and Jennifer, seventeen—a trailing behind, usually, are one more of his seventeen vice-presiden (in charge of engineering and co struction, in charge of management, charge of finances, etc.). Mr. LeFr ("Call me Sam," he says to anyo who spends more than five minut with him and still addresses him Mr. LeFrak, and "Call me anythin but don't call me late for breakfast" anyone asking whether the nan should be pronounced *Lef*rak, as in t Organization, or Le*Frak*, as aft Sam, the latter being the origin pronunciation of the family name Paris, from which Harry LeFra Sam's father and the Organizatior founder, migrated) is very fond of his apartment houses, including tho built by Harry before 1948, when Sa took over as president. It was Sam w gave names to the houses. When t L.O. was building apartment hous in Queens, Sam started naming the after states. "After I used up t states, through The Hawaii, I went trees—The Elm, The Beech, T Walnut, The Maple, eleven trees- and then I started on the colleges- Harvard, Colgate, Cornell, Oxfor through twenty-six colleges. Then went to the Presidents and used the all, but only through The Lincoln, avoid the modern."



The other afternoon, in the Batte Park City office of the L.O., Mr. L Frak waited with Maxwell Goldpi his vice-president in charge of acqui tions, for the arrival of Frank Takebe, who is the president of t North America Taisei Corporation, Japan-based engineering and constru tion firm that had expressed interest the possibility of participating in t L.O.'s current project: Newport Cit a four-hundred-acre, ten-billio dollar new community in New Jerse Newport City is almost directly acro the Hudson from Battery Park Cit where the L.O., with the help of a sociates, built six huge apartme buildings, all with uniform windo wall façades and classical architectu of dark-brown and beige exposed co crete. The office that Mr. LeFrak a Mr. Goldpin sat in—across from ea other at a long mahogany conferen table capable of seating twenty—w on the first floor, directly over a par ing garage and adjoining St. Josep Chapel, a part of the edifice, and und



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thirty-three stories of apartments, all with large closets and all with built-in computers. Mr. Goldpin is a neat, pleasant man in his late fifties who has worked for the L.O. for thirty-six years, has an affectionately deferential manner toward his boss, and addresses him—as does the entire work force of the L.O.—as Sam. (Before buying a house in Roslyn, Mr. Goldpin lived in The Washington, in Forest Hills.) They ate lunch: tuna and sliced tomato on a kaiser roll with poppy seeds for Mr. LeFrak, and American cheese and tomato on rye for the vice-president, with a Tab for each. Outside four huge windows was the Liberty Street Esplanade (skateboarders, baby carriages, strollers, picnickers), which looks out on a splendid view of the Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, the Hoboken Terminal, the New Jersey Turnpike, and, along the six-mile waterfront area on the west bank of the Hudson, the beginnings of Newport City, spotted with cranes, pile drivers, the outlines of the first six concrete floors of a planned thirty-four-story office center, and the outlines of the first three floors of the initial thirty-four-story apartment house, which Mr. LeFrak has already named The George Washington of New Jersey.

"The Japanese are coming over, Mac, and I tell you," Mr. LeFrak said, chewing on his tuna-and-tomato with zest. "I don't need their money."

"You always told me the greatest privilege a person can have is to say no," Mr. Goldpin said.

"I like to serve the mass, not the class," Mr. LeFrak said. "I'm pleased that I can serve the people. Larger closets for less money! That's an achievement. Where I'm going, you can't take stocks and bonds. What was Battery Park in 1968, before we got here? Rotting piers! We built Battery Park City. I gave fifteen years of my life to this." He waved at the windows. "Now across the river we'll have Baghdad on the Hudson. Twenty times the size of what we've built here. The largest development in the world. Affordable housing. A place for the Yuppies. We'll build a hundred and twenty-one million square feet of buildings. That's thirty World Trade Centers."

"Certain people are motivated mainly by money," Mr. Goldpin said. "Not you."

"What's my objective?" Mr. LeFrak asked, and answered himself: "Heaven!"

"Sam, you're a genius," Mr. Goldpin said. "You know it, I know it, everybody knows it."

"When I built Lefrak City in Rego Park, my mother said to me, 'Sam, you're a study in perpetual motion,' " Mr. LeFrak said, with a sigh and just a hint of a smile. "I like to think of the company, Mac, as one big family, of which, basically, I'm the teacher. Like Tony Scavo. As a kid, he was a bricklayer. I made him go to college. Now he's vice-president in charge of engineering and construction."

"You said to me when I was in accounting, 'The hell with the books, you're going to be an executive.' You remember, Sam?"

"I found the proper slot for you," Mr. LeFrak said.

"You did," said Mr. Goldpin.

"I just want everybody to believe in hard work, like me," Mr. LeFrak said. "Our motto says it, right on our coat of arms—'*Labor Omnia Vincit.*' Physical fitness! It's far better to wear oneself out than to rust oneself out."

They finished their lunch and gazed out the windows toward the rising Newport City.

"That's my baby," Mr. Goldpin said, referring to the fact that Melvin and Herbert Simon, shopping-center developers from Indianapolis, had got together with him initially to enlist the L.O. as co-developers of Newport City. "The Simons had the land, but the redevelopment people said there had to be more than a shopping center on it," Mr. Goldpin said. "Remember three years ago when you and Richard and I went out to the site and saw all that it had to offer, and we said it was go?"

"The Simons wanted to call it Harbour City," Mr. LeFrak said. "I told them, 'It sounds like a motel.' "

Mr. Goldpin laughed.

"I told them, 'An orchestra has one leader. You can put your name next to mine, but don't get in my way.' "

"What they showed you in the beginning was not workable," Mr. Goldpin said.

"I told them, 'You're giving me chaos. I'll make order out of it.' "

"Just one more question: Do you think Mario Cuomo is too thin-skinned to go all the way?"

"And you did," said Mr. Goldpin.

"I'm taking the skyline of Manhattan, and it's being located *here*," Mr. LeFrak said, waving an arm at New Jersey.

Frank K. Takebe arrived, shook hands with Mr. LeFrak and Mr. Goldpin, and handed each of them, with a very slight bow, his card. A stocky, strong-looking gentleman, gray-haired, with heavy sideburns and heavy eyebrows, he, too, had on silver-rimmed aviator-style spectacles, but his were tinted. With Mr. LeFrak, it was immediately "Frank," and with Mr. Takebe, minutes later, "Sam." Mr. Goldpin left.

"Frank, we're going to create the eighth wonder of the world," Mr. LeFrak said. "I'll show you something. Frank, follow me." He led the way to an adjoining room, in which stood, on pedestals and on tables, splendid, gleaming models, enclosed in glass, of the planned-by-1995 components of Newport City: two twenty-two-story apartment buildings (with indoor pools and health clubs) and two thirty-four-story apartment buildings, all four of which have parking garages and playgrounds, and which, together with town houses, are to house thirty thousand full-time residents; a park, modelled on Central Park but smaller; a three-level shopping center (with a three-level parking garage for fifty thousand cars), to include four department stores, a hundred specialty stores, and movie theatres and restaurants; three hotels, with eighteen hundred rooms and a convention-and-conference center; an aquarium, a museum, a repertory theatre, and a band shell; a large marina, the Newport City Yacht Club, and "dockaminiums;" and an eighty-story apartment tower—the signature building.

"Originally, Frank, we were going to make this building a hundred and thirty-five stories—the tallest in the world. This is called the Trophy Building, because it looks like a trophy, with a communications uplink on top," Mr. LeFrak said of the signature building. "But I didn't want to intimidate the Statue of Liberty."

"Oh, yes, of course," Mr. Takebe said, in guttural but smooth English.

The two men returned to the conference room, where they were joined by Richard LeFrak, who is a tall, serious, courteous young man, and who listened to the others for a while without saying anything.

"That whole waterfront has such a sense of history, Frank!" Sam LeFrak said. "It's not to be believed. It's where the United States of America began."

"Oh, yes, oh," said Mr. Takebe.

"In the seventeenth century, Henry Hudson dropped anchor in that cove over there," Sam LeFrak said, seeming to warm up to the Japanese businessman. "They rowed to shore. They saw Indians. They saw a fishing village. They saw oyster beds. The sturgeon was there. The Dutch West India Company came. Then the English came and chased them out of there. Fulton's Folly took its first trip from there. Next door is Weehawken, where Alexander Hamilton duelled with Aaron Burr. I tell you, Frank, New Jersey is the future. You want to be where the future is. In New Jersey, there's seven-day shopping all over and lower sales tax."

"Oh," Mr. Takebe responded to this lightning-speed historical summary, and he looked spellbound. He cleared his throat and said, "I come from a country where land is very expensive, Sam. Every time I pass the West Side, on the highway, I see nothing happening on all the land, no shopping mall. I wonder how come."

"The problem is, Frank, Manhattan is gridlock. Frank, the problem is, they're all going to the bedroom boroughs." Sam LeFrak was the man who had the ball, and he was really running with it now: "We are building for the young professionals, the ones we call Yuppies. Right, Frank?"

"Oh, Yuppies, yes, yes," Mr. Takebe said.

"What is Japan from here? Fourteen hours?"

"Fourteen, yes, yes."

"Global economics, that's the key," Sam LeFrak said. "And we're going with fibre optics. Even our shopping will be seven days a week—on the computers. I know all the tricks of the trade, and I *work* at my craft. I want to give the people what they want at a price they can afford. It's not enough to give them four walls and a sink. You've got to give them something in addition to ordinary shelter."

"Why did they do nothing with the land there for a hundred years?" Mr. Takebe asked. "All that land!"

Sam LeFrak waved a hand in a goodbye gesture. "It had a hundred and forty-seven different owners," he said. "It took years to get everything together."

"Oh," said Mr. Takebe. "Oh."

"Now we have condominiums, parks, roads, landscaping. Let me tell you about this land, Frank. Four hundred acres—three hundred and sixty upland, forty in the water. Then you populate it, with seniors, Yuppies—everybody."

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Takebe. "Of course. Yuppies."

"An *aquarium*, Frank! A conference center to study sea life. You know what I mean? And everybody will have a view. From one point or another, everybody will be able to see the Statue of Liberty."

"We're coming out of the ground now," Richard LeFrak said, very calmly. "We have now met all the requirements for sewers, for roads, for parks. It took three years to arrange."

"Five minutes to the World Trade Center, ten minutes to Penn Station," Sam LeFrak said. "When we build, everything comes in by water. We don't have to deal with the Teamsters."

"The Teamsters, yes, yes," Mr. Takebe said.

"We go out and *do*," Sam LeFrak said. "You buy a dockaminium and you own a piece of the river. In New Jersey, a plumber works eight hours; in New York, he works seven. You see what I mean? The *future*."

"Mm-mm-mm," said Mr. Takebe.

"It's the most exciting thing I ever did in my life," Sam LeFrak said. "Very exciting."

"Yes, it is," Mr. Takebe said.

"Wait till you see The George Washington of New Jersey and The John Adams of New Jersey," Sam LeFrak said. "We name them after our Presidents. With one-bedroom apartments for just under a thousand dollars, each with its own individual thermostat. With all services included, with indoor and outdoor pools, with therapists giving everybody physical fitness. With sodium-vapor lights illuminating everything. We're bringing the Old World together with the New World. We name it Newport because it will be a whole new port."

Richard LeFrak turned to the visitor. "What is your interest in us?" he asked.

"Many interests," Mr. Takebe said, finally coming through. "One is to do some work. You have money, expertise, guts." He paused, seeming to savor the last word. "What else do you need?"

"You want to help build it with us?" Sam LeFrak said. "You make some kind of proposal, and we'll entertain it. When you look at the sunset over there, it's unbelievable."

HONEYMOON

MY father drove us to the airport, still dressed in his shiny tuxedo, my mother by his side, a cigarette in his mouth. Betty's mother and father followed in their baby-blue Impala with the "AL&SAL" license plate. My mother passed paper cups of champagne to the back seat and toasted us. "To the honeymooners," she sang. My father honked the horn, and it stayed stuck for a few seconds. "God damn it," he muttered. "Frank!" my mother shushed him. Behind us, Al started beeping crazily. "What a nut," my father said dryly. We passed bright fish-and-chips palaces and the pink lights of the shabby highway bars, trailed by a disappointing moon and a honking Chevrolet. We whizzed by the Lucky Strikes bowling alley, where Betty and I met, between Lanes 8 and 9; she was bowling in a blue sweater and flopping around in bowling shoes that were too big for her. "South America," my mother kept repeating, bouncing in her seat as if she were just recognizing the continent and giving it a name. "Ralph," my father said, searching for my face in his rearview mirror. "Don't forget to take pictures."

Passing headlights lit up Betty's face and long neck. She looked at me and smiled at something just above my head—maybe a summer mosquito, a curl of smoke, a champagne bubble. My bride since eight o'clock, the former Betty Berry, riding in my father's car with one hand on my knee and one hand out the window. Her lucky red sweater was draped over her shoulders flamboyantly. She seemed about to say something to me when my father abruptly changed lanes and Betty lost her cup of champagne in my lap. "Ooops," she said.

"More champagne back there?" my mother asked.

"They'll get drunk," my father cautioned.

"O.K., O.K.," my mother said, a little crestfallen. After a few seconds, she hummed some notes from the last song the band had played, "Feelings." She turned to my father. "Will they be near a phone?"

"You'll have to ask Al," my father said without moving his head. "Al has all the numbers, addresses, the names of boats."

"Shouldn't Ralph bring a credit card?"

"He has my Diners Club," my father said proudly.

"Can you use Diners Club on the Amazon?"

My father sniffed. "Hey. People are expecting them down there. A guide's going to pick them up in a water taxi and take them downriver. Everything's arranged."

"Do they have running water in that Amazon Village, or whatever it's called?"

"Ask Al."

"Suppose the river rises."

"The Village is up on stilts."

"How high?" my mother needed to know.

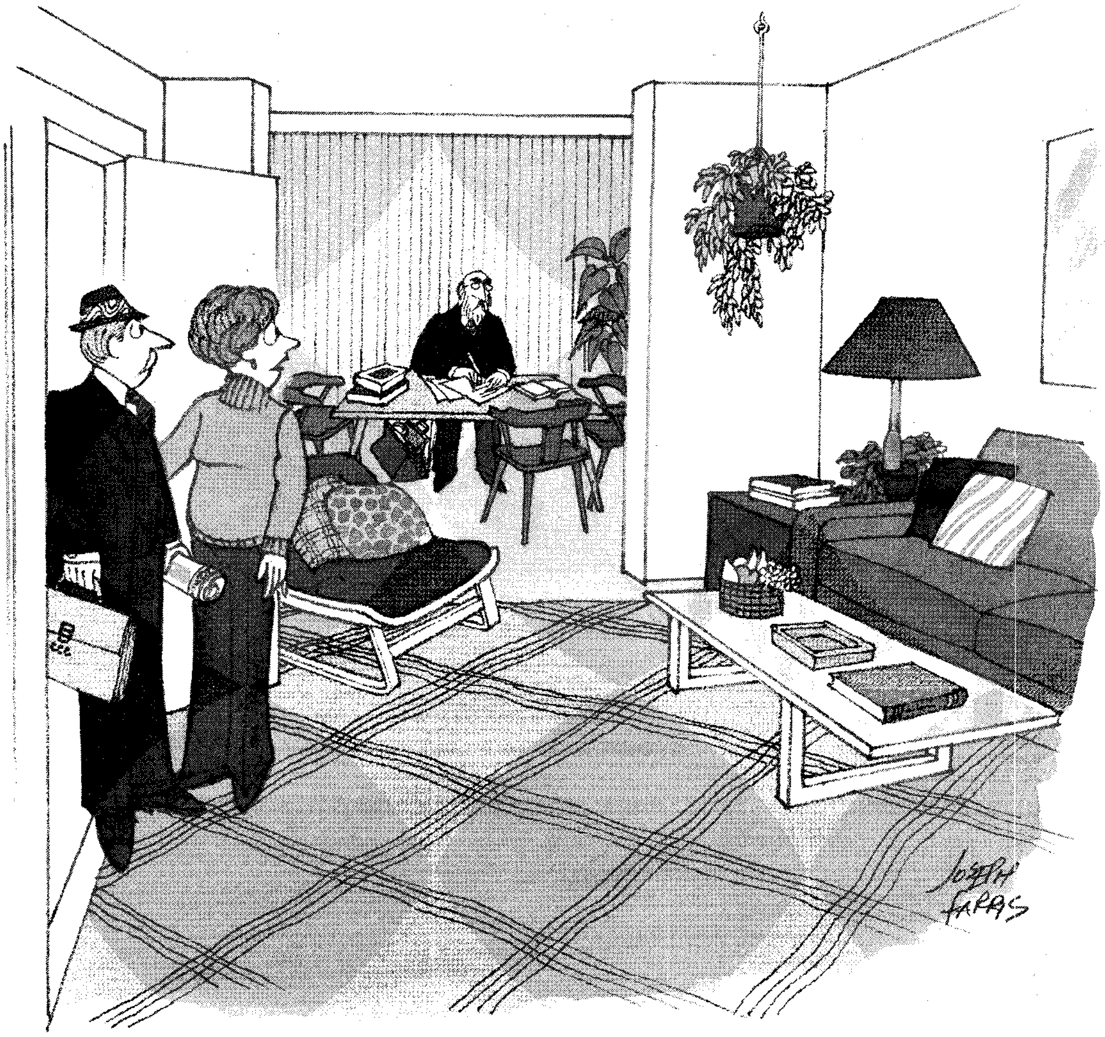
Approaching the airport, we entered a dark, damp tunnel. My mother rolled up her window. My father pumped on the high beams, illuminating the wall on both sides of us. The car was floating. My father kept a few fingers on the steering wheel, lighting another cigarette with his free hand.

"Hey, Ralph, don't take your bride into the jungle without a flyswatter," he warned me.

"Did you remember to pack the mosquito netting, Ralph?" my mother said. "The bug sprays? The salt pills?"

Resurfacing to the pale light, in view of the twinkling peaked roofs of the airplane hangars, we continued down a winding road lined with billboards. A few moments later, Al and Sal emerged from the mouth of the tunnel, and Al gave a little celebratory beep. Betty giggled.

"Listen, kids," my



"He walked in, said he was a visiting scholar, and made himself at home."

mother said, turning half around in the front seat as if she were about to scold us. "Don't try to feed the crocodiles. They'll bite off your fingers."

"Yes," my father agreed. "And don't try to ride any lizards without a saddle."

"Don't swim in the river," my mother said.

"There are no lifeguards," my father explained.

We rolled into a forest of signs with airline logos, airplane silhouettes, flashing silver arrows pointing to alphabetically labelled parking lots, and then into a tangle of ramps and taxi lines. Somehow my father found his way. Dropping an ash and flipping on the radio suddenly, he drove around and came to a stop in front of a deserted, darkened portico. My mother stared at the tail of a lone airplane on the runway beyond. Pretty soon, Al and Sal pulled up behind us, but Al, probably slightly spooked, didn't issue a single beep.

"Is it open?" my mother asked, mystified by the stillness.

"Does it fly?" my father mumbled.

We sat in dreamy disbelief. Then we heard footsteps, and huffing, and soon Al's grainy crewcut and watery blue eyes filled my father's open window. "Can you believe this?" Al said, clearing his throat, flapping his arms like wings.

"Maybe they went out of business," Sal suggested. Just the edge of her tangerine gown was visible behind her husband. "Isn't there someone we can call?"

Al gave a short growl, which reverberated inside the car. "Christ. Do you think these people are going to answer a phone in the dark?"

"It looks like a ghost town," my father said.

"Like a bar on Sunday morning," Al said.

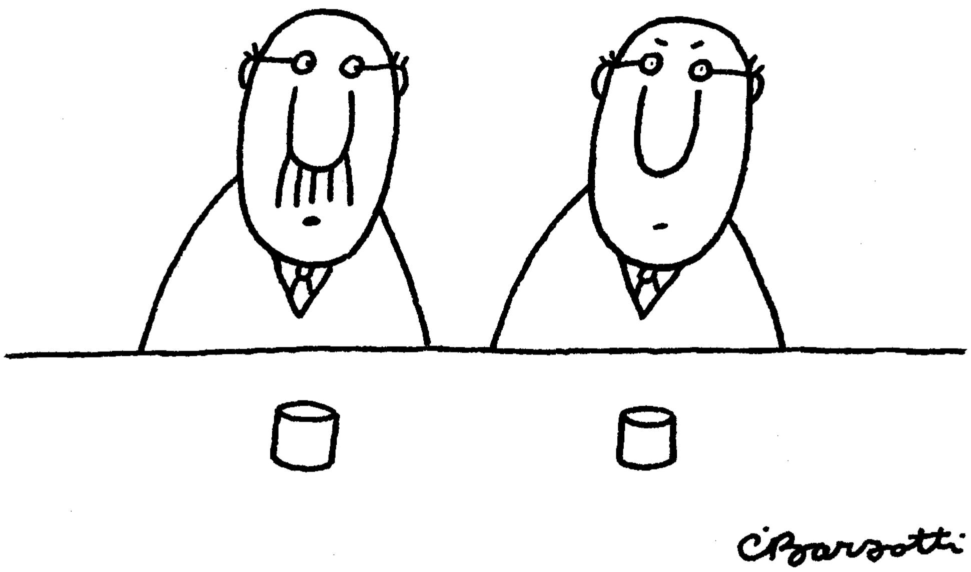
"Look," said Betty. "I see someone."

Two ultra-thin baggagemen in pale-green overalls had appeared amid the shadows of the portico pushing oversize dollies. A few lights, one after the other, lit up above them. The taller man waved. The shorter man came forward, dragging his clattering dolly.

"Evening," the man said. "Going somewhere?"

"Did we come to the right place?" my mother inquired.

"It's so dark here," Sal said.



"I'm not going to say any more, Francis. It's your face, and it was your mustache."

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"You're early," the baggageman said.

Gradually, the whole terminal became visible. Lights popped on like fireworks. "Air Amazon" began flashing in neon green letters. "Pretty," Betty whispered to me. We could see women in green pin-striped skirts and green blazers inside the terminal building, standing casually in front of the check-in counters. A young girl wearing a beret sat on a stool next to a pastry cart heaped with croissants. A bar, the Flyaway, opened up. The baggage conveyor belt moved a few feet.

We got out of the car. My father opened the trunk and yanked out our suitcases. Sal put her arm around Betty, who almost disappeared in the folds of her mother's gown. My mother put her arm around me, and the four of us followed our baggage down the sidewalk and through the electric doors, which had just turned on. My father and Al lingered by the car for an instant. "Frank," I heard Al say, "do you trust these people?"

It was thick and steamy inside the terminal. The six of us stood in a row, off to the side and out of the way. About twenty other passengers, in ones and twos and without an entourage, showed up for the flight.

When the call for boarding came, our mothers cried. Our fathers nodded and looked around. I put Betty's hand in my hand and we started down the diamond-patterned hallway. At the corridor's end, looking back, we saw the four of them standing stiff and straight, helpless as flamingos, waving weakly.

A minibus drove us across the tarmac to the portasteps. Up on top, we found an airplane—a real airplane, silver and green. Betty took the window seat. We rose up into the darkness. The city lights spread out into a great rectangular field of light and faded away. After a while, Betty pulled down the plastic shutter on the tiny window. "Nothing," she said. "It's dark."

We sailed south. The sounds of piped-in Brazilian songs bounced off the green plastic walls. "Listen," Betty said. While we were listening, she fell asleep. Her head tipped to one side, her shoulders slumped, her familiar profile stood out: the small nose, sharp mouth, pointed chin. I threw a green blanket with a giant white "A" over her legs and lap. I flipped out the reading bulb above her head.

—Peter Gordon

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"You could call our negotiations a vicious cycle," says Grzegorz Wojtowicz, director of the foreign department at the Polish National Bank. "Most cycles turn. But a vicious cycle is stopped."

"You could call it a vicious cycle," says Grzegorz Wojtowicz, director of the foreign department at the Polish National Bank. "Most cycles turn. But a vicious cycle is stopped."—*Wall Street Journal, European edition.*

Sooner or later.

KATHLEEN'S FIELD

"I'M after a field of land, sir."

Hagerty's tone was modest to the bank agent, careful and cautious. He was aware that Mr. Ensor would know what was coming next. He was aware that he constituted a "risk," a word Mr. Ensor had used a couple of times when endeavoring to discuss the overdraft Hagerty already had with the bank.

"I was wondering, sir . . ."

His voice trailed away when Mr. Ensor's head began to shake. He'd like to say yes, the bank agent assured him. He would say yes this very instant, only what use would it be when Head Office wouldn't agree? "They're bad times, Mr. Hagerty."

It was a Monday morning, in 1948. Leaning on the counter, his right hand still grasping the stick he'd used to drive three bullocks the seven miles from his farm, Hagerty agreed that the times were as bad as ever he'd known them. He'd brought the bullocks in to see if he could get a price for them, but he hadn't been successful. All the way on his journey he'd been thinking about the field old Lally had spent his lifetime carting the rocks out of. The widow the old man had left behind him had sold the nineteen acres on the other side of the hill, but the last of her fields was awkwardly placed for anyone except Hagerty. Gently sloping, naturally drained, it was free of weeds and thistles, and the grass it grew would do you good to look at.

"I'd help you if I could, Mr. Hagerty," the bank agent assured him. "Only there's still a fair bit owing."

"Ah, well, you gave it your consideration, sir."

He said it because it was his way to make matters easier for a man who had lent him money in the past: Hagerty was a humble man. He had a tired look about him, his spare figure stooped from the shoulders, a black hat always on his head. He hadn't removed it in the bank, nor did he in Shaughnessy's Provisions and Bar, where he sat in a corner by himself, with a bottle of stout to console him. He had left the bullocks in Cronin's yard in order to free himself for his business in the bank, and since Cronin made a small charge for this fair-day service Hagerty thought he might as well take full advantage of it by delaying a little longer.

He reflected as he drank that he hardly needed the bank agent's reminder about the times being bad. Seven of his ten children had emigrated, four to Canada and America, the three others to England. Kathleen, the youngest, now sixteen, was left, with Biddy, who wasn't herself, and Con, who would inherit the farm. But without the Lallys' field it wouldn't be easy for Con to keep on going. Sooner or later he would want to marry the Kilfedder girl, and there'd always have to be a home for Biddy on the farm, and for a while at least an elderly mother and father would have to be accommodated also. Sometimes one or other of the exiled children sent back a check, and Hagerty never objected to accepting it. But none of them could afford the price of a field, and he wasn't going to ask them. Nor would Con accept these little presents when his time came to take over the farm entirely, for how could the oldest brother be beholden like that in the prime of his life? It wasn't the same for Hagerty himself: he'd been barefoot on the farm as a child, which was when his humility had been learned.

"Are you keeping yourself well, Mr. Hagerty?" Mrs. Shaughnessy inquired, crossing the small bar to where he sat. She'd been busy with customers on the grocery side since soon after he'd come in; she'd drawn the cork out of his bottle, apologizing for her busyness when she gave it to him to pour himself.

"I am," he said. "And are you, Mrs. Shaughnessy?"

"I have the winter rheumatism again. But thank God it's not severe."

Mrs. Shaughnessy was a tall, big-shouldered woman whom he remembered as a girl before she'd married into the shop. She wore a bit of makeup, and her clothes were more colorful than his wife's, although they were hidden now by her green shop overall. She had been flighty as a girl, so he remembered hearing, but in no way could you describe her as that in her late middle age; "well-to-do" was the description that everything about Mrs. Shaughnessy insisted upon.

UPTOWN
R. Davidson

"I was wanting to ask you, Mr. Hagerty. I'm on the lookout for a country girl to assist me in the house. If they're any good, they're like gold dust these days. Would you know of a country girl out your way?"

Hagerty began to shake his head, and was at once reminded of the bank agent shaking his. It was then, while he was still actually engaged in that motion, that he recalled a fact which previously had been of no interest to him: Mrs. Shaughnessy's husband lent people money. Mr. Shaughnessy was a considerable businessman. As well as the Provisions and Bar, he owned a barbershop and was an agent for the Property & Life Insurance Company; he had funds to spare. Hagerty had heard of people mortgaging an area of their land with Mr. Shaughnessy, or maybe the farmhouse itself, and as a consequence being able to buy machinery or stock. He'd never yet heard of any unfairness or sharp practice on the part of Mr. Shaughnessy after the deal had been agreed upon and had gone into operation.

"Haven't you a daughter yourself, Mr. Hagerty? Pardon me now if I'm guilty of a presumption, but I always say if you don't ask you won't know. Haven't you a daughter not long left the nuns?"

Kathleen's round, open features came into his mind, momentarily softening his own. His youngest daughter was inclined to plumpness and to freckles, but her wide, uncomplicated smile often radiated moments of prettiness in her face. She had always been his favorite, although Biddy, of course, had a special place also.

"No, she's not long left the convent."

Her face slipped away, darkening to nothing in his imagination. He thought again of the Lallys' field, the curving shape of it like a tea cloth thrown over a bush to dry. A stream ran among the few little ash trees at the bottom; the morning sun lingered on the heart of it.

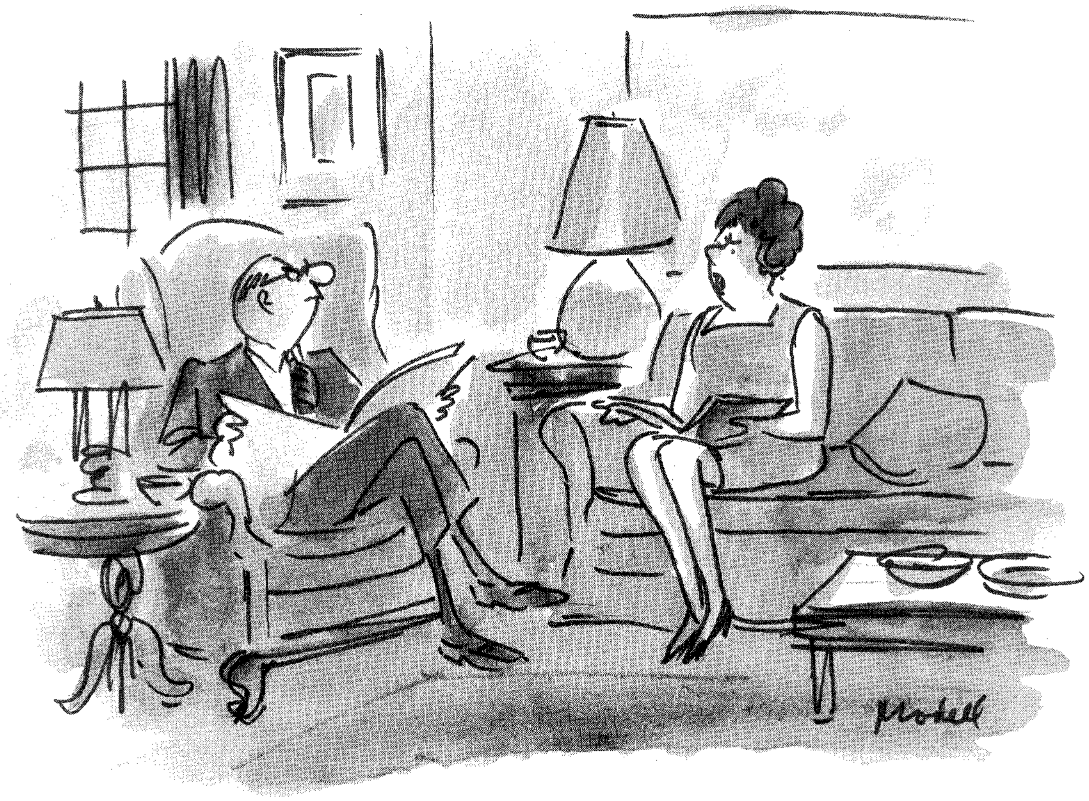
"I'd never have another girl unless I knew the family, Mr. Hagerty. Or unless she'd be vouched for by someone the like of yourself."

"Are you thinking of Kathleen, Mrs. Shaughnessy?"

"Well, I am. I'll be truthful with you, I am."

At that moment someone rapped with a coin on the counter of the grocery and Mrs. Shaughnessy hurried away. If Kathleen came to work in the house above the Provisions and Bar, he might be able to bring up the possibility of a mortgage. And the grass was so rich in the field it wouldn't be too many years before a mortgage could be paid off. Con would be left secure, Biddy would be provided for.

"Of course, she would be raw, Mr. Hagerty," Mrs. Shaughnessy said, reëntering the bar. "I'd have to train every inch of her. Well, I have experience in that, all right."



"You used to think I was mysterious, and now I'm just baffling."

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As Mrs. Shaughnessy spoke, her husband appeared behind the bar. He was a small man, with gray hair brushed straight back from his forehead, and a map of broken veins dictating a warm redness in his complexion. He wore a collar and tie, which Mr. Hagerty did not, and the waistcoat and trousers of a dark-blue suit. He carried a number of papers in his right hand and a packet of Sweet Afton cigarettes in his left. He spread the papers out on the bar and, having lit a cigarette, proceeded to scrutinize them.

"Des, will you bring Mr. Hagerty another bottle of stout? He has a girl for us."

Looking up from his papers but keeping a finger in place on them, her husband asked her what she was talking about.

"Kathleen Hagerty would come in and assist me, Des."

Mr. Shaughnessy asked who Kathleen Hagerty was, and when it was revealed that her father was sitting in the bar in need of another drink he bundled his papers into a pocket and drew the corks from two bottles of stout. His wife winked at Hagerty. He liked to have a maid about the house, she said. He pretended he didn't, but he liked the style of it.

All the way back to the farm, driving home the bullocks, Hagerty reflected on that stroke of luck. In poor spirits he'd turned into Shaughnessy's, it being the nearest public house to the bank. If he hadn't done so, and if Mrs. Shaughnessy hadn't mentioned her domestic needs, and if her husband hadn't come in when he had, there wouldn't have been one bit of good news to carry back. "I'm after a field of land," he'd said to Mr. Shaughnessy, making no bones about it. They'd both listened to him, Mrs. Shaughnessy only going away once, to pour herself half a glass of sherry. They'd understood immediately the thing about the field being valuable to him because of its position. "Doesn't it sound a grand bit of land, Des?" Mrs. Shaughnessy had remarked with enthusiasm. "With a good hot sun on it?" He'd revealed the price old Lally's widow was asking; he'd laid every fact he knew down before them.

In the end, on top of four bottles of stout, he was poured a glass of Paddy, and then Mrs. Shaughnessy made him a spreadable-cheese sandwich. He would send Kathleen in, he promised, and after that it would be up to Mrs. Shaughnessy. "But, sure, I think we'll do business," she'd confidently predicted.

As he murmured the words of a thanksgiving, his youngest daughter again filled Hagerty's mind. The day Kathleen was born it had rained from dawn to dusk. People said that was lucky for the family of an infant, and it might be they were right.

KATHLEEN was led from room to room, and felt alarmed. She had never experienced a carpet beneath her feet before. There were boards or linoleum in the farmhouse, and only linoleum in the Reverend Mother's room at the convent. She found the papered walls startling: flowers cascaded in the corners, and ran in a narrow band around the room, close to the ceiling. "I see you admiring the frieze," Mrs. Shaughnessy said. "I had the house redone a year ago." She paused and then laughed, amused by the wonder in Kathleen's face. "Those little borders," she said. "I think they call them friezes these days."

When Mrs. Shaughnessy laughed her chin became long and smooth, and the skin tightened on her forehead. Her very white false teeth—which Kathleen was later to learn she re-

IRISES

1
Gigantic purple irises
Were the flower for me that visit.

I noticed their intense
Color, operatic purple, sexual yellow,

As well as their bigness,
Their capacious cuplike design,

Height off the ground
In garden after garden.

I observed
Their power.

They made me somewhat imagine
A hand around them, collapsing and crushing them.

2
The flower's form is there before the flower,
A phantom form that the flower

Eagerly dashes up to,
Like a cat climbing a tree, then

Enters and
Fleshes it, fleshes it.

You ask: What could be more powerful
Than the capacity of an organic

Design to die in one instance, and be reborn,
Of course transformed, lightly transformed,

In another instance, in a hundred
Thousand other instances.

3
Showing that I meant friendship,
I gave you irises,

Tall ones
Of the most royal color,

Then read your story
Of the gardener

Who told long bawdy
Jokes to his flower bushes

And sang Italian songs to them, so that
They grew enormous.

4
Being reborn not once
But many times,

Like dots in a child's book, again
And again the picture comes out

And the child paints it. Who cares
If the purple and yellow

Are illusion? Anyway,
They are not illusion; what we believe

We see we are truly seeing, and it is purple
And tonguelike yellow.

Take these stalks. The blooms pour in our veins
An intense deliquescence.

—Alicia Ostriker

• •

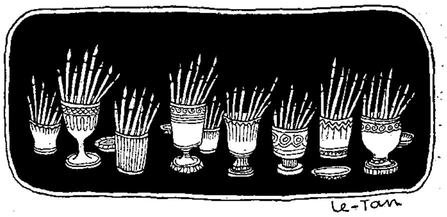
ferred to as her "delft"—shifted slightly behind her reddened lips. The laugh was a sedate whisper that quickly exhausted itself.

"You're a good riser, are you, Kathleen?"

"I'm used to getting up, Ma'am."

Always say Ma'am, the Reverend Mother had adjured, for Kathleen had been summoned when it was known that Mrs. Shaughnessy was interested in training her as a maid. The Reverend Mother liked to have a word with any girl who'd been to the convent when the question of local employment arose, or if emigration was mooted. The Reverend Mother liked to satisfy herself that a girl's future promised to be what she would herself have chosen for the girl; and she liked to point out certain hazards, feeling it her duty to do so. The Friday fast was not observed in Protestant households, where there would also be an absence of sacred reminders. Conditions met with after emigration left even more to be desired.

"Now, this would be your own room, Kathleen," Mrs. Shaughnessy said, leading her into a small bedroom at the top of the house. There was a white china washbasin with a jug standing in it, and a bed with a mattress on it, and a cupboard. The stand the basin and the jug were on was painted white, and so was the cupboard. A net curtain covered the bottom half of a window, and at the top there was a brown blind like the ones in the Reverend Mother's room.



There wasn't a carpet on the floor and there wasn't linoleum, either, but a rug stretched on the boards by the bed, and Kathleen couldn't help imagining her bare feet stepping onto its softness first thing every morning.

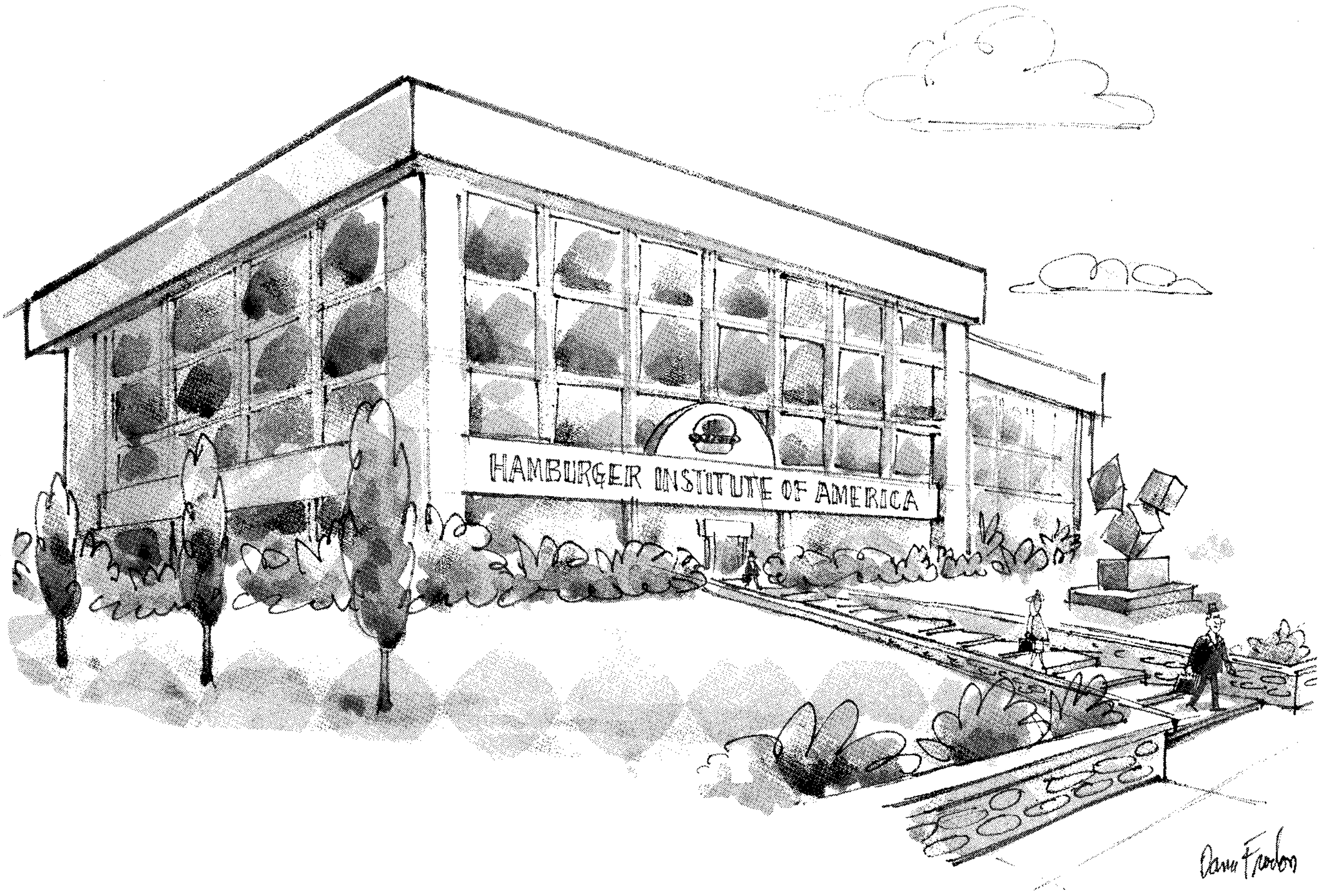
"There'll be the two uniforms the last girl had," Mrs. Shaughnessy said. "They'd easily fit, although I'd say you were bigger on the chest. You wouldn't be familiar with a uniform, Kathleen?"

"I didn't have one at the convent, Ma'am."

"You'll soon get used to the dresses."

That was the first intimation that Mrs. Shaughnessy considered her suitable for the post. The dresses were hanging in the cupboard, she said. There were sheets and blankets in the hot press.

"I'd rather call you Kitty," Mrs. Shaughnessy said. "If you wouldn't



object. The last girl was Kitty, and so was another one we had."

Kathleen said that was all right. She hadn't been called Kitty at the convent, and wasn't at home, because it was the pet name of her eldest sister.

"Well, that's great," Mrs. Shaughnessy said, the tone of her voice implying that the arrangement had already been made.

"I WAS never better pleased with you," her father said when Kathleen returned home. "You're a great little girl."

When she'd packed some of her clothes into a suitcase that her sister Mary Florence had left behind after a visit home from England, he said it was hardly like going away at all because she was only going seven miles and she'd return every Sunday afternoon. She sat beside him on the cart and he explained that the Shaughnessys had been generous to a degree. The wages he had agreed to with them would be held back and set against the debt; it was that that made the whole thing possible, reducing his monthly repayments to a figure he was confident he could manage, even with the bank overdraft. "It isn't everyone would agree to the convenience of that, Kathleen."

She said she understood. There was a new sprightliness about her father; the fatigue in his face had given way to an excited pleasure. His gratitude to the Shaughnessys, and her mother's gratitude, had made the farmhouse a different place during the last couple of weeks. Biddy and Con had been affected by it, and so had Kathleen, even though she had no idea what life would be like in the house above the Shaughnessys' Provisions and Bar. Mrs. Shaughnessy had not outlined her duties beyond saying that every night when she went up to bed she should carry with her the alarm clock from the kitchen dresser and carry it down again every morning. The most important thing of all appeared to be that she should rise promptly from her bed.

"You'll listen well to what Mrs. Shaughnessy says," her father begged her. "You'll attend properly to all the work, Kathleen?"

"I will of course."

A bicycle, also left behind by Mary Florence, lay in the back of the cart. Kathleen had wanted to tie the suitcase onto the carrier and cycle in herself with it, but her father wouldn't let her. It was dangerous, he said; a suitcase attached like that could easily unbalance you.

"Kathleen's field is what we call it," her father said on their journey together, and added after a moment, "They're decent people, Kathleen. You're going to a decent house."

"Oh, I know, I know."

But after only half a day there Kathleen wished she was back in the farmhouse. She knew at once how much she was going to miss the comfort of the kitchen she had known all her life, and the room along the passage she shared with Biddy, where Mary Florence had slept also, and the dogs nosing up to her in the yard. She knew how much she would miss Con, and her father and her mother, and how she'd miss looking after Biddy.

"Now, I'll show you how to set a table," Mrs. Shaughnessy said. "Listen to this carefully, Kitty."

Cork mats were put down on the tablecloth so that the heat of the dishes wouldn't penetrate to the polished surface beneath. Small plates were placed on the left of each cork mat, to put the skins of potatoes on. A knife and a fork were arranged on each side of the mats and a spoon and a fork across the top. The pepper and salt were placed so that Mr. Shaughnessy could easily reach them. Serving spoons were placed by the bigger mats in the middle. The breakfast table was set the night before, with the cups upside down on the saucers so that they wouldn't catch the dust when the ashes were taken from the fireplace.

"Can you cut kindling, Kitty? I'll show you how to do it with the little hatchet."

She showed her, as well, how to sweep the carpet on the stairs with a stiff handbrush, and how to use the dustpan. She explained that every mantelpiece in the house had to be dusted every morning, and all the places where grime would gather. She showed her where saucepans and dishes were kept, and instructed her in how to light the range—the first task of the day. The back yard required brushing once a week, on Saturday between four o'clock and five. And every morning after breakfast water had to be pumped from the tank in the yard—fifteen minutes' work with the hand lever.

"That's the w.c. you'd use, Kitty," Mrs. Shaughnessy indicated, leading her to a privy in another part of the back yard. "The maids always use this one."

The dresses of the uniforms didn't fit. She looked at herself in the blue one and then in the black. The mirror on the dressing table was tarnished, but she could tell that neither uniform enhanced her in any way whatsoever. She looked as fat as a fool, she thought, with the hems all crooked, and the sleeves too tight on her forearms. "Oh, now, that's really very good," Mrs. Shaughnessy said when Kathleen emerged from her bedroom in the black one. She demonstrated how the bodice of the apron was kept in place and how the afternoon cap should be worn.

"Is your father fit?" Mr. Shaughnessy inquired when he came upstairs for his six-o'clock tea.

"He is, sir." Suddenly Kathleen had to choke back tears because without any warning the reference to her father had made her want to cry.

"He was shook the day I saw him," Mr. Shaughnessy said, "on account he couldn't sell the bullocks."

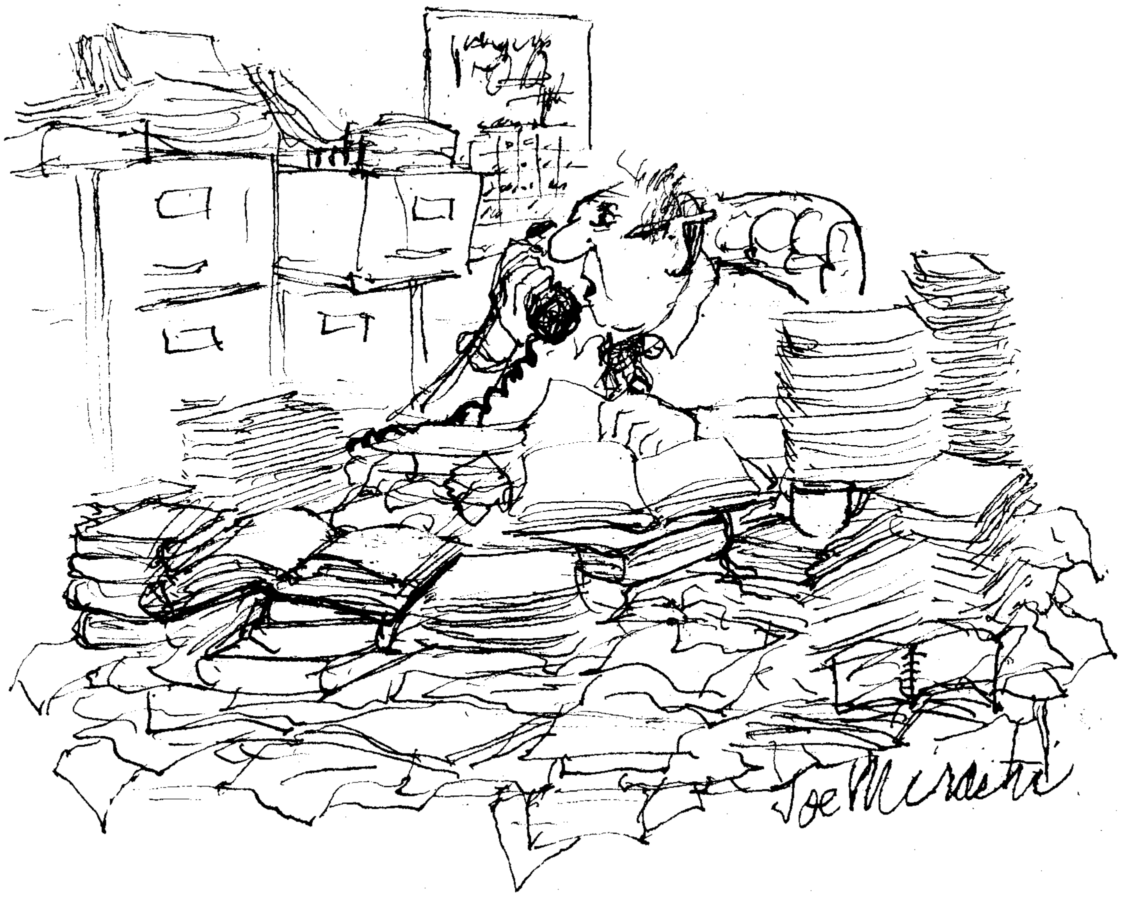
"He's all right now, sir."

The Shaughnessys' son reappeared then, too—a narrow-faced youth who hadn't addressed her when he'd arrived in the dining room in the middle of the day and didn't address her now. There were just the three of them, two younger children having grown up and gone away. During the day Mrs. Shaughnessy had often referred to her other son and her daughter, the son in business in Limerick, the daughter married to a county surveyor. The narrow-faced son would inherit the businesses, she'd said—the barbershop and the Provisions and Bar, maybe even the insurances. With a bout of wretchedness, Kathleen was reminded of Con inheriting the farm. Before that he'd marry Angie Kilfedder, who wouldn't hesitate to accept him now that the farm was improved.

OUT OF THE BALLPARK

Kathleen finished laying the table and went back to the kitchen, where Mrs. Shaughnessy was frying rashers and eggs and slices of soda bread. When they were ready she scooped them onto three plates and Kathleen carried the tray, with a teapot on it as well, into the dining room. Her instructions were to return to the kitchen when she'd done so and to fry her own rasher and eggs, and soda bread, if she wanted it. "I don't know will we make much of that one," she heard Mrs. Shaughnessy saying as she closed the dining-room door.

That night she lay awake in the strange bed, not wanting to sleep because sleep would too swiftly bring the morning, and another day like the day there'd been. She couldn't stay here: she'd say that on Sunday. If they knew what it was like, they wouldn't want her to. She sobbed,



"Sam Wooley here, trying to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat."

thinking again of the warm kitchen she had left behind, the sheepdogs lying by the fire and Biddy turning the wheel of the bellows—the only household task she could do. She thought of her mother and father sitting at the table as they always did, her mother knitting, her father pondering, with his hat still on his head. If they could see her in the dresses, they'd understand. If they could see her standing there pumping up the water, they'd surely be sorry for the way she felt. "I haven't the time to tell you twice, Kitty," Mrs. Shaughnessy said over and over again, her long, painted face not smiling in the least way whatsoever. If anything was broken, she'd said, the cost of it would have to be stopped out of the wages, and she'd spoken as though the wages would actually change hands. In Kathleen's dreams Mrs. Shaughnessy kept laughing, her chin going long and smooth and her large white teeth moving in her mouth. The dresses belonged to one of the King of England's daughters, she explained, which was why they didn't fit. And then Mary Florence came into the kitchen and said she was just back from England with a pair of shoes that belonged to someone else. The price of them could be stopped out of the wages, she suggested, and Mrs. Shaughnessy agreed.

When Kathleen opened her eyes, roused by the alarm clock at half past six, she didn't know where she was. Then one after another the details of the previous day impinged on her waking consciousness: the cork mats, the shed where the kindling was cut, the narrow face of the Shaughnessys' son, the greasy doorknobs in the kitchen, the impatience in Mrs. Shaughnessy's voice. The reality was worse than the confusion of her dreams, and there was nothing magical about the softness of the rug beneath her bare feet: she didn't even notice it. She lifted her nightdress over her head and for a moment caught a glimpse of her nakedness in the tarnished looking glass—plumply rounded thighs and knees, the dimple in her stomach. She drew on stockings and underclothes, feeling even more lost than she had when she'd tried not to go to sleep. She knelt by her bed, and when she'd offered her usual prayers she asked that she might be taken away from the Shaughnessys' house. She asked that her father would understand when she told him.

"The master's waiting on his breakfast, Kitty."

"I lit the range the minute I was down, Ma'am."

"If you don't get it going by twenty to seven, it won't be hot in time. I told you that yesterday. Didn't you pull the dampers out?"

"The paper wouldn't catch, Ma'am."

"Set the alarm for six if you're going to be slow with the fire. If the breakfast's not on the table by a quarter to eight, he'll raise the roof. Have you the plates in the bottom oven?"

When Kathleen opened the door of the bottom oven a black kitten darted out, scratching the back of her hand in its agitation.

"Great God Almighty!" exclaimed Mrs. Shaughnessy. "Are you trying to roast the poor cat?"

"I didn't know it was in there, Ma'am."

"You lit the fire with the poor creature inside there! What were you thinking of to do that, Kitty?"

"I didn't know, Ma'am—"

"Always look in the two ovens before you light the range, child. Didn't you hear me telling you?"

After breakfast, when Kathleen went into the dining room to clear the table, Mrs. Shaughnessy was telling her son about the kitten in the oven. "Haven't they brains like turnips?" she said, even though Kathleen was in the room. The son released a half-hearted smile, but when Kathleen asked him if he'd finished with the jam he didn't reply. "Try and speak a bit more clearly, Kitty," Mrs. Shaughnessy said later. "It's not everyone can understand a country accent."

The day was similar to the day

before except that at eleven o'clock Mrs. Shaughnessy said, “Go upstairs and take off your cap. Put on your coat and go down the street to Crawley's. A half pound of round steak, and suet. Take the book off the dresser. He'll know who you are when he sees it.”

So far, that was the pleasantest chore she had been asked to do. She had to wait in the shop because there were two other people before her, both of whom held the butcher in conversation. “I know your father,” Mr. Crawley said when he'd asked her name, and he held her in conversation also, wanting to know if her father was in good health and asking about her brothers and sisters. He'd heard about the buying of the Lallys' field. She was the last uniformed maid in the town, he said, now that Nellie Broderick at O'Mara's had had to give up because of her legs.

“Are you mad?” Mrs. Shaughnessy shouted at her on her return. “I should be down in the shop and not waiting to put that meat on. Didn't I tell you yesterday not to be loitering in the mornings?”

“I'm sorry, Ma'am, only Mr. Crawley—”

“Go down to the shop and tell the master I'm delayed over cooking the dinner and can you assist him for ten minutes.”

But when Kathleen appeared in the grocery Mr. Shaughnessy asked her if she'd got lost. The son was weighing sugar into gray paper bags and tying string round each of them. A murmur of voices came from the bar.

“Mrs. Shaughnessy is delayed over cooking the dinner,” Kathleen said. “She was thinking I could assist you for ten minutes.”

“Well, that's a good one!” Mr. Shaughnessy threw back his head, exploding into laughter. A little shower of spittle damped Kathleen's face. The son gave his halfhearted smile. “Can you make a spill, Kitty? D'you know what I mean by a spill?” Mr. Shaughnessy demonstrated with a piece of brown paper on the counter. Kathleen shook her head. “Would you know what to charge for a quarter pound of tea, Kitty? Can you weigh out sugar, Kitty? Go back to the missus, will you, and tell her to have sense.”

In the kitchen Kathleen put it differently, simply saying that Mr. Shaughnessy hadn't required her services. “Bring a scuttle of coal up to the dining room,” Mrs. Shaughnessy commanded. “And get out the mustard. Can you make up mustard?”

Kathleen had never tasted mustard in her life; she had heard of it but did not precisely know what it was. She began to say she wasn't sure about making some, but even before she spoke Mrs. Shaughnessy sighed and told her to wash down the front steps instead.

“I DON'T want to go back there,” Kathleen said on Sunday. “I can't understand what she says to me. It's lonesome the entire time.”

Her mother was sympathetic, but even so she shook her head. “Isn't it a clean room you're in, pet? And aren't you given food to eat that's better than you'd get here? And don't the dresses she supplies save us an expense again? Wouldn't you think of all that, pet?”

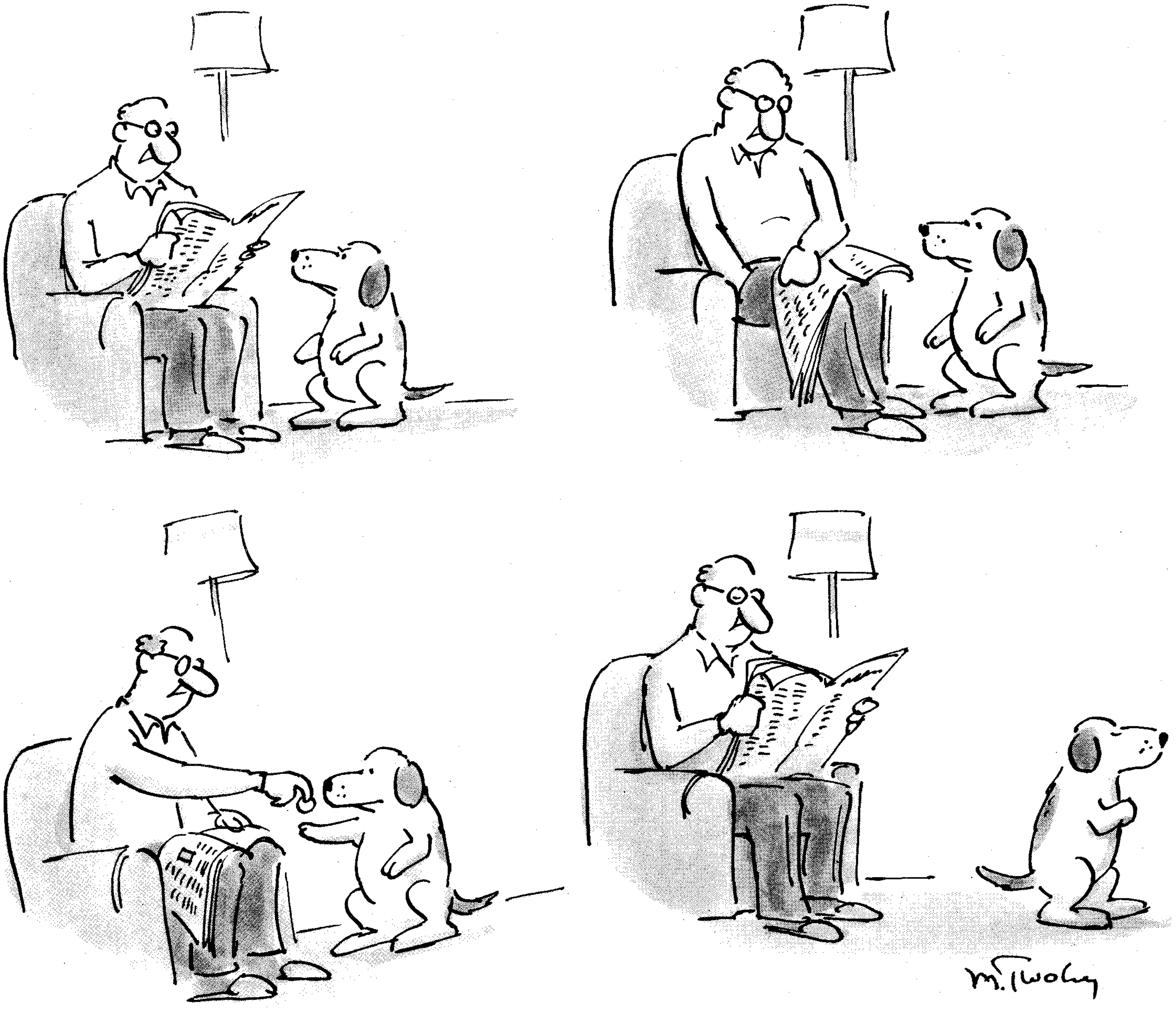
A bargain had been struck, her mother also reminded her, and a bargain was a bargain. Biddy said it sounded great, going out into the town for messages. She'd give anything to see a house like that, Biddy said, with the coal fires and the stairs.

“I'd say they were well pleased with you,” Kathleen's father said when he came in from the yard later on. “You'd have been back here inside a day if they weren't.”

She'd done her best, she thought as she rode away from the farmhouse on Mary Florence's bicycle; if she'd done everything badly, she would have obtained her release. She wept because she wouldn't see Biddy and Con and her father and mother for another week. She dreaded the return to the desolate bedroom which her mother had reminded her was clean, and the kitchen where there was no one to keep her company in the evenings. She felt as if she could not bear it, more counting of the days until Sunday and when Sunday came the few hours passing so swiftly. But she knew, by now, that she would remain in the Shaughnessys' house for as long as was necessary.

“I must have you back by half six, Kitty,” Mrs. Shaughnessy said when she saw her. “It's closer to seven now.”

Kathleen said she was sorry. She'd had to stop to pump the back tire of her bicycle, she said, although in fact this was not true: what she'd stopped for was to wipe away the signs of her crying and to blow her nose. In the short time she had been part of Mrs. Shaughnessy's household, she had de-



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veloped the habit of making excuses, and of obscuring her inadequacies beneath lies that were easier than the truth.

"Fry the bread like I showed you, Kitty. Get it brown on both sides. The master likes it crisp."

There was something Mr. Shaughnessy liked also, which Kathleen discovered when seven of her free Sunday afternoons had gone by. She was dusting the dining-room mantelpiece one morning when he came and stood very close to her. She thought she was in his way, and moved out of it, but a week or so later he stood close to her again, his breath warm on her cheek. When it happened the third time she felt herself blushing.

It was in this manner that Mr. Shaughnessy, rather than his wife, came to occupy, for Kathleen, the central role in the household. The narrow-faced son remained as he had been since the day of her arrival, a dour presence, contributing little in the way of conversation and never revealing the fruits of his brooding silence. Mrs. Shaughnessy, having instructed, had apparently played out the part she'd set herself. She came into the kitchen at midday to cook meat and potatoes and one of the milk puddings her husband was addicted to, but otherwise the kitchen was Kathleen's province now, and it was she who was responsible for the frying of the food for breakfast and for the six-o'clock tea. Mrs. Shaughnessy preferred to be in the shop. She enjoyed the social side of that, she told Kathleen; and she enjoyed the occasional half glass of sherry in the bar. "That's me all over, Kitty. I never took to housework." She was more amiable in her manner, and confessed that she always found training a country girl an exhausting and irksome task and might therefore have been a little impatient. "Kitty's settled in grand," she informed Kathleen's father when he looked into the bar one fair day to make a mortgage payment. He'd been delighted to hear that, he told Kathleen the following Sunday.

Mr. Shaughnessy never said anything when he came to stand close to her, although on other occasions he addressed her pleasantly enough, even complimenting her on her frying. He had an easy way with him, quite different from his son's. He was more like his two other children, the married daughter and the son who was in Limerick, both of whom Kathleen had met when they returned to the house for an uncle's funeral. He occasionally repeated a joke he'd been told, and Mrs. Shaughnessy would laugh, her chin becoming lengthy and the skin tightening on her forehead. On the occasion of the uncle's funeral his other son and his daughter laughed at the jokes also, but the son who'd remained at home only smiled. "Wait till I tell you this one, Kitty," Mr. Shaughnessy would sometimes say, alone with her in the dining room. He would tell her something Bob Crowe, who ran the barbershop for him, had heard from a customer, making the most of the anecdote in a way that suggested he was anxious to entertain her. His manner and his tone of voice denied that it had ever been necessary for him to stand close to her, or else that his practice of doing so had been erased from his memory.

But the scarlet complexion of Mr. Shaughnessy's face and the sharply brushed-back gray hair, the odor of cigarette smoke that emanated from his clothes could not be so easily forgotten by Kathleen. She no longer wept from loneliness in her bedroom, yet she was aware that the behavior of Mr. Shaughnessy lent the feeling of isolation an extra, vivid dimension, for in the farmhouse kitchen on Sundays the behavior could not be mentioned.

Every evening Kathleen sat by the range, thinking about it. The black kitten that had darted out of the oven on her second morning had grown into a cat and sat blinking beside her chair. The alarm clock ticked loudly on the dresser. Was it something she should confess? Was it a sin to be as silent as she was when he came to stand beside her? Was it a sin to be unable to find the courage to tell him to leave her alone? Once in the village where the convent was another girl in her class had pointed out a boy who was loitering with some other boys by the 1798 statue. That boy was always trying to kiss you, the girl said; he would follow you along a road if you were going home on your own, or he'd be hiding on the way. But although Kathleen often went home alone the boy never came near her. He wasn't a bad-looking boy, she'd thought; she wouldn't have minded much. She'd wondered if she'd mind the boys her sisters had complained about, who tried to kiss you when they were dancing with you. Pests, her sisters had called them, but Kathleen thought it was nice that they wanted to.

Mr. Shaughnessy was different. When he stood close to her, his breathing would become loud and unsteady. He always moved away quite quickly, when she wasn't expecting him to. He walked off, never looking back—soundlessly almost.

Then one day, when Mrs. Shaughnessy was buying a new skirt and the son was in the shop, Mr. Shaughnessy came into the kitchen, where she was scrubbing the draining boards. He came straight to where she was, as if between them there was some understanding that he should do so. He stood in a slightly different position from usual, behind her rather than at her side, and she felt for the first time his hands passing over her clothes.

"Mr. Shaughnessy!" she whispered. "Mr. Shaughnessy, now."

He took no notice. Some part of his face was touching her hair. The rhythm of his breathing changed.

"Mr. Shaughnessy, I don't like it."

He seemed not to hear her; she sensed that his eyes were closed. As suddenly, and as quickly as always, he went away.

"Well, Bob Crowe told me a queer one this afternoon," he said that same evening, while she was placing their plates of fried food in front of them in the dining room. "It seems there's a woman asleep in Clery's shopwindow above in Dublin."

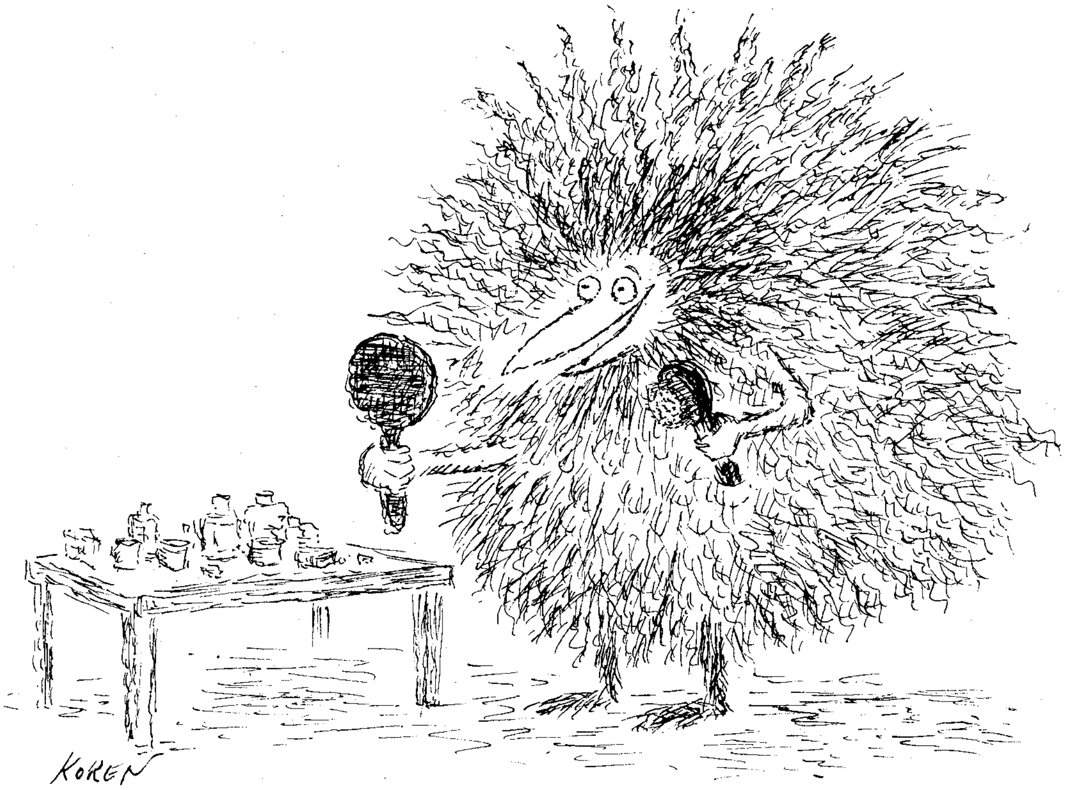
His wife expressed disbelief. Bob Crowe would tell you anything, she said.

"In a hypnotic trance, it seems. Advertising Odearest mattresses."

"Ah, go on now! He's pulling your leg, Des."

"Not a bit of him. She'll stop there a week, it seems. The Guards have to move the crowds on."

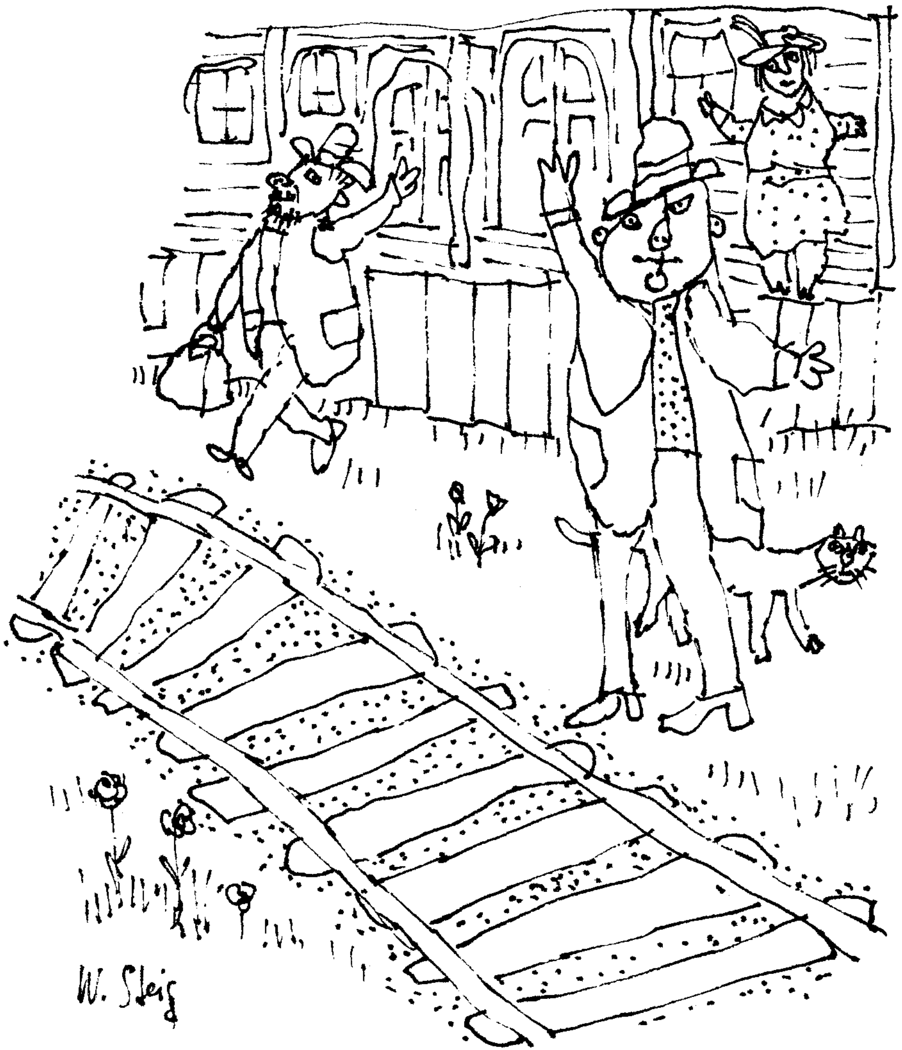
Kathleen closed the dining-room door behind her. He had turned to look at her when he'd said there was a woman asleep in Clery's window, in an effort to include her in what he was retailing. His eyes had betrayed nothing of their surreptitious relationship, but Kathleen hadn't been able to meet them.



"Call it vanity, call it narcissism, call it egomania. I love you."

"We plowed the field," her father said the following Sunday. "I've never turned up earth as good."

She almost told him then. She longed to so much she could hardly prevent herself. She longed



Down at the Depot

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to let her tears come and to hear his voice consoling her. When she was a child she'd loved that.

"You're a great girl," he said.

Mr. Shaughnessy took to attending an earlier Mass than his wife and son, and when they were out at theirs he would come into the kitchen. When she hid in her bedroom, he followed her there. She'd have locked herself in the outside w.c. if there'd been a latch on the door.

"Well, Kitty and myself were quiet enough here," he'd say in the dining room later on, when the three of them were eating their midday dinner. She couldn't understand how he could bring himself to speak like that, or how he could so hungrily eat his food, as though nothing had occurred. She couldn't understand how he could act normally with his son or with his other children when they came on a visit. It was extraordinary to hear Mrs. Shaughnessy humming her songs about the house and calling him by his Christian name.

"The Kenny girl's getting married," Mrs. Shaughnessy said on one of these mealtime occasions. "Tyson from the hardware."

"I didn't know she was doing a line with him."

"Oh, that's been going on a long time."

"Is it the middle girl? The one with the peroxide?"

"Enid she's called."

"I wonder Bob Crowe didn't hear that. There's not much Bob misses."

"I never thought much of Tyson. But, sure, maybe they're well matched."

"Did you hear that, Kitty? Enid Kenny's getting married. Don't go taking ideas from her." He laughed, and Mrs. Shaughnessy laughed, and the son smiled. There wasn't much chance of that, Kathleen thought. "Are you going dancing tonight?" Mr. Crawley often asked her on a Friday, and she would reply that she might, but she never did because it wasn't easy to go alone. In the shops and at Mass no one displayed any interest in her whatsoever; no one eyed her the way Mary Florence had been eyed, and she supposed it was because her looks weren't up to much. But they were good enough for Mr. Shaughnessy, with his quivering breath and his face in her hair. Bitterly, she dwelt on that; bitterly, she imagined herself turning on him in the dining room, accusing him to his wife and son.

"Did you forget to sweep the yard this week?" Mrs. Shaughnessy asked her. "Only it's looking poor."

She explained that the wind had blown in papers and debris from a knocked-over dustbin. She'd sweep it again, she said.

"I hate a dirty back yard, Kitty."

Was this why the other girls had left, she wondered, the girls whom Mrs. Shaughnessy had trained and who'd then gone off? Those girls, whoever they were, would see her, or would know about her. They'd imagine her in one uniform or the other, obedient to him because she enjoyed his attentions. That was how they'd think of her.

"Leave me alone, sir," she said when she saw him approaching her the next time, but he took no notice. She could see him guessing she wouldn't scream.

"Please, sir," she said. "Please, sir. I don't like it."

But after a time she ceased to make any protestation and remained as silent as she had been at first. Twelve years or maybe fourteen, she said to herself, lying awake in her bedroom: as long as that, or longer. In her two different uniforms she would continue to be the outward sign of Mrs. Shaughnessy's well-to-do status, and her ordinary looks would continue to attract the attentions of a gray-haired man. Because of the field, the nature of the farm her father had once been barefoot on would change. "Kathleen's field," her father would often repeat, and her mother would say again that a bargain was a bargain. —WILLIAM TREVOR

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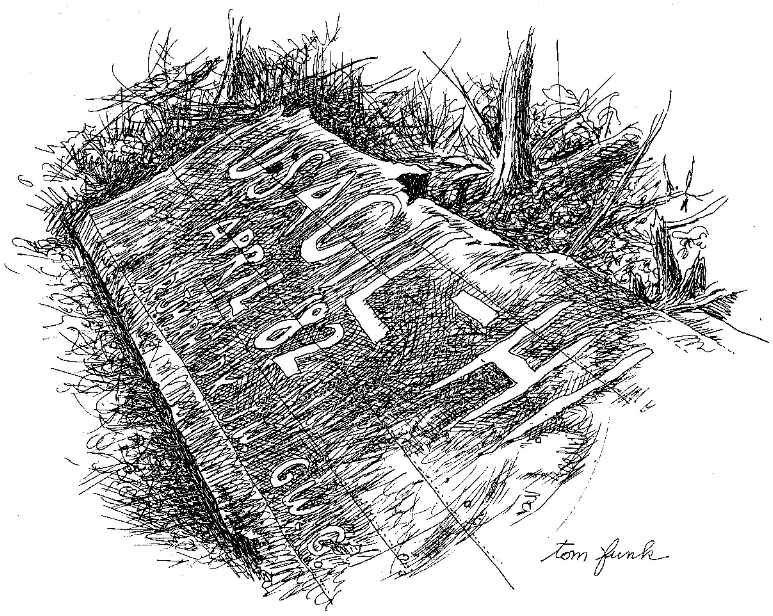
"There's a big void out there, and we want part of it," said Nancy Stoltenberg, marketing director for The Village.
—*San Rafael (Calif.) Marin Independent Journal.*

It's all yours, Nancy.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A MISSING PLANE

I—RECOVERY



ONE day in 1980, or perhaps it was 1981—the people who live in the villages of Papua New Guinea don't place a great deal of value on the precise measurement of time—two young men from Manumu set out to go bird hunting. Manumu is a village (pop. 121, elev. 1,700 feet) in a valley in the foothills of the Owen Stanley Range about thirty miles northeast of Port Moresby, the capital of Papua New Guinea. The men left Manumu carrying machetes, which they used to cut vines and small trees as they followed old trails and cleared new ones, gradually making their way up through dense undergrowth, climbing the rain-forested slopes into the mountains. When they reached a ridge leading to an eleven-thousand-foot peak named Mt. Thumb, they came upon part of the wreckage of a large old plane. They didn't disturb the wreckage: the villagers of Papua New Guinea tend to be uninquisitive, and bird hunting was the object of their expedition. After about a week, the young men returned to Manumu with some parrots they had shot. They told a number of their fellow-villagers about the plane they had seen, but the knowledge of the plane and its whereabouts stayed within Manumu for a year or two.

The news might have stayed within the village indefinitely had it not been for the serendipitous combination of a man with an obsession and a small unit of the United States Army with unexpected time on its hands. The man is Bruce Hoy, a trim, bespectacled forty-one-year-old expatriate Australian Second World War enthusiast who in 1978 became the first curator of the Aviation, Maritime, and War Branch of the National Museum and Art Gallery of Papua New Guinea. His obsession is to try to find the approximately three hundred and fifty United States and Australian aircraft that disappeared while on flights in the eastern part of New Guinea between 1942 and 1945, when the island was the scene of extensive fighting between American and Australian forces and those of Imperial Japan. (In 1975, the eastern part of the island became the independent country of Papua New Guinea.)

The Army unit is the Central Identification Laboratory, which is based in Hawaii and is usually referred to as the CIL or CIL-HI. In 1982, it was a small Department of the Army field unit within the Adjutant General's office under the Directorate of Casualty and Memorial Affairs. Its personnel included a civilian physical anthropologist, civilian "identification specialists" (in private life most of them had been morticians, and most of them were alumni of mortuaries that the military had operated in Vietnam during the war years), an Army officer, and a number of Army enlisted men who were known as Fifty-seven Foxtrots, because their Military Occupation Specialty was numbered and lettered 57-F. After basic training, most men designated Fifty-seven Foxtrots went to Graves Registration School, where they were taught how to go into the field to recover casualties, how to recognize the thirty-two teeth and two hundred and six bones of the human body, and how to chart dental and skeletal remains. The CIL's primary mission is the recovery and identification of the remains of approximately twenty-five hundred Americans presumed killed during the Vietnam War whose bodies had not been recovered when the war ended in 1975. Because of poor relations between Vietnam and the United States since the war's end, the Vietnamese turned over only a few American remains, so conducting search-and-recovery (S.-and-R.) operations throughout the Pacific theatre to find and identify Second World War dead was added to the CIL mission.

In January, 1979, Bruce Hoy had received permission from the director of the National Museum to move out of the museum's main building, in Port Moresby, where he had worked in the busy midst of another department, into a two-story building the museum owned in Gordon, an industrial suburb of Port Moresby. The building had little to recommend it except that it offered Hoy privacy and a fair amount of empty space. After he had helped carry a desk, chair, and filing cabinet up a rickety spiral staircase to the second floor, which became his office, there was nothing else in it. There was little on the building's main floor, which he transformed into a combination library, relics room, and armory; an adjacent storage shed was also empty. Hoy abhors a vacuum. He installed the wreckage of a Second World War P-38 Lightning fighter plane in the yard outside his office, and began acquiring additional airplanes, and also guns, tanks, trucks, jeeps, and other relics associated with the war in New Guinea. Hoy preëmpts any undiplomatic comments from visitors to his museum branch by telling them it is "a junk yard."

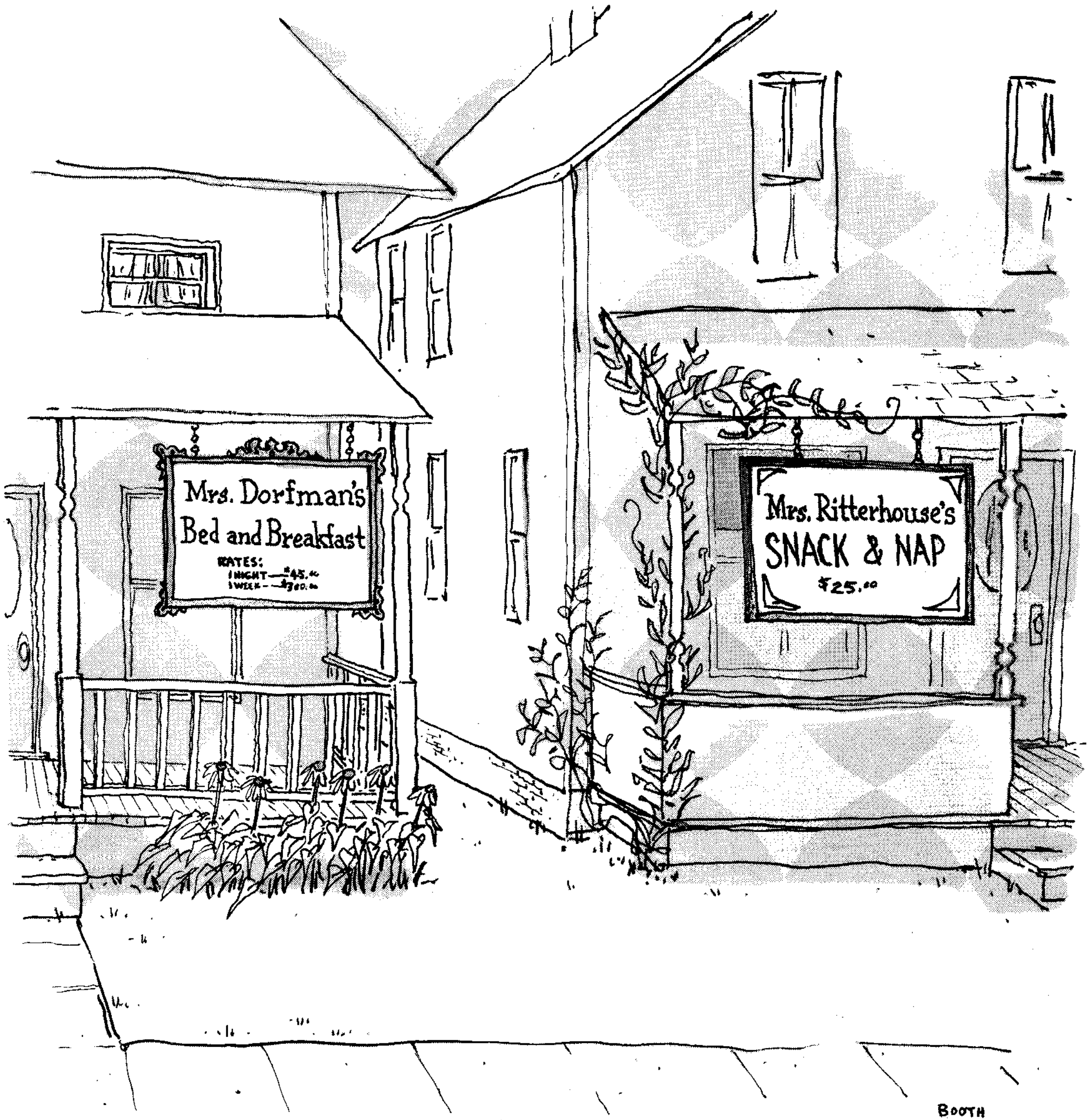
The operating budget of the Aviation, Maritime, and War Branch has always been modest, but in 1979 and 1980 Hoy bought more than four hundred books for his reference library. He loaned the museum his own extensive collection of Second World War photographs acquired from the Australian War Memorial, in Canberra, and added numerous rolls of microfilm from the Albert F. Simpson Historical

Research Center, at Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama, which is the principal repository for United States Air Force records. He also acquired two almost complete sets of wartime maps of Papua and New Guinea. The branch had no typewriter, but he brought one from his house to his office and began to type letters to pilots, navigators, bombardiers, engineers, gunners, veterans' associations, and aerospace historians in Australia and America, and to anyone else who might have diaries, flight records, and memories or memorabilia of New Guinea's flying past. The National Museum soon bought Hoy a typewriter and additional filing cabinets to contain his correspondence and historical material. Hoy believes he is the only museum-branch curator in the world who types his own letters. He is a precise man and keeps count of the letters he dispatches: 503 in 1981, 610 in 1982, 614 in 1983, and 732 in 1984—an average of two for each of the leap year's 366 days. That statistical precision gives him satisfaction.

In 1982, Bruce Hoy was almost certainly the only curator who bought soft drinks wholesale and sold them to workers from a nearby joinery and steel-fabrication plant, mainly during their lunch hours. In its first four years, the branch rarely had more than two employees—a clerk and a laborer—and frequently had to make do with just a laborer. Hoy's wife, Lina, a Filipino whom he had met in Port Moresby, where she had come to work as a secretary, generally prepared his lunch—often sandwiches of peanut butter and Vegemite, a dark-brown, slick, salty spread made from yeast extract—before he left home in the morning, and he ate it at his desk. If his laborer was not around between noon and one o'clock, he would jump up to open the door to his office and the door to his small refrigerator any number of times to dispense a Coca-Cola or a Fanta. His yearly profit from the sale of about four thousand soft drinks was two hundred dollars—enough, he says, "to balance my books."

Sometime in 1980, as Bruce Hoy was reading the American Fifth Air Force unit histories, he became fascinated by aircraft losses. He studied Australian aircraft-crash records and went through the microfilmed unit histories roll by roll, carefully taking notes. It was difficult for him to remember the losses and the plane serial numbers, so he typed up a separate aircraft-crash card for each plane. He supplemented the information he obtained from the unit histories in various ways: with written histories some units had published during or after the Second World War; with other rolls of microfilm, such as bomber- and fighter-squadron weekly status and operation reports; and with Fifth Air Force monthly casualty lists. In February, 1981, Hoy first became aware of Missing Air Crew Reports. During the Second World War, a Missing Air Crew Report was supposed to be compiled for every plane that was lost. The report contained such information as the organization to which the aircraft belonged, the date, time, and point of departure, its intended course, its destination, and the number of persons aboard, with their names, ranks, and serial numbers. If a researcher knew the tail number of a missing plane, he could obtain the report from the National Archives, in Washington, D.C. Once he had the report, he could request the missing-in-action files of the men aboard, which are stored at the National Records Center, in Suitland, Maryland.

That fall, Hoy and his wife flew to the United States and visited the National Archives and the National Records Center, where he obtained the numbers of the Missing Air Crew Reports he needed for his work. On October 10, 1981, shortly after his return to Port Moresby, he wrote to the National Archives to request copies of two hundred and thirty-four Missing



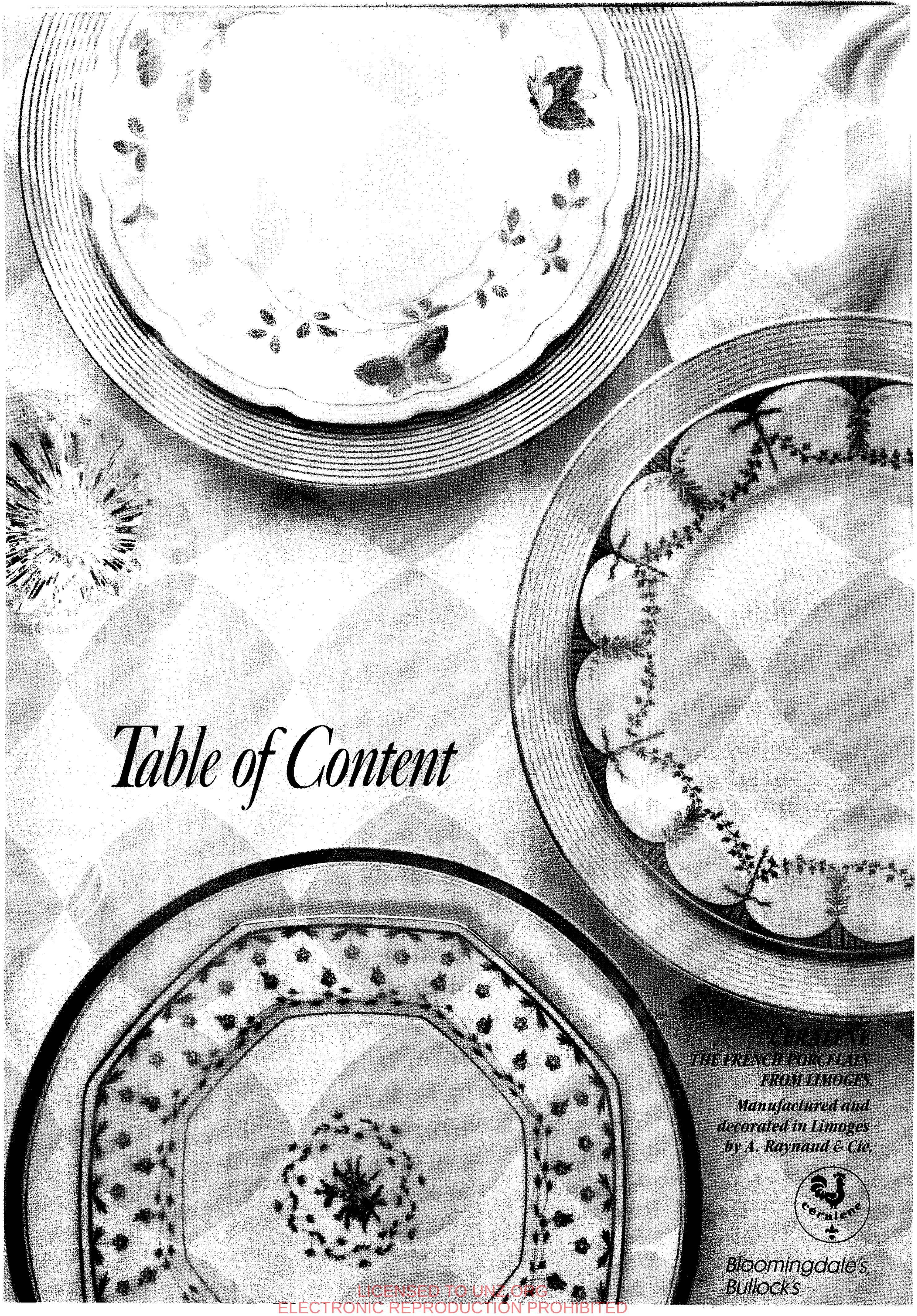
"When I speak, I expect women to listen. They don't listen."

Air Crew Reports. In January, 1982, he received five and was instructed to request another five. He figured that at that rate it would take him ten years to obtain the two hundred and thirty-four reports, and he presently recruited nine American veterans and four airplane enthusiasts to order reports on his behalf.

Only a man as driven as Hoy would have persevered with this sort of research. The Fifth Air Force had been nomadic. Its units had moved from bases in the United States or Australia to assorted bases in New Guinea (Port Moresby, Dobodura, Nadzab) and on to Owi, Leyte, Luzon, and Ie Shima as they chased the Japanese north toward home. Many of their records were lost or destroyed in transit. Many of the surviving records turned out to be unreliable. Missing Air Crew Reports were filled with errors; men who had hitched rides on transport flights were often not manifested; planes often fell to earth miles from where they were believed to have gone down. In 1980, Hoy had put up a large map of Papua New Guinea and the Solomons on the wall behind his desk. One of his semi-reliable research tools was a partial list, compiled over a number of years by the Royal Australian Air Force, of aircraft that had crashed during the war. On this list were the aircraft type and serial number, the presumed map coördinates of the crash, and a remark about the plane, such as "Believed missing this approximate area" or "Last contact from this position" or "Wreckage recovered in swamp." Using the R.A.A.F.'s map coördinates—unless he already knew from other sources that they were incorrect—Hoy decided to use pins with colored plastic heads to mark on his map the possible locations of missing planes.

In March, 1981, Hoy received a letter from Lieutenant Colonel David C. Rosenberg, who was then the commanding officer of the Central Identification Laboratory, explaining that the CIL was planning a trip to Papua New Guinea to look for planes in the Port Moresby area. Rosenberg sent Hoy a list of crash sites the CIL was thinking of visiting, and suggested that Hoy might be able to check out some of these sites. Hoy was investigating some planes of his own, and wrote to the CIL to request information about several of them. The CIL had much easier and quicker access to Air Force records than he did, and the CIL's first sergeant, John J. Hennessy, who was in charge of the CIL's records room, had developed an interest in researching the planes missing in Papua New Guinea.

THERE are more planes missing in Papua New Guinea than any other country on earth, many of them in the mountains, at sites never reached by the Australian and American Graves Registration teams that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céralene
Bloomingdale's,
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searched shortly after the Second World War. Papua New Guinea was thus the logical place for the CIL to seek employment, and by 1981 its members had realized that Bruce Hoy was uniquely qualified to help them. In December, 1981, David E. Kelly, Jr., a sergeant assigned to the CIL, went to Guadalcanal to recover remains. He returned to Hawaii by way of Port Moresby and spent several days with Hoy. In Hoy's office and over dinner at his house, the two men held friendly conversations about how Hoy and the CIL could coöperate in the future to their mutual advantage. A month after Kelly's visit, Hoy and the CIL started communicating by telex. On January 29, 1982, the CIL transmitted a list of fourteen planes that it was interested in recovering, and asked Hoy for any information he had on them. One of them, an American B-24, was referred to as "Cox's aircraft" (its pilot had been Second Lieutenant William B. Cox), and, according to the R.A.A.F. register of lost planes, it was missing at map coördinates that put it nine miles northwest of the village of Manumu. Cox's aircraft was of particular interest to Hoy because it had carried a flight officer from the R.A.A.F. in addition to its American crew of eleven.

At about the same time, Bruce Hoy studied two other pieces of information he had received from an R.A.A.F. historian in Canberra, which showed that the R.A.A.F. list was obviously wrong about the place where Cox's aircraft had gone down. He removed the pin he had had on his map for Cox's aircraft near Manumu and put it in its correct location. Something—Hoy has no explanation today except to say that it was a hunch—made him believe there was still a plane waiting to be found near Manumu, which was now marked by an empty pinhole on the map behind his desk. One day in mid-March, Hoy acted on his hunch by asking an acquaintance who operated an airline if he could put his clerk, Charlie Obi, on one of the acquaintance's planes that were going to Manumu, and was told he could. Papua New Guinea is a country of more than three million people, who speak over seven hundred tribal languages. The villagers of Manumu belong to a group called the Mountain Koiari. They speak their own regional language, and they also speak Melanesian Pidgin English, which is considered the lingua franca of Papua New Guinea. A few people in Manumu

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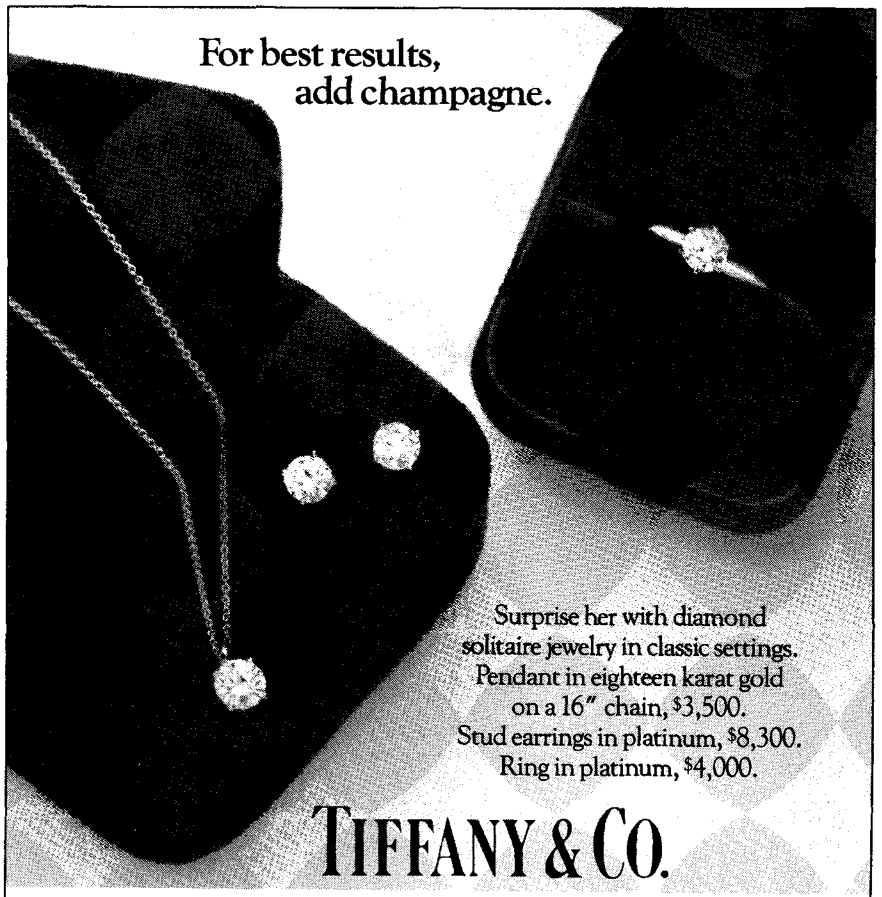

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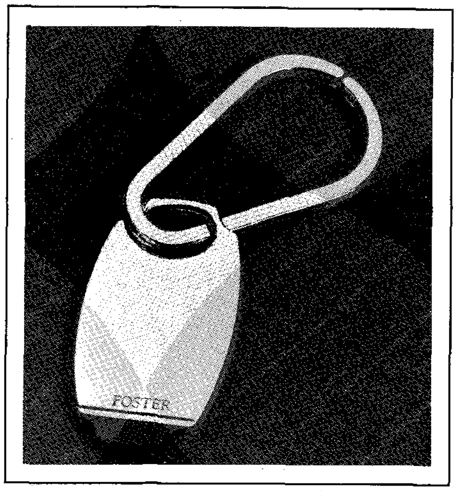

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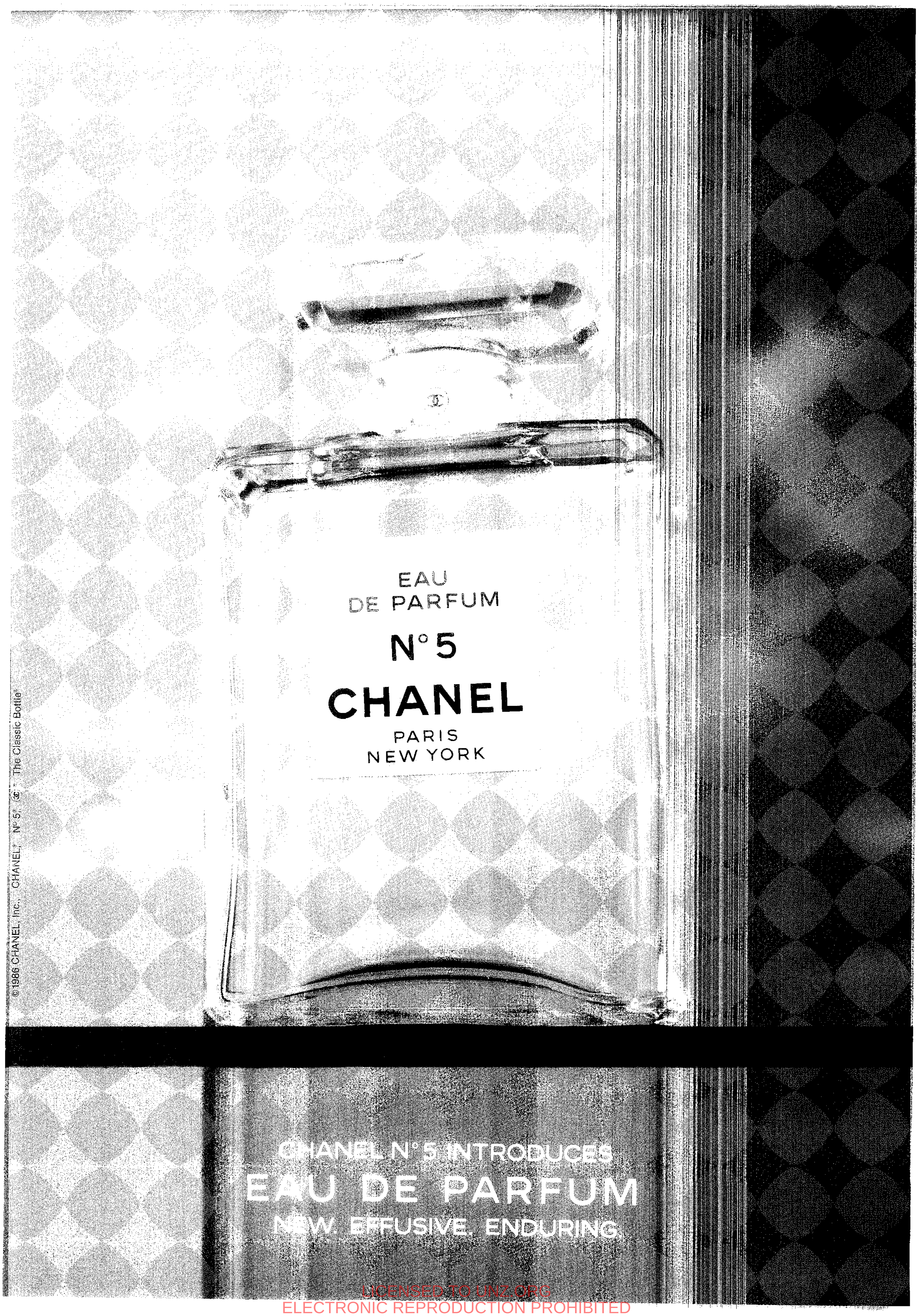
have learned English—the language used for conducting government and business affairs. Charlie Obi speaks four languages, including Pidgin and English. When he got off the plane at Manumu and asked the village counsellor if there were any missing planes around there, the village counsellor told him there was a *balus* (*balus*, the word in Melanesian Pidgin English for "pigeon," has also become the word for "plane") a three-hour walk from the village.

Obi flew back to Port Moresby and typed up a report for Hoy about his visit to Manumu. Its contents did not surprise Hoy. A few months earlier, he had written to Colonel Rosenberg, "Many of these missing aircraft are not really missing, as the people in the area may already know of them, but because nobody has asked them, they have not specifically offered the information. To them, the wreckage is 'something belong white man' or 'time before.' " In mid-March, Hoy also sent the CIL a telex asking for information on five B-24s he was researching. The last of the five was a B-24 numbered 42-41081. He requested its Missing Air Crew Report. The R.A.A.F. list had it missing at Rabaul, on the island of New Britain, a site that Hoy knew from other sources was incorrect. Hoy believed that the plane had gone down near Port Moresby, where he was still trying to come up with missing planes for the CIL to recover.

THE CIL team that visited Papua New Guinea consisted of six men: Colonel Rosenberg, Sergeant Hennessy, Sergeant Kelly, Sergeant Jay Shawn Warner, Sergeant Richard B. Huston, and George Washington Gardner, a retired Marine gunnery sergeant who was working for the CIL as a Department of the Army civilian. Gardner was well liked at the CIL, but he occasionally irritated the sergeants by telling them "This is the way we did it in the Marines" when they wanted supplies procured the Army way. Kelly and Warner, who were the advance party for the trip, arrived with the team's equipment at Jackson's Airport, in Port Moresby, on the afternoon of April 11, 1982. The next day, they visited the Aviation, Maritime, and War Branch, and stored most of their equipment there. The two sergeants talked to Bruce Hoy about crash-site possibilities. He told them about Charlie Obi's trip to Manumu in mid-March. He said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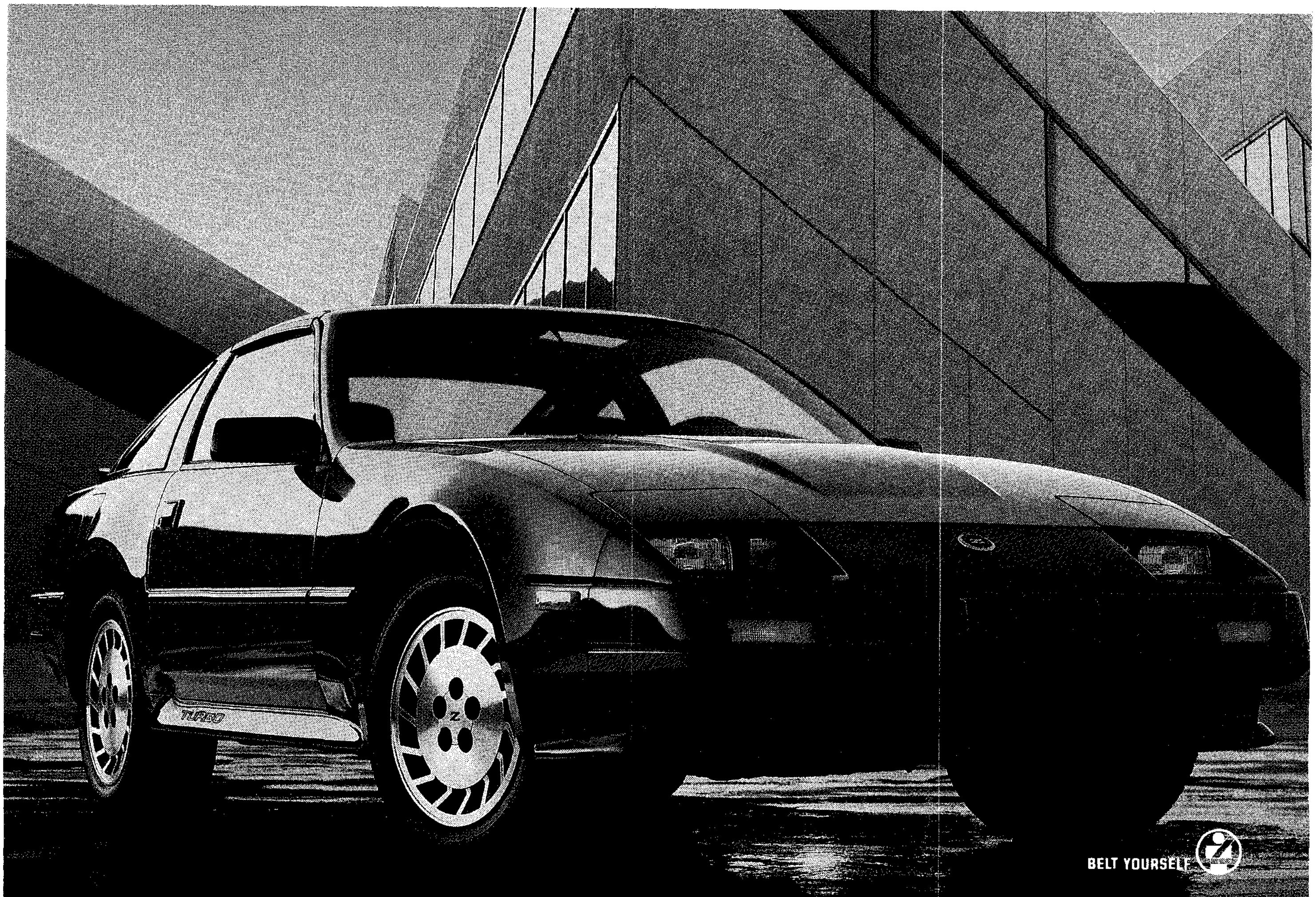

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he believed it was worth flying to Manumu to learn more about the plane the villagers knew about. Hoy suggested that on Wednesday morning, April 14th, Kelly and Obi go to Manumu.

On the morning of the fourteenth, a small plane carried Kelly and Obi from Jackson's Airport to Manumu. It was only a twenty-minute trip, but it would have taken two days to walk. Papua New Guinea's mountainous terrain presents extraordinary obstacles to would-be road builders. There are no roads linking Port Moresby with any other major city. The country has no railroads, either. It does have three hundred and sixteen registered airfields. Few other countries have such a dense network of airfields, and almost no other country is as dependent upon air transport. One out of five residents of Papua New Guinea takes a domestic airplane trip each year.

In Manumu, the village counsellor was among a party of men, women, and children who walked out from the center of the village to its grassy airstrip. Kelly had brought along his rucksack, which contained food, overnight gear, and digging equipment, and Obi had borrowed a CIL rucksack. The village counsellor escorted Kelly and Obi to a thatched guest hut at the end of the runway. Many villages had had rest houses for patrol officers in colonial times and still kept a guest hut for travellers. Obi started to query the villagers who had congregated around them about the airplane the village counsellor had told him was three hours away.

Two men came forward and said they had actually seen the plane. They said they had found it while they were bird hunting in the mountains, a year or two earlier, and that it was eight hours away. Kelly expressed a willingness to "hump" to it with them. The more willing he said he was to walk to the plane, the farther away the plane got. The men finally admitted that it was a two-day walk to the crash site. Like most rural residents of Papua New Guinea, natives of Manumu are accustomed to long, arduous walks. The traditional activity of the country's villages is subsistence gardening. The island of New Guinea is geologically young, and most of its soil is poor, so gardens are planted in a different place almost every year to allow the soil to recover. The gardens are often far from the villages. The men frequently walk to other villages, and sometimes to Port Moresby: they can-

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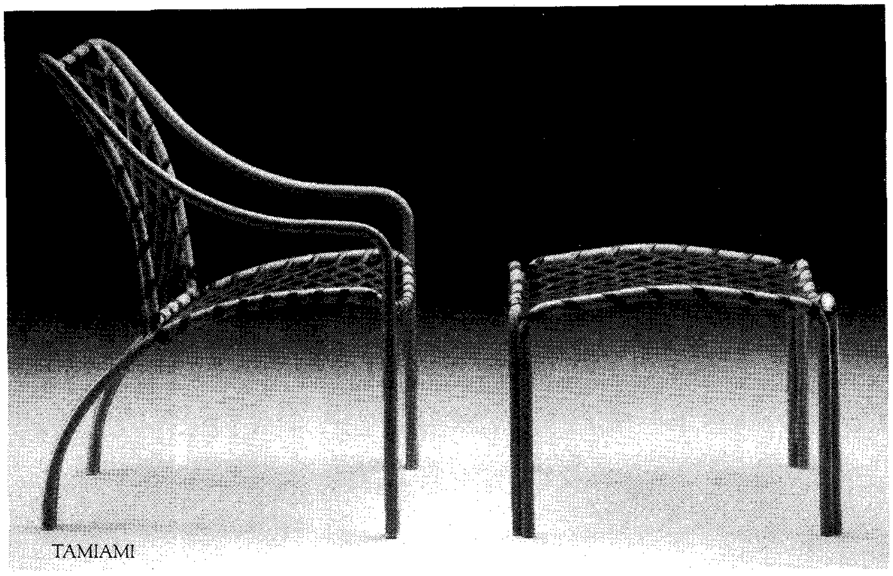

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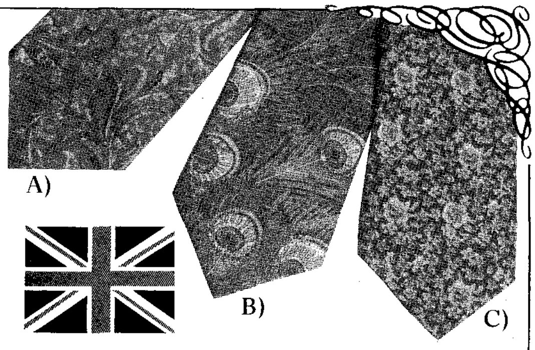

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not always afford to spend forty-five dollars for a round-trip flight. As a result of the villagers' going barefoot, the soles of their feet are incredibly thick, and their feet are wide. The men are fleet. Kelly guessed that what would be a two-day walk for them would be at least a four-day walk for an outsider—even one who exercised as regularly as he did, and was in good physical condition.

Kelly questioned the two bird hunters intently. How many engines did the plane have? They didn't know —they had seen only part of the plane. Was the plane small or large? They had seen a wing, and it had seemed large to them. Kelly asked them to pace off the wing length as they remembered it. Their judgment was good: the wing had been part of a large plane. Had they seen any bones at the crash site? They hadn't. What had they seen besides the wing? They had seen some helmets and some expended rounds of ammunition. Kelly asked them if they would be willing to walk to the plane and bring back a helmet, some of the expended rounds of ammunition, some human bones, if they saw any, and a note of any big numbers they found on a large part of the plane. Kelly showed them with his hands the size of the numbers he wanted. He didn't want any of the small serial numbers that could be found on the engines, for example. The two men seemed glad to have a chance to earn some unforeseen money. They said they would get their machetes and food and leave that day. The next day, Kelly and Obi flew back to Port Moresby.

On Monday, April 19th, a few days after the rest of the CIL team had arrived from Honolulu, Kelly returned to Manumu with Huston. Rick Huston, who in early 1982 was thirty-two years old, is a native of Montana. He has a baby face, a comely blond wife who is an officer in the Honolulu Police Department, and more beer-drinking experience than anyone else at the CIL. Dave Kelly, a year older than Huston, is a second-generation N.C.O., who grew up in Pennsylvania; like Huston, he has a beer belly and he has earned it. Kelly and his first wife had separated several years earlier and had subsequently divorced. Kelly had fallen in love with a Korean woman named Myong, whom he had met in Hawaii, and had married her three and a half weeks earlier. When Kelly and Huston landed, the two bird hunters gave Kelly a number they had written down with a felt pen on a piece of fabric they had torn off the plane; a helmet; some expended .50-calibre rounds; and a thick piece of cardboard with some operating instructions printed on it in English. They hadn't seen any bones. Kelly thanked them and paid them double the amount they had settled on—a procedure the team finds prudent in Papua New Guinea, where it often wants to hire the same people again. Kelly and Huston got back on the plane; twenty mintues later, they were at Jackson's Airport. As they approached their hotel, they saw John Hennessy emerging. They showed him the number the men from Manumu had written down for them—it was 180142. Presumably, the plane's actual serial number was 41-80142. The "41" would indicate that the plane had been ordered in fiscal year 1941. (The "4" was never actually painted on any plane tails.) When Hennessy looked at the number, he didn't recognize it. He went to his hotel room to consult a list of planes missing in Papua New Guinea. The number was not on the list. Kelly and Huston decided to go to Hoy's office to see if he could help them.

Hoy was outside in his junk yard when Huston and Kelly arrived with the items they had collected at Manumu. He stood under the wing of the P-38 looking at the number on the piece of fabric, trying to figure out what sort of aircraft the men from Manumu had seen. His first guess was that it was some sort of transport, perhaps a C-47, because of the presence of the rusty steel helmet. Hoy knew that steel helmets had often been worn by combat crews in the European theatre, because of the high degree of anti-aircraft fire there, but he had rarely heard of the practice in the Southwest Pacific. The photographs of Fifth Air Force crews he had run across showed the Pacific airmen wearing their service caps. Hoy knew without referring to any of the books in his library that the number wasn't that of a C-47: he had an almost complete list of the C-47s that had ever flown in New Guinea. He went upstairs to his office and picked up a book called "U.S. Military Aircraft Designations and Serials Since 1909," compiled by John M. Andrade. The Andrade book spent more time on Hoy's desk than on a bookshelf; its cover was faded by the sun. He riffled through it, hoping to find another type

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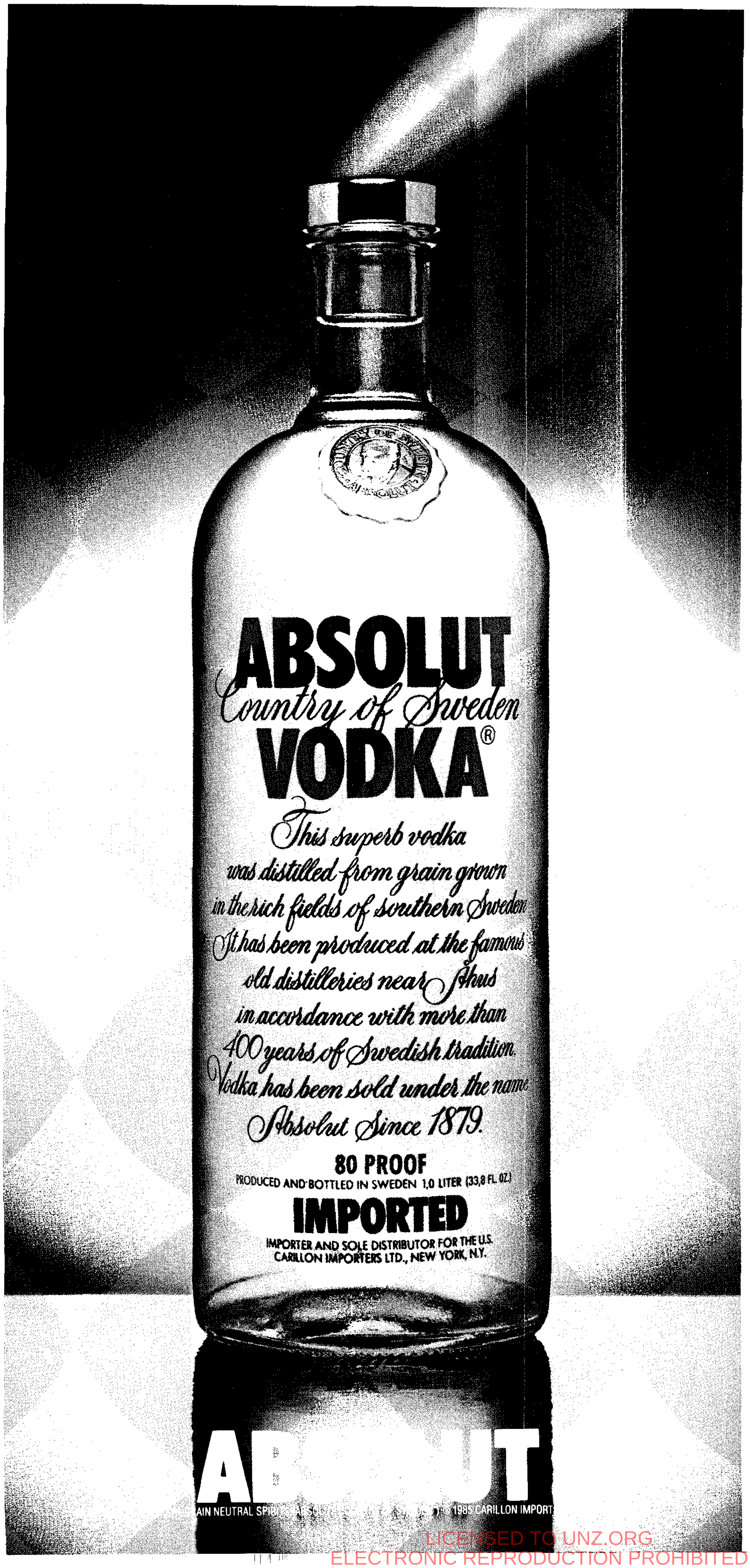

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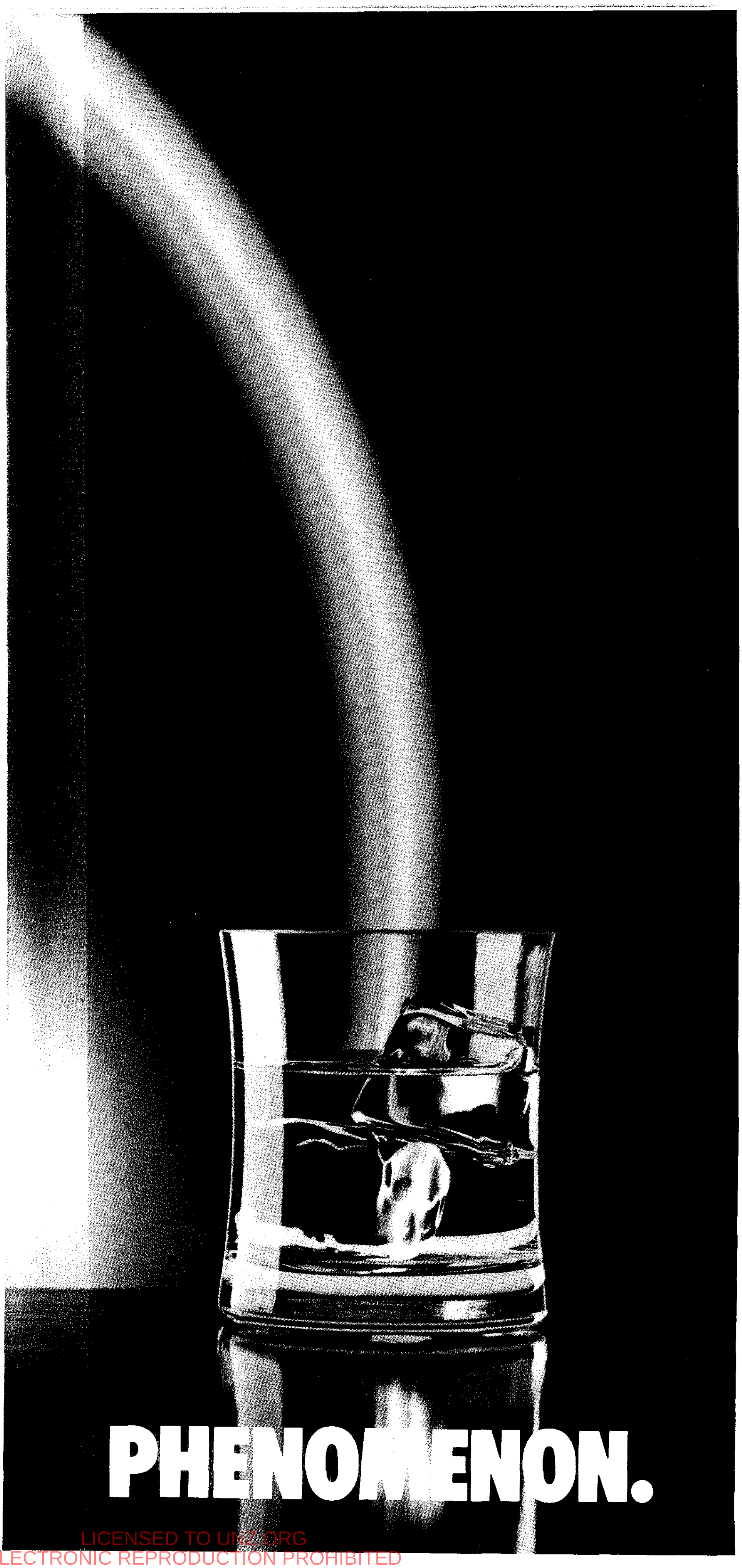
of Second World War plane with the tail number 1-80142. He couldn't find any such number. He wasn't going through Andrade carefully, plane by plane, however, because his first thought was that the villagers had written down something other than the tail number—perhaps a number they had seen on an engine. After several minutes, he put the fabric and the piece of cardboard back inside the helmet and put the helmet on his "in" tray. He got up and started to leaf through some Missing Air Crew Reports, which sometimes had airplane-engine numbers on them. No sooner had he done that than another thought crossed his mind. What if the plane's tail fin had flipped over in the crash and the natives had looked at it and had written what they saw? They might have written some of the numbers upside down, and backwards. Hoy sat down, reached for the fabric, and reversed the numbers.

The number was 2-41081. It was the fifth of the five B-24s he had asked the CIL about in the last telex he sent before the team came to Papua New Guinea—the B-24 he knew was not in Rabaul, where the R.A.A.F. list had put it. As a result of the telex, the CIL had brought along the Missing Air Crew Report on that plane, and Hoy had read it. Although the plane with the serial number 42-41081 was a four-engine bomber, the report showed that when it had crashed it was being used as a transport. It had taken off from Jackson's Aerodrome on March 22, 1944, with twenty-two men aboard—a crew of three and nineteen passengers. That would account for the helmets, Hoy thought. It was bound for Nadzab, then the headquarters of Fifth Air Force Bomber Command. The plane had last been seen by the control tower at Jackson's. It had disappeared before it reached Nadzab, about two hundred miles away. Hoy remembers the sense of triumph he had when he said to Huston and Kelly, who had grown discouraged after eight days in Papua New Guinea, "Well, I've got twenty-two for you," and the way they had looked at him—"as if they'd been struck by lightning." The CIL quickly made plans that would put the team on the site of B-24 42-41081 on Friday, April 23rd.

On Tuesday, the twentieth, Dave Kelly, Jay Warner, and Charlie Obi went to Manumu. Kelly hired the two bird hunters and two of their friends to walk back to the crash site and cut a landing zone for a helicopter on a flat place close to the site. He paced off the size of the helicopter pad he wanted them to build; it had to be about nine feet square for the helicopter's skids. He explained—via Obi—that they would need to cut the trees around it so that the helicopter, a Hughes 500, could fly in and out and have sufficient clearance for its rotors. Kelly told the bird hunters when he and the other team members would arrive. He had only a vague idea of where the crash site was—the bird hunters had pointed up to a mountain. He instructed them to build a big fire that morning with a lot of smoke, to guide the helicopter in. He then told them how much each man would be paid and that they would be provided with food. He mentioned bread, canned mackerel, biscuits, rice, and tea. One of the men added "lolly water"—a term that is used in Australia for sweet drinks like lemonade and soda and has made its way into Pidgin English. Kelly also said that when the team's work was done they would not have to walk out: they would be flown back to Manumu by helicopter. The men were to leave for the crash site that same morning. Kelly, Warner, and Obi returned to Port Moresby an hour later.

On Tuesday afternoon, the team began preparing the equipment it would need at the crash site. Bruce Hoy was invited to accompany the team on the mountain, but he would arrive a day later and planned to spend only one night there. In recent years, many poorly educated young men have migrated from their villages in the countryside to cities like Port Moresby to find work and to sample a more modern way of life. Many have taken to drinking and committing crimes. The Port Moresby police refer to robbers and burglars as "rascals." Crime is so commonplace in Port Moresby that many expatriates who work there keep guard dogs and live in houses surrounded by barbed wire. Even if they have air-conditioners in their bedrooms, some hesitate to use them because then they may not be able to hear their dogs barking or other signs of mischief. Hoy, who likes to describe himself as "a family man," would not have felt comfortable leaving Lina and their daughter alone for any length of time.

SEVERAL trips were required on Friday, the twenty-third, to haul all the men and the slingloads of equipment to the crash site. As Huston



approached the site, on the helicopter's last trip, he couldn't see any evidence of a plane crash from the air, but he could easily see the smoky fire the men from Manumu had built. When he landed, the helicopter's altimeter read eighty-four hundred feet. The entire team was safely on Mt. Thumb by eight-fifteen in the morning.

As soon as the team was on the ground and the helicopter had departed (arrangements had been made for it to swing by on Tuesday to check on the team), Dave Kelly complimented the four men from Manumu. The helicopter pad was a neat rectangle of small logs. The men had done a thorough job of clearing the trees from the landing zone; the pilot had requested that only one additional tree be topped off, to make his approaches and exits safer. The sufficiently smoky fire was left to burn itself out. Sergeant Kelly had Charlie Obi ask the men how they felt. They said they were cold and hungry. The natives of Manumu travel light. Although Mt. Thumb is only eight miles northwest of Manumu as the crow flies, crows' flights are meaningless in reckoning distance in Papua New Guinea. The men had gone from an altitude of seventeen hundred feet to an altitude of eighty-four hundred feet, making their way up into the mountains by following ridgelines—a longer but easier climb. They had left their village with the clothes on their backs, which appeared to be the only clothes they owned; one of the bird hunters Kelly had met in Manumu on April 14th, and had seen again on the nineteenth and twentieth, had been wearing then what he was wearing now—a pair of blue shorts and a green T-shirt with yellow stripes and a hole in it. Just one of the four men had a sweater. They had carried axes and machetes, food for three days in a *bilum* (a handmade mesh bag), and a shotgun, which they had already put to good use: the CIL team saw a colorful parrot hanging from a tree. Sergeant Warner examined the men briefly—they looked healthy—and gave them some of the food, cigarettes, and lolly water (cans of Coca-Cola produced in Australia) he had bought for them in Port Moresby. At thirty, Warner was the youngest sergeant in the CIL. He regarded his Military Occupation Specialty with less reverence than his fellow Fifty-seven Foxtrots. He tried not to take life or himself too seriously, and succeeded. In Papua New Guinea, Warner was to be the

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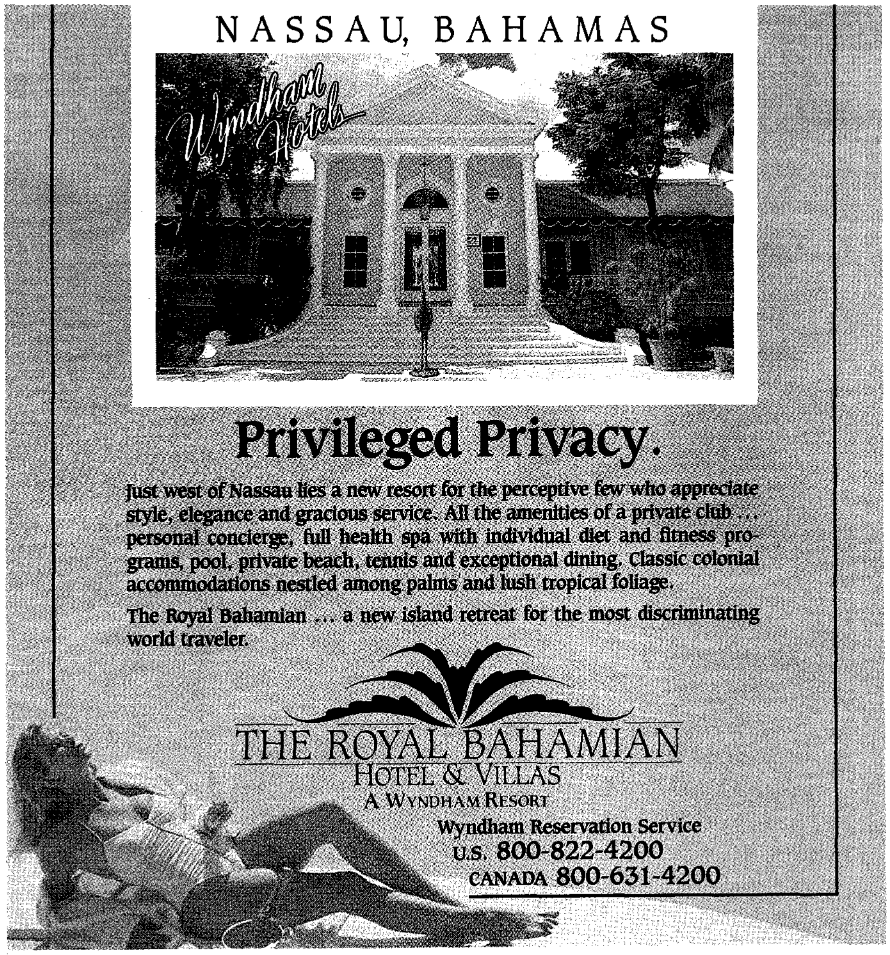

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team photographer and the team medic. (In civilian life, he had worked for an ambulance company as an Emergency Medical Technician, and he had taken the Army medic course.)

The helipad was on a flat area of a ridge on Mt. Thumb. Toward Port Moresby, to the southwest, the land dropped off precipitously. The first thing the team did was to choose a campsite, another fairly level area of the ridge, about fifteen yards west of the helipad. It was one of the few suitable places for sleeping without rolling down a mountainside. The weather in Papua New Guinea is changeable, and it is sensible to set up camp before it changes for the worse, and to make the sleeping quarters as waterproof as possible. The villagers carried tents and boxes of C rations from the helipad to the camp, where they cleared the brush and trees from an area that measured about twenty by thirty feet. The Americans amicably selected spots for sleeping. They had brought along five mountain tents, each big enough for two if the two liked crowds. Colonel Rosenberg had a tent to himself, as did Gardner and Obi. Sergeant Kelly and Sergeant Huston shared a tent. Sergeant Hennessy shared a tent with file folders of records he had brought with him. Jay Warner preferred to sleep in a hammock. The men from Manumu were given a large sheet of clear plastic. They put posts in the ground, draped the plastic over the posts, enclosing their shelter on all four sides, and built a small fire under the plastic. Their plastic kingdom, which was near Warner's hammock, was soon warm. The villagers also built a fire for the CIL team in the midst of the encampment and dug a latrine and a trash pit at a respectable distance.

Warner and Huston went for a walk around the crash site. Huston was the team's official sketcher. It was also his assignment to find all of the wreckage, to mark its outer boundaries with white tape, and to determine "crash-site center." In addition, he was to keep his eyes open for remains and for personal effects—such as clothes that the plane's passengers had worn and B-4 flight bags they might have carried with them. Warner went along with Huston in his role as team photographer—he was supposed to take photographs of every stage of the S.-and-R. mission—and because it was easier for two men to lay the tape. From the campsite, the men could see a moss-covered propeller. The team

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surmised that the bird hunters had discovered the plane while walking the ridgeline. Warner and Huston headed down the slope from the campsite. As they made their way through thick brush, tangled vines, and tree branches, they came upon a second propeller, a wingtip, three .50-calibre machine guns, and various parts of the B-24's twin tail assembly, including the tail turret and its left and right vertical fins. At first, they solidly encircled each of the plane parts, laying the tape on the bushes and on the ground. The crash site appeared to be vast, and they realized that if they kept that up they would soon run out of tape. They began to use the tape sparingly, tying it around trees and bushes to mark the perimeter and around bushes near personal effects—or P.E., as they are often called.

As Warner took "before" shots for his photo documentary, he kept losing his balance on the slope, and the going got rougher as the men proceeded from the area below the campsite to the area below the helipad. They were glad they were wearing stout leather gloves. There are porcupinelike bushes in these mountains, and those who have touched them with bare hands are unlikely to forget the burning pain of the quills piercing the skin. In a ravine below the helipad, the two men saw a chunk of fuselage. As they continued to walk east across the ravine, they saw fragments of the cockpit and many P.E.—shoes and boots, helmets, a mess kit, some B-4 bags. They also found rudder pedals, instrument panels, and a number of bones lying on the floor of the rain forest. These, they decided, marked the center of impact. The men from Manumu hadn't been to the center of the crash, either on their original bird-hunting expedition or on their second trip, for Kelly, but they had told Charlie Obi that they had seen bones during the time they were on the mountain building the helipad. They had probably looked around a bit to see what the Americans were so interested in, and had also traversed part of the crash site on their way to get water from a stream at the bottom of the ravine.

WHILE Huston and Warner were still scouting the crash-site perimeter—from north to south the site covered between thirty and fifty yards, from east to west about a hundred and fifty—Colonel Rosenberg and Sergeant Kelly went to have a look at the wreckage near the campsite. Kelly wanted to verify the plane's tail number. One of the men from Manumu pointed out the general direction of the tail. They came upon the right tail fin lying flat on the ground. Kelly tried to lift it, and couldn't; it was stuck in the ground. He dug around it and saw that there was a hole underneath it. He could see some numbers through the hole but couldn't see them well. With Rosenberg's help, he dislodged the tail fin and set it upright. The top two-thirds was in good shape; the bottom third was completely crumpled. At the top of the tail, Kelly and Rosenberg saw the tail number, 2-41081, painted in yellow. Painted below the number, in white, was a large skull.

"Found a skull! Found a skull!" Kelly shouted, at the top of his voice, in the hope that Hennessy would think he had found a human skull, come running, and take a tumble down the hill.

"Quit that, or Sergeant Hennessy

"PERSONAL"

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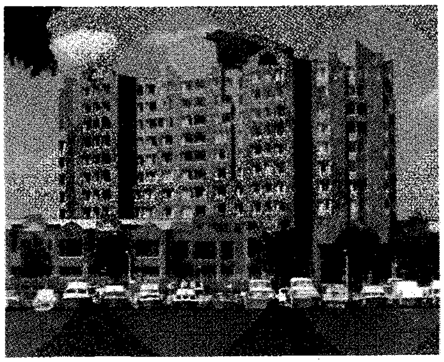

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will come running," Rosenberg told Kelly, not realizing that was Kelly's wish precisely.

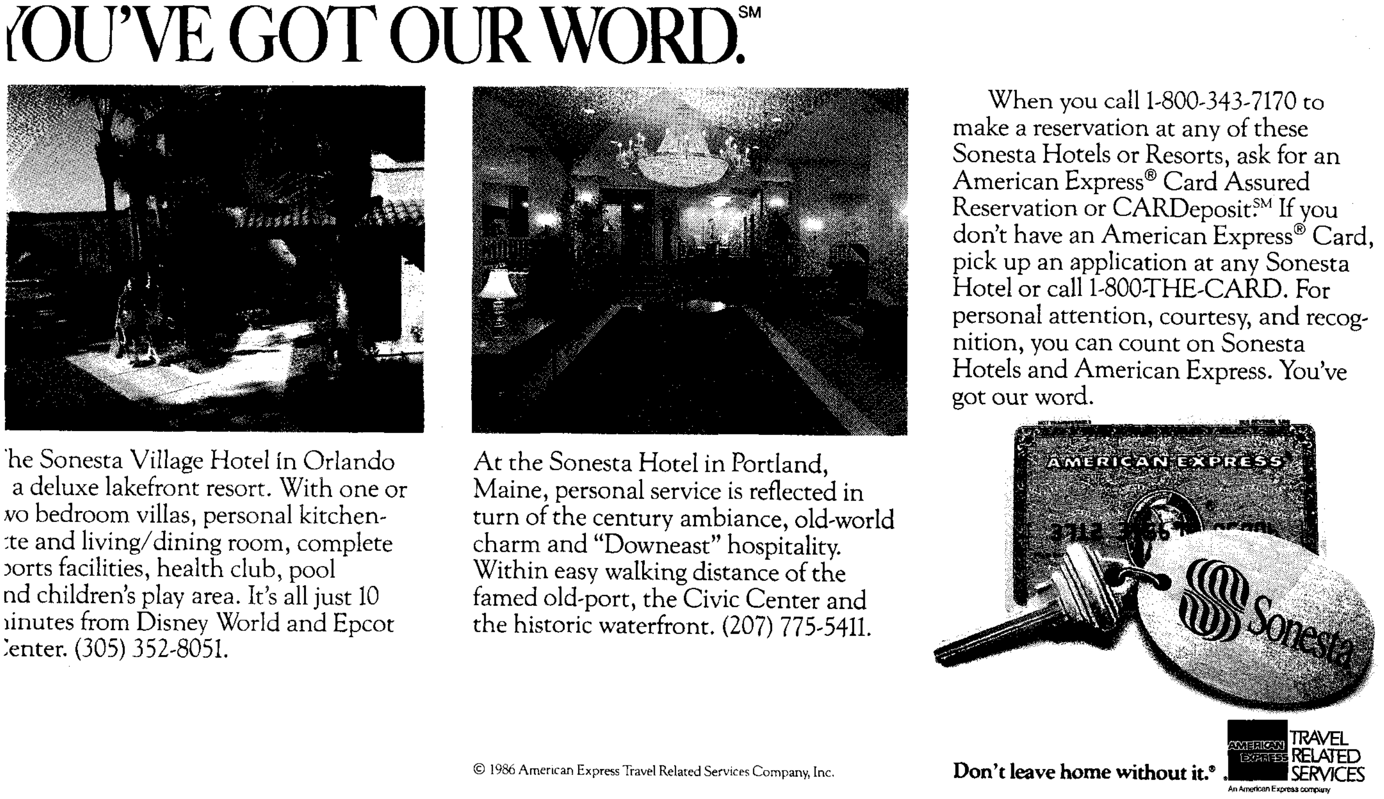
Lieutenant Colonel David Rosenberg, a soft-spoken, pleasant-looking gray-haired man, was born in 1930. He had been a high-school teacher, with a master's degree in guidance and counselling, and had held an administrative position in logistics at the Pentagon for four years before his assignment to the CIL. The commanding officer of the CIL is always a field-grade officer in the Quartermaster Corps, with a primary specialty of 92—matériel/services management. Fewer than half a dozen field-grade officers in the United States Army are further specialized as 92-Es, or Ninety-two Echoes—memorial-affairs officers. Colonel Rosenberg was not a 92-E. He has described the CIL's young sergeants as "a bunch of kids" and preferred to delegate responsibility for keeping the kids in line to his first sergeant, John Hennessy.

John Hennessy was born in Glen Burnie, Maryland, in 1939. He is a quirky, uncommunicative man who pronounces his "v"s as "b"s (he speaks of billages like Manumu, and about Bietnam). A licensed mortician, Hennessy has spent more time in the mortuaries of Vietnam and at CIL-HI than any other Fifty-seven Foxtrot. He is held in esteem for his Graves Registration knowledge, but the younger sergeants agree that he is neither a leader of noncommissioned officers nor a follower of orders from commissioned officers who lack his experience in his field.

Hennessy disappointed Kelly by not hurrying over to see the skull. Unbeknownst to Kelly and Rosenberg and the rest of the team, the skull, with crossed bombs below the skull (the crossed bombs could not be seen on 41081's tail because of its crumpled condition), was the symbol of the 90th Bomb Group of the Fifth Air Force. The symbol had been devised by a publicity-minded second lieutenant after Colonel Arthur H. Rogers became the group's commanding officer, in July, 1943. To the young lieutenant, an outfit that was led by a flamboyant man named Rogers and flew the high seas seeking Japanese ships to burn and sink should be called the Jolly Rogers and flaunt on the spacious vertical tail surfaces of its B-24s a skull and crossed bombs.

After Huston and Warner had done what they could for the day, they walked most of their teammates through a good section of the crash site, pointing out one of the plane's wings, one of its engines, and certain areas marked off with tape where bones had been found that should not be disturbed by stomping around. Kelly went through the crash site on his own; he was particularly interested in a portion of the plane's nose section and a parachute below the two propellers near the campsite. The team returned to camp shortly after four o'clock. The sun plummets below the horizon around five-thirty in equatorial countries like Papua New Guinea—a land of limited twilight. The men hadn't stopped for lunch—they had munched on crackers and papayas and bananas that they had brought with them—and they wanted to eat dinner before dark. The day had been hot, but by late afternoon clouds had set in and it was chilly.

As the men from Manumu went to their plastic quarters to cook their dinner, the CIL team and Charlie Obi gathered around their campfire. They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put a pot of water on to boil, ate C rations and cucumbers, and drank instant coffee or cocoa while carrying on a lively conversation in the early-evening darkness. Suddenly there was a great flapping of wings and a loud shriek. The first shriek was answered by another and another. "The shrieks were like high-pitched screams, like something out of an Alfred Hitchcock movie," Dave Kelly later recalled. Charlie Obi couldn't account for the shrieks, and was dispatched to ask the men from Manumu if they could. He returned with the information that the shriekers were bats, and that they made an excellent meal. The shrieks grew louder as the bats flew closer, and then became faint as they flew off. After an hour, the bats departed. The men read or played cards or listened to the radio or to cassettes. By eight o'clock, Warner was in his hammock and the others were in their tents. Rick Huston smoked a cigarette and thought, We're on to something big. To Dave Kelly, the site looked promising, but he was disturbed by the expended rounds of ammunition: What if some of the men had survived the crash, had shot at some Japanese, and had wandered away? Jay Warner was enthusiastic about being on the mountainside (he had begun to suffer from "hotel fever" in Port Moresby) but apprehensive. This thing is scattered all over God's green earth, he thought. We could be here a month.

A LIGHT rain fell on Mt. Thumb during Friday night, but Saturday, April 24th, dawned clear and cool. The men from Manumu had finished all the food they were given to eat the previous day. Colonel Rosenberg saw Warner giving the men another day's worth of food and told him to give them the rest of the provisions Warner had brought for them. Warner said that the Colonel was making a mistake—that an Australian had told him that the natives took a feast-or-famine approach to food—but Rosenberg didn't agree. "This is the twentieth century," he reminded Warner, "and doling out food to the men as if they were slaves isn't right." Warner obeyed the Colonel's order.

At 6:30 A.M., while the members of the team were still sitting around the fire eating C rations and drinking coffee, they heard a helicopter. It was bringing Bruce Hoy. He had brought with him Peap (Pappy) Tomon, the laborer the National Museum had assigned to him in 1979; Hoy thought it would be a rare chance for Pappy to work on a crash site. The CIL offered its visitors a cup of coffee. Hoy, a single-minded man, didn't want any coffee. All he wanted was to see the plane. He curbed his impatience for a few minutes and was then taken through the crash site, starting in the area below the campsite. Hoy is familiar with the nicknames and symbols of all the bomb groups that served in New Guinea, and was thrilled to see the Jolly Rogers tail (which he pronounced "tile"—fifteen years away from home had not cost him his Australian accent). He told the CIL team about the Jolly Rogers and made it absolutely clear that he coveted the tail for the Aviation, Maritime, and War Branch. As the walk resumed, Hoy was asked to identify components of the plane the team members couldn't recognize. He translated what looked to them like "miscellaneous wreckage" into horizontal stabilizers, ailerons, oleo struts, and a bomb-bay door. He showed them a small piece of a Norden bombsight in the nose section.

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Dave Kelly and G. W. Gardner are both parachutists. They went to the parachute that had been found near the nose section. When a B-24 was on a combat mission, its nose gunner and bombardier would sit in the nose. Although 41081 was being used as a transport when it crashed, Kelly and Gardner thought that perhaps one passenger had been sitting in the nose to get a view, had seen the crash coming, and tried to parachute to safety. The parachute was out of its pack and looked more or less as if it had been deployed. Small trees had grown up through it in the thirty-eight years since the crash, and roots were entwined in its shroud lines. Kelly was sure he would find bones at the end of the shroud lines; he guessed that the plane had been at too low an altitude when the presumed man in the nose jumped, and that the parachute wasn't fully deployed. The team made a preliminary search near the parachute but did not find anything. Warner and Huston had kept searching on the east side of the crash site until they could find nothing more and had then marked off the perimeter there, finishing by 8 A.M. Colonel Rosenberg and Sergeant Hennessy had opened a couple of B-4 bags to see if the bags contained anything with identification—a watch engraved with a name, clothing with a laundry mark—but had found nothing.

Shortly after eight o'clock, the team started digging on a hill in the area believed to be crash-site center. Rosenberg, Huston, Hennessy, and Kelly worked five or six feet away from each other. (Gardner worked alongside Kelly, because he lacked Graves Registration training and digging experience.) Kelly happened to wind up in front of a bone that Huston and Warner had marked with engineers' tape. "Rick, I need an X number," he said to Huston at eight-thirty-four. "Jay, come take some pictures," he called to Warner. Huston gave Kelly a tag on which he had written "X-1." Part of Huston's job on the crash site was to distribute X numbers. An X number designates the location where unknown remains have been found. Huston gave out the numbers in chronological order whenever a member of the team found a group of bones in a specific area. He recorded the time he gave out each X number and the name of the man to whom he gave it. Kelly didn't find many bones at X-1, but those he did find seemed to belong to one individual. When Kelly

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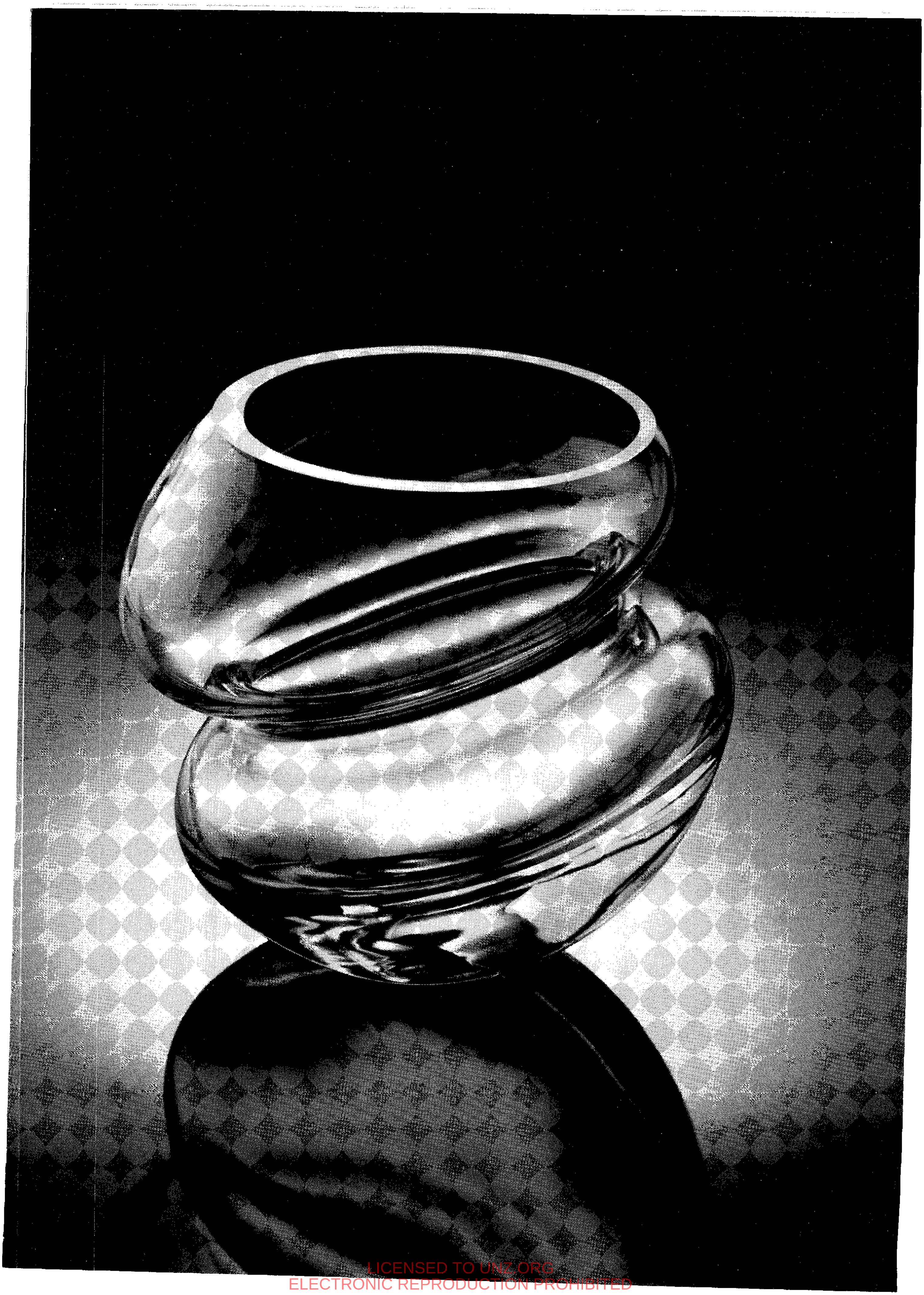

thought he had all the bones that were to be found at that spot (Warner had taken photographs at various stages of the digging), he put them in a large clear Ziploc bag into which he had dropped the tag. At five minutes after nine, Hennessy found some bones and asked Huston for an X number; he was given X-2. Warner was summoned to snap photographs. At nine-fifteen, Rosenberg found some bones and was given X-3. Colonel Rosenberg found even fewer bones at X-3 and had no reason to think the bones didn't belong to one person. At X-2, a large number of bones, which Hennessy dug up, seemed to belong to at least three people; he had noticed an inordinate number of vertebrae and duplicates and triplicates of a number of bones, including three left-thigh bones.

WHEN a number of people are killed in a plane crash, their bones are usually commingled as a result of the impact. If an inexperienced group of people had come to the B-24 site, had started digging, and had put all the bones and teeth they found into one bag, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for Tadao Furue, the CIL's physical anthropologist in Honolulu, to identify all the plane's passengers individually. Although Furue is able to segregate commingled remains to a remarkable extent, it makes his job much easier if the men in the field put each set of bones they find—together with any teeth or personal effects, such as rings or I.D. bracelets—into a separate bag, with an X number, so that he will have less segregating to do. The CIL team knows how much families value individual identifications and therefore tries to dig carefully. (The family of First Lieutenant Charles W. Springer, a passenger on a P-38 fighter plane whose wreckage the CIL visited on an earlier expedition to Papua New Guinea, had expressed disappointment that Furue had been unable to separate his remains from those of the captain who was flying the plane. Springer's mother and brother hadn't wanted him to be buried with the pilot in a national cemetery—an Army regulation for inseparable remains; they had wanted him buried next to his father.)

By 10:30 A.M., Huston had given out seven X numbers. The digging was tedious; the men were always standing on an incline, so that one leg bore all the weight, and by midday the air was muggy. Around eleven

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o'clock, they clambered up the steep hill to the campsite and took an hour-and-a-half break for lunch. Shinnying back down to the center of the crash was equally treacherous. Kelly tied a rope to a tree above the parachute and let it run all the way down the hill. He subsequently tied a second rope to a tree below the landing zone; it went down to a propeller near crash-site center. After lunch, the team resumed digging. By late afternoon, Huston had given out eleven X numbers. The men couldn't believe their progress. The remains were surprisingly close together and close to the surface. They didn't have to dig more than three to five inches to find them. The calls for Huston to give out X numbers and for Warner to take photographs came so quickly that the men recalled Saturday as having a "Eureka!" quality to it. Around three-forty-five, as Colonel Rosenberg was starting to dig at a new spot, Sergeant Hennessy said he thought he was going to call it a day. He hesitated, did a little more digging, and mumbled that the natives were tired. Colonel Rosenberg, an even-tempered man who almost never swears, was frustrated by Hennessy's indecisiveness.

"God damn it, First Sergeant, are we calling it a day or are we not?" he asked.

"Yeah, we are," Hennessy answered.

The team returned to camp around four-fifteen. By then, the men from Manumu, who had been kept busy clearing brush and cutting small trees away from the area where the team was digging, were shivering with cold. The team members' backs hurt, and so did their eyes. Bones that have weathered over a period of many years tend to blend in with the metal parts of the plane or with the brown earth; they become difficult to see as the sun dips in a gray sky. As darkness fell, the bats started to shriek again, and played their Hitchcock scene for an hour, as they did every night the men stayed on the mountain. The members of the team sat around the campfire, sharing their C rations with Bruce Hoy and Peap Tomon. Bruce Hoy called his laborer Pappy because his first name sounded like Pappy and also because he was so willing and able that Hoy compared him with a famous Fifth Air Force officer of the Second World War, Colonel Paul I. (Pappy) Gunn, who, among other accomplishments, was renowned for ingeniously converting ineffective medium bombers

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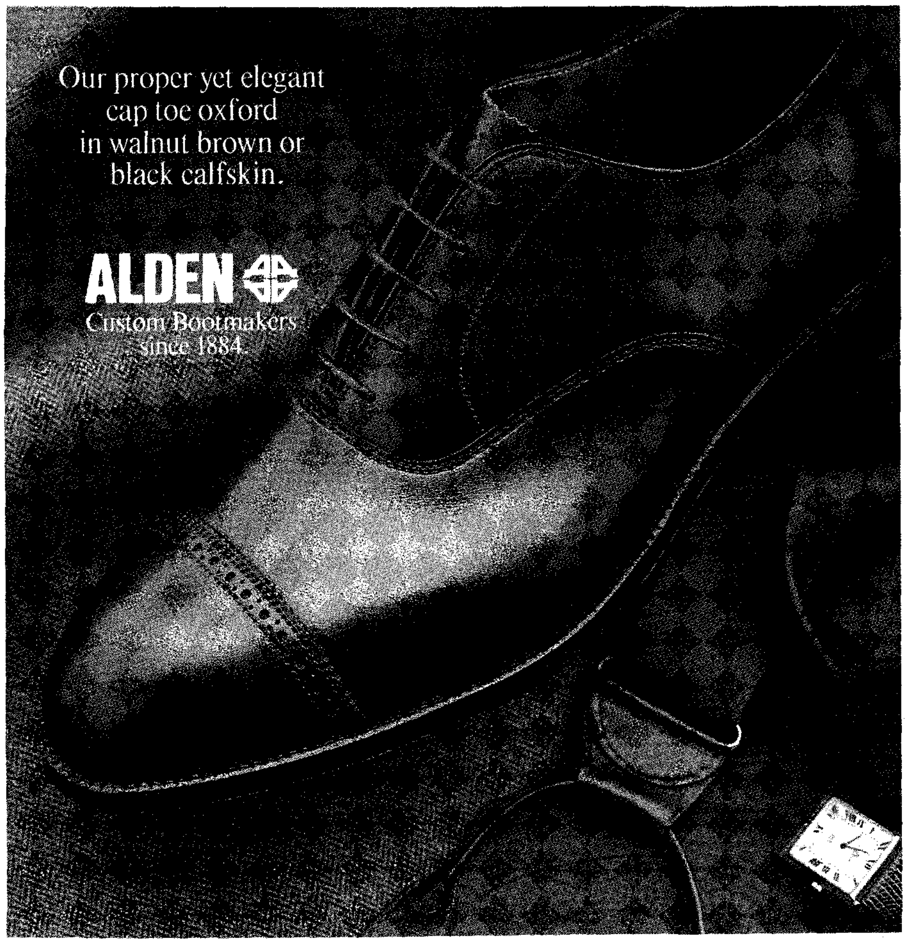

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into effective strafers. Pappy Tomon, a short, wiry man from the southern highlands of Papua New Guinea, has no idea when he was born; Hoy believes he is in his late forties. The only two words Pappy could write were his name, and making change for the soda he sold in the office flustered him, but in a few hours on Mt. Thumb he had revealed such an aptitude for spotting bones ("He has eyes on him like a hawk," Warner said) that the team asked Hoy to let Pappy stay with them after his departure, and Hoy consented.

The CIL is interested solely in recovering and identifying remains, but Hoy's main interest was in gathering souvenirs for his museum. While the team and Pappy Tomon dug for bones, Hoy bustled about the crash site as if on a treasure hunt. He found a silver dollar, a set of bombardiers' wings, and many other artifacts. The team didn't want him to remove too many objects before the crash site had been properly photographed and searched, so Hoy, who would return to Port Moresby by helicopter the next morning, gave Charlie Obi and Pappy a long list of the things he wanted them to set aside for him. Hoy had decided to come back to the mountain with the helicopter on Tuesday.

The team was cheerful, because the first day of digging had gone so well. This is easy, Jay Warner thought. We're really going to get off this mountain in a week. Hoy was overjoyed to be on a spot where no living white man had ever been before. It was also the first time he had been to a plane that had been undisturbed since the day it crashed. "Most of the planes I'd been to had been visited by everyone and his dog, and the wreckage had been moved around countless times and much of it removed," he later recalled. He was happy about the chain of events that had led to his putting the team on such a promising site: the discovery that the R.A.A.F. had listed Cox's aircraft as missing in the wrong place; his intuition that there was a plane where Cox's aircraft was supposed to have been, which had prompted him to send Charlie Obi to Manumu in mid-March to learn about the missing plane; his reversing the numbers that the bird hunters had brought back.

THE team's luck held on the twenty-fifth. Huston handed out six X numbers between 9:24 A.M. and 1:38 P.M.—X-12 through X-17. X-15 and X-16 were given to Sergeant Hennessy, who found what he thought were the remains of two individuals in the same spot. One was close to the surface, the other a few inches below the surface. Hennessy put the bones into one bag. Huston gave himself X-17 when he discovered a considerable number of bones and teeth near the spot where he had found another cluster of bones and teeth at X-4 the previous day. He believed the remains he had found at X-4 and those he now found at X-17 belonged to two men. (Tadao Furue later determined that Hennessy had not found two men at X-15 and X-16, and that Huston had guessed wrong about X-4 and X-17.)

Another of Huston's tasks was to record where each cluster of bones had been found. He used a compass to shoot azimuths from crash-site center to each X number to get the bearing in degrees. He also paced off the distance. At Graves Registration School, he had learned that a hundred and twenty of his paces equalled a hundred metres, just as Kelly (who is two and a half inches shorter than Huston) had learned that a hundred and thirty-one of his paces equalled a hundred metres. Huston went back to Honolulu with a list that read, "X-1, 276°, 21 metres; X-2, 330°, 10 metres; X-3, 65°, 18 metres," and so on. This information was put to good use by Tadao Furue for eight months after the team's return.

As the men dug, they often chatted. They observed that they were finding relatively few of the two hundred and six bones in the human body at each X number; they figured that many small bones—toe and finger bones, for instance—had disintegrated in almost four decades, but they wondered why they weren't finding more arm and leg bones. They also worried about the scant number of teeth they were digging up, because they understood the particular significance of teeth in identification; whenever they found a jawbone, they sifted slowly through the soil for loose teeth. They noticed that they weren't finding many dog tags or personal effects. The men passed around the few dog tags they did recover, and speculated on why they weren't finding more. Had most of the plane's passengers not been wearing dog tags? The men put whatever P.E. they found at an X number in small olive-drab patient-effects bags of the kind used in Army hospitals. (In all his years in the Army, Kelly had seen only one bag that was originally designated a personal-effects bag.) They put whatever teeth they found at an X number in a small Ziploc bag. The patient-effects bags and small Ziploc bags (each with the appropriate X number marked with a pen or a grease pencil) went into the larger plastic Ziploc bags that held the bones. At the end of each afternoon's work, the men carried these bags to an empty crate at the helipad.

Sunday had been another productive day of digging; seventeen X numbers in two days was more than anyone on the team had anticipated. The men were grateful that the work was going so well and that the working conditions were so favorable. The weather was benign. At eighty-four hundred feet, they were somewhat less energetic and less hungry than they were at sea level, but they felt all right and were bothered by nothing more serious than insect bites around their ankles or their boot tops or belt lines. They treated the bites with a mixture of alcohol, iodine, and scratching. There were no mosquitoes, and the men had convinced themselves that they were "above the snake line," which they had arbitrarily proclaimed to be six thousand feet; they were all leery of snakes.

Charlie Obi was a disappointment. He complained of feeling sick, and spent most of the day hanging around the campsite. The team sensed that his education and linguistic ability made him feel superior to the other Papua New Guineans on the mountain, and that, as a city boy employed as a clerk, he was averse to doing manual labor. Pappy, with his sharp eyes and ready smile, more than made up for Charlie Obi. Three of the four men from Manumu were hard workers; the fourth seemed to be genuinely ill. He pointed to his head, and Warner often gave him Tylenol. (The team later learned that he had malaria.) All four men were pleasant, and were interested in the CIL's excavation project. Kelly tried to give them lessons in anatomy, using sign language, but never was able to teach them the difference between a right-arm bone and a left one. At first, the men kept to themselves. "They're so quiet and we're such a bunch of loudmouths, always hollering and yelling and

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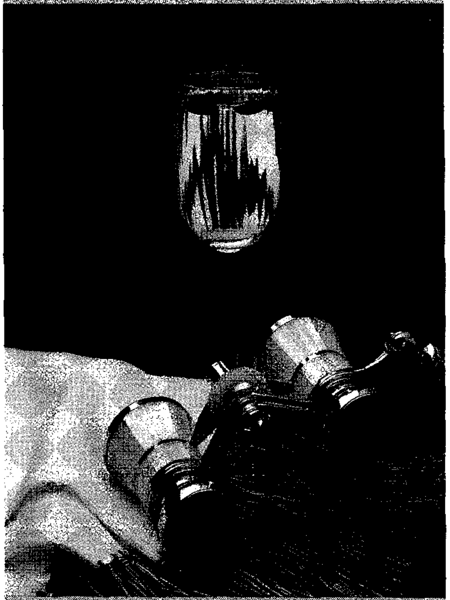

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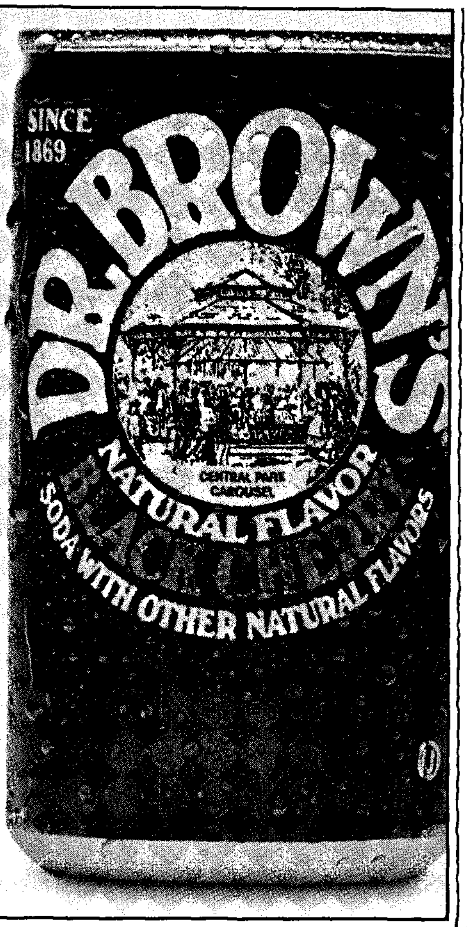

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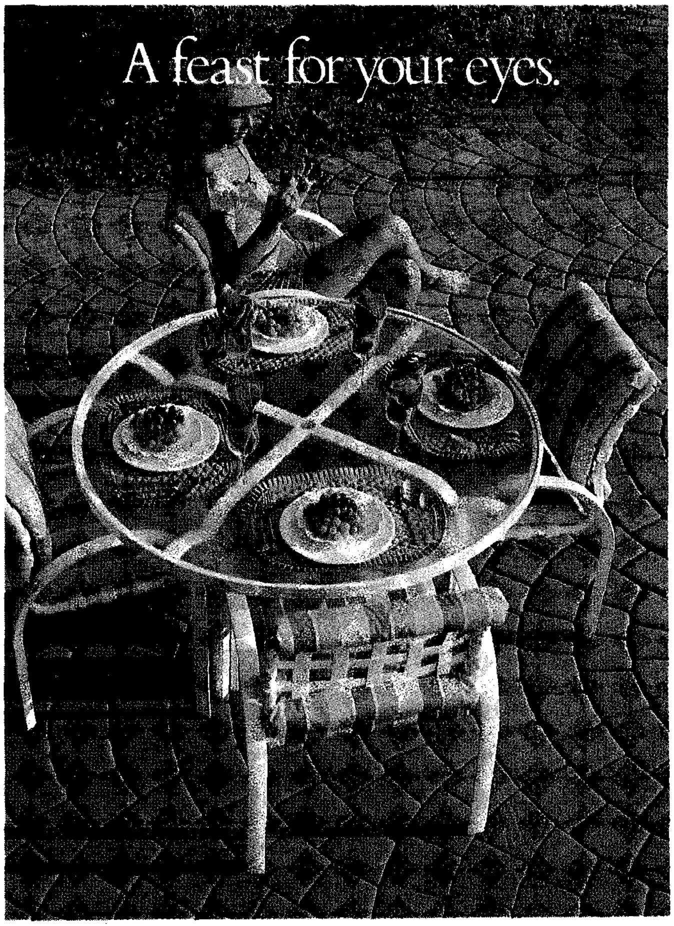

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swearing," Kelly acknowledged. By the end of the third day on Mt. Thumb, two of them joined the members of the team as they sat around the campfire. They were invited to share the C rations and listened to the team laughing and reminiscing about planes they had visited on previous trips to Papua New Guinea. After the men from Manumu had listened to the sergeants talk in a language they scarcely understood, they returned to their plastic haven. They kept a small fire going there all night, and it was always warm. With each passing day, the once-clear plastic became a deeper shade of reddish-brown.

AT 8 A.M. on Monday, shortly after the men had slid down the rope to the center of the crash site, Hennessy called to Huston for an X number and got X-18. Hennessy found only a handful of bones, two teeth, two rusty keys, and an old ring missing a stone at X-18, which was close to X-1, X-5, and X-8, dug up two days before by Huston and Kelly. The other men kept digging and found nothing. The villagers were no longer just clearing brush and trees. They were moving logs and pieces of wreckage the team had separated with boltcutters. At this stage, the team wanted the plane parts out of the way so that they could search under them. Dave Kelly also took pleasure in disposing of unwanted objects—some of the many aluminum oxygen bottles the B-24 had carried. He liked to see how far he could throw them, and he liked to hear the tinny sound they made when they rolled down the ravine and the *boing* they made when they landed.

X-1 through X-18 had been found in different directions from crash-site center, but none farther away than twenty-one metres. Around noon, a decision was made to expand the site's northern perimeter. At one-forty-three, Hennessy found X-19, forty-five metres from crash-site center down the ravine. He found only a small number of bones, including a fragment of a mandible, and a pair of aviators' goggle frames, a silver watchband, an officer's cap insignia, a cigarette lighter, and three coins. All of a sudden the relative quiet of the mountainside was broken by a gunshot. The loud *bam* startled the team. One of the men from Manumu had killed another parrot. He would sell the parrots' red, yellow, and green feathers in Port Moresby.

By two o'clock, Hennessy had finished digging at X-19; the other members of the team had found no bones farther down the ravine. The sergeants did find a tall tree that attracted them, because it had a sturdy vine hanging from it. Huston cut the vine off at the base, tested it, and then sailed a hundred and fifty feet into the air. As Kelly was taking his turn, the Colonel came along and told him to get off the vine. Kelly thought he was kidding. "God damn it, Sergeant Kelly, I told you to get off that vine!" Rosenberg said, in an exasperated, boys-will-be-boys tone. While Hennessy and some of the others were down around X-19, Kelly, Huston, and Pappy walked west and found the plane's fourth engine and some watches. Kelly and Huston felt grubby after four days of sponge baths, and thought they would venture still farther down the ravine to the stream they could hear, from which the villagers fetched water every day. The terrain was so steep and rough that they gave up. They were to leave the mountain without ever seeing the bats and without seeing the stream the villagers got down to and back from in twenty minutes.

After the main area of the crash was declared cleared, the team climbed the hill, using the rope hand over hand, and went a hundred yards to the tail section and started to dig. A B-24 has very few windows, and the men thought that perhaps one passenger might have been sitting in the tail gunner's position to look out at the scenery. They found no trace of bones or P.E. Each evening, the men reviewed the day's discoveries. Hennessy often went to his cluttered tent to consult 41081's Missing Air Crew Report. When some sets of dog tags, an identification disk, and a photograph of an Army Air Corps officer with the officer's name still legible on the photograph were dug up, Hennessy was content, because the names on the dog tags, the disk, and the photograph matched the names of the men on the manifest. "Yup, he's on the plane," Hennessy commented on quite a few occasions. Two items disturbed Hennessy. At X-3, Colonel Rosenberg had dug up a set of dog tags with the name and serial number of James A. Miller. There was no person on the manifest by that name. Hennessy and the other team members wondered if Miller might have been killed a short time before the crash and one of his friends on the plane might have been carrying his dog tags, planning to mail them to Miller's family. Hennessy was also troubled by a silver identification bracelet he had dug up at X-10. The bracelet was inscribed on one side with the name Robert A. Ambrose and a serial number. On the other side was the inscription "ED-RA, 12-25-43." There was no one named Ambrose on the manifest. "Shoot, he's not supposed to be on the plane, either," Hennessy said. It also occurred to the team that Miller or Ambrose or both might have boarded the plane at the last minute—too late for their names to appear on the manifest.

Every member of the team except Jay Warner had served in Vietnam. The sergeants had learned that hitching rides on planes in a war zone was common and that military manifests in Vietnam were not as reliable as passenger lists of commercial airliners in the United States. (In May, 1972, Rick Huston had been on an S.-and-R. team that recovered the remains of thirty-four men from a CH-47 Chinook helicopter that had crashed on its way to Vung Tau, a Rest-and-Recreation resort on the South China sea forty miles southeast of Saigon. There were only thirty-two men on the helicopter's manifest. The S.-and-R. team learned from the commander of the men's battalion that two soldiers had gone on R.-and-R. at the last minute.) On an earlier trip to Papua New Guinea, the team had discovered that Second World War manifests were also incomplete. The original Missing Air Crew Report of a C-47 in the Saruwaged Range which the team had visited in 1979 and 1980 had the names of only four crew members when it went missing, on December 10, 1944. An investigation a year later determined that a fifth man, a captain in the Medical Corps, was a passenger on the plane. The team knew that the original Missing Air Crew Report for 41081 listed a crew of three and eighteen passengers; a nineteenth passenger was subsequently added.

THE helicopter brought Bruce Hoy back to Mt. Thumb at 7 A.M. on Tuesday, the twenty-seventh, with more food for the men from Manumu (Warner now doled it out a day at a time), a case of South Pacific beer, and a carton of Kools. Kelly had reserved the helicopter for Thursday morning; he figured the team's work at 41081 would be done by then. The helicopter was supposed to come back to collect Bruce Hoy between ten and

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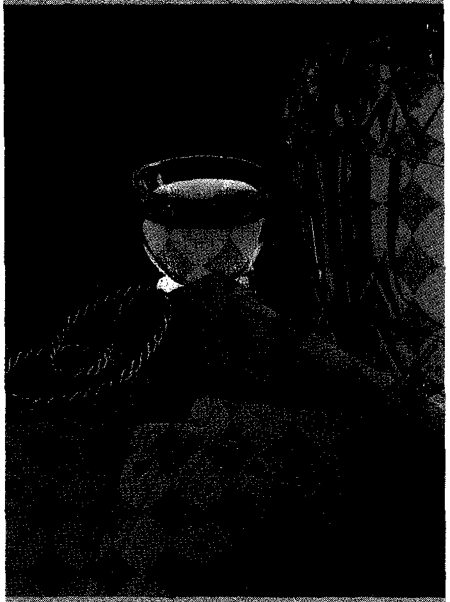

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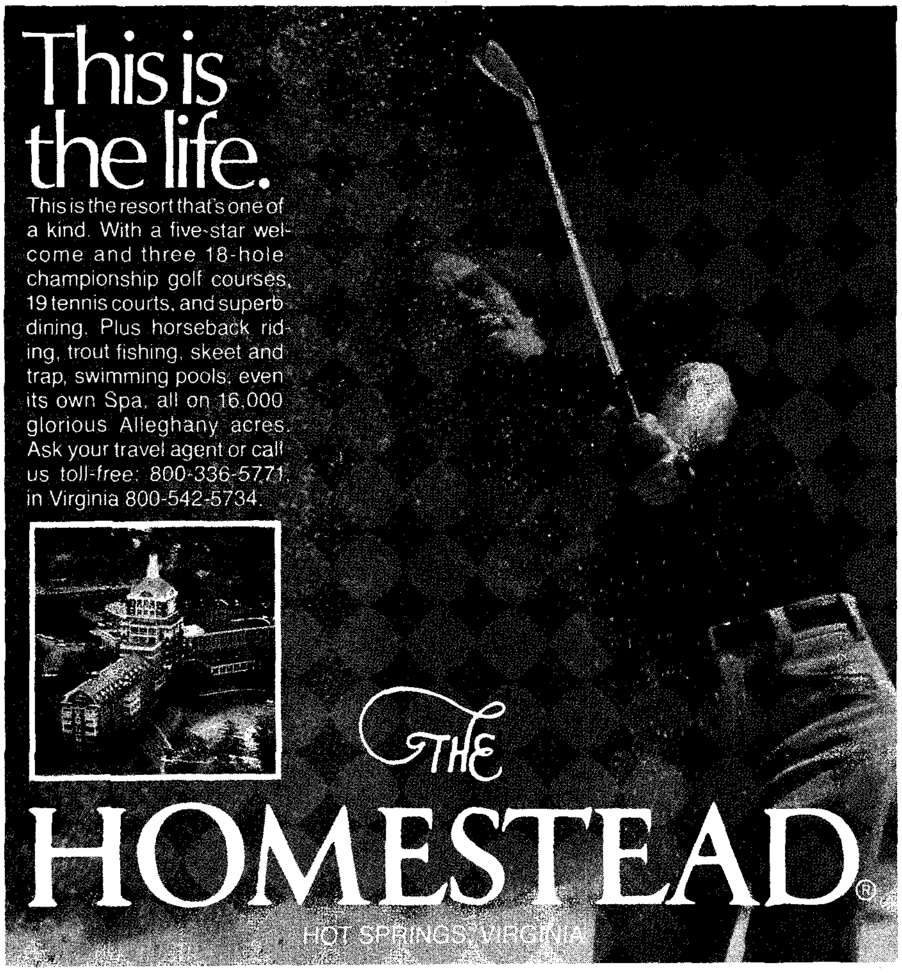

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ten-thirty. It didn't return until one o'clock, and then it was too late to land. Half an hour earlier, clouds had billowed in and covered the site. (It is almost always too cloudy to fly in and out of the Owen Stanleys in the afternoon.) The team had shot off flares, but the helicopter hadn't even come close to finding the helipad. Bruce Hoy was stranded and would be spending the night with the CIL team. The crash site had changed so much in the past two days of digging that Hoy scarcely recognized it. "It looked as if some villagers had dug up a big garden," Hoy said later. "I couldn't find the spot where I had found the silver dollar on Saturday."

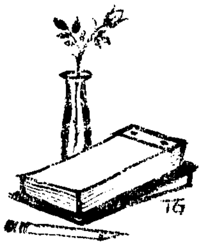
At 8 A.M., the team had resumed its search for remains around the tail section. The men found nothing. They then formed a skirmish line and searched the rest of the area within the crash-site perimeters. Still nothing. The north side of the perimeter was extended forty or fifty yards farther; no more bones were found. After several hours, Kelly decided that further digging in the ravine was pointless. He and Huston were drawn to the parachute—they had dug there during a couple of lunch breaks—and they went back to it now. Kelly followed the shroud lines down the hillside. They didn't end in a harness, as he had hoped; they just trailed off.

Hoy and Pappy had dug with the team on the skirmish line. After the search ended, Hoy had a fine day fossicking. Among the relics he carried back to the Aviation, Maritime, and War Branch were a bottle of Atabrine anti-malaria tablets (they had retained their bright-yellow color), a pair of binoculars, a metal bandage tin, part of a razor, a bottle of Sheaffer ink (it had not dried up and was still deep blue), part of the parachute, a black comb, a set of navigators' instruments, an electric percolator, a bottle of Listerine mouthwash, two bottles of hair oil, a jar of hand cream that still smelled of lanolin, a bottle of nail varnish, and a fire extinguisher.

Hoy sat happily around the fire with the team. The Colonel, the only man present who was old enough to remember the Second World War, asked him a great many questions about the war in the Pacific. The others asked him what it was like to live in Papua New Guinea.

THE morning of Wednesday, the twenty-eighth, was a breezy one. At about seven o'clock, the men saw a helicopter right over the landing zone. It hovered. They could see passengers on board. The pilot blinked the helicopter's lights three or four times and flew off. The men were puzzled. Didn't the helicopter have space for Bruce Hoy? Did the blinking lights mean the pilot would return for him on another run?

The CIL team and the villagers spent Wednesday preparing to leave Mt. Thumb. They took up the ropes and the engineers' tape. They carried the digging equipment from the crash site to the LZ to be packed. They took down the tents and stuffed them into a crate. The CIL men repacked the remains: they wrapped cotton around the teeth and skulls they had found, and put the eighteen plastic bags in seven olive-drab waterproof bags. Huston was busy with paperwork: he redrew the crash-site sketch and shot some additional azimuths—this time to get grid coördinates, so that he could show where the crash had occurred on a 1:250,000 scale map of New Guinea he had brought with him from Hawaii. Kelly paid the men from Manumu, again doubling their salary. They wanted their money then, because they seemed to believe they were leaving the mountain that day. Kelly had learned that they preferred to be paid where the other villagers couldn't see how much money they had earned. The helicopter didn't return.



Kelly, Gardner, and one man from Manumu cleared a path from the tail section to the LZ and carried the right vertical fin to the helipad. Pappy carried up the nose section and a .50-calibre machine gun Hoy wanted. The team also had the villagers cut down all the trees around the plane's left wing, which was intact. Like the rest of the plane's exterior, it was painted olive-drab. There was about two inches of moss and dirt on it, which Kelly and Warner cleaned off down to the wing's smooth surface. Kelly then went to the LZ and fetched a can of orange fluorescent paint from one of the crates, and Warner got up on the wing. With Kelly and Gardner watching, he sprayed:

U S A CIL-HI
April 82
D.R. J.H. R.H. D.K. J.W. G.W.G.

Warner sprayed the initials of the team members because there was ample space on the wing and because it had been a successful mission. The team had had the villagers cut down the trees so that the painted wing would be visible from the air. After Warner was finished, Gardner said he thought he would add "U.S.M.C."—for "United States Marine Corps"—to the wing. Colonel Rosenberg was at the nearby helipad at the time (as Warner knew) and overheard Gardner. "Go ahead, I don't care," Warner said, for Rosenberg's benefit, handing Gardner the can of paint before he went back to the helipad. "Sergeant Warner, you go back down and make sure that marine does nothing of the kind," Rosenberg instructed Warner.

Bruce Hoy had kept busy fossicking during the day. That evening he was melancholy. The camp struck him as less jolly. With the tents packed (the men would sleep out under plastic that night), it seemed to him to have lost its personality.

The team could get a radio station in Port Moresby on Huston's battery-operated radio, but the station broadcast a lot of music, a little local news, and very little world news. The war in the Falklands had begun in early April. On the mountain, it seemed much less interesting to the men than it might have had they been in Hawaii. Some nights, Kelly, Huston, and Warner had walked from the camp up to the helipad. They could see the lights of Port Moresby from there. (The city was not visible from the helipad by day or from the camp or the crash site at any time.) To Kelly, the city lights far away through the darkness were just "a beautiful view." To Warner, there was something "surrealistic" about them. In six days, the mountain had become his world. Although he missed his wife, being on Mt. Thumb with some natives who had been precipitated from a tribal way of life into the twentieth century in a matter of fifty years beguiled him. He liked Papua New Guinea's "laid-back" quality, and could imagine living there.

THE men were up at first light on Thursday for a last meal of C rations around the fire. The villagers covered the trash pit and the latrine. The CIL men finished packing; sleeping bags, blankets, Warner's hammock, and their sheets of plastic went into footlockers or rucksacks. What the men from Manumu wanted almost

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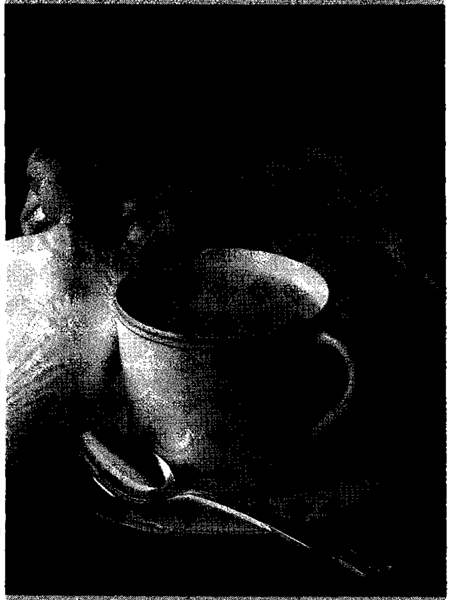

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as much as Bruce Hoy wanted the Jolly Rogers tail fin was plastic. The team agreed to give them the now cloudy-brown plastic they had slept under. At eight-thirty, the helicopter landed and started to lift the men off the mountain. The pilot explained the puzzle of the previous morning's blinking lights: he couldn't pick up Hoy, although he had space for him, because he had several other people aboard; the combination of their weight and a strong wind had made landing impossible; the lights were a signal that he would return whenever he could get in.

On the helicopter's first three trips, between Mt. Thumb and Manumu, it carried all the men down except Bruce Hoy and Jay Warner, taking a slingload of equipment with each group of three or four passengers. The remains from 41081 travelled inside the helicopter; slingloads have been known to drop. In Manumu, the four villagers were greeted like heroes: a helicopter ride appeared to be a status symbol. Hoy and Warner were the last two men on the mountain. They had kept rucksacks with them and sufficient food for several days, in case they got socked in by weather. The weather stayed good, and in a while the pilot returned for them. Hoy got into the helicopter with the C rations. Warner hooked up the last cargo net—it held the tail fin, the .50-calibre machine gun, and the rucksacks to give it additional stability—and jumped aboard.

The CIL team left Port Moresby for Sydney on an Air Niugini flight on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 11th. Bruce Hoy was at the airport to see the men off. On the afternoon of the twelfth, they boarded a non-stop flight for Honolulu. Colonel Rosenberg sat in the no-smoking section. The rest of the team sat in the smoking section, at a calculated distance from the Colonel. They drank many small bottles of complimentary wine and got rather loud. The flight attendants had to ask them several times to quiet down. After dinner, a movie was shown. It was "On Golden Pond," starring Henry Fonda, Katharine Hepburn, and Jane Fonda. In Kelly's judgment, it had been morally wrong for Jane Fonda to go to Hanoi while Americans were being held prisoner there. He refused to see any of her movies, and after her workout book and cassette became popular he wouldn't let his wife, Myong, buy them. As he flew west across the Pacific, ignoring the screen, Kelly began wondering how many of the men on 41081 Tadao Furue would be able to identify. If he couldn't identify all twenty-two, Dave Kelly was determined to go back to Mt. Thumb and continue digging in the vicinity of the parachute.

—Susan Sheehan

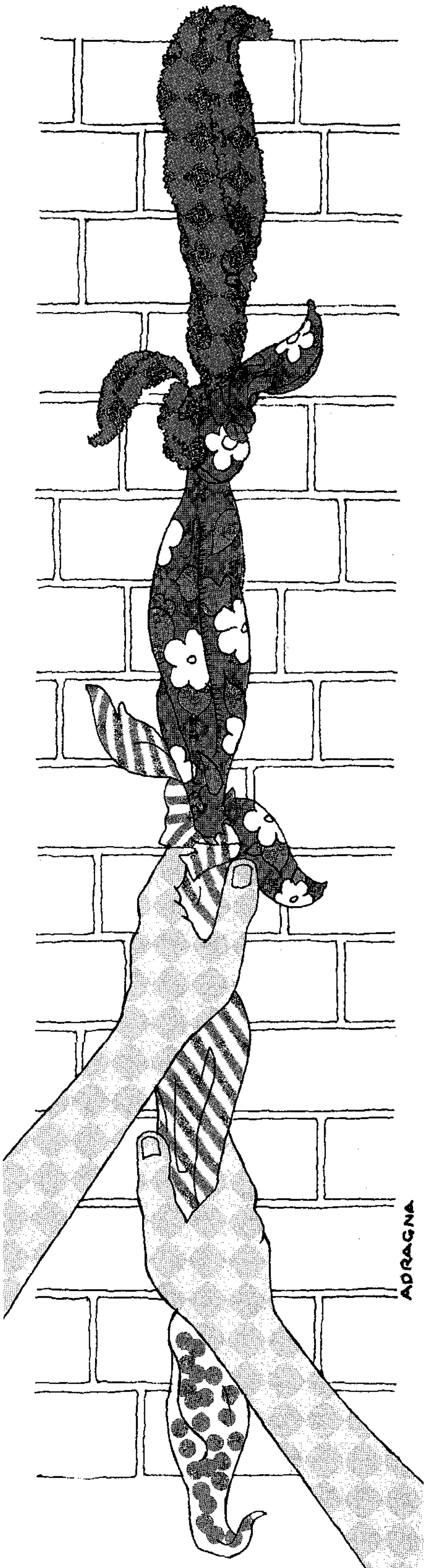
(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

• •

SUMMER COLD

By day, she's not so sick. She hits
the hound, then kisses him—nice dog.
He cringes, then his wolfish face lights up.
To me, she does the same. At two, her love
of power's in two parts: love and power.
Late at night, I hold her to my breast—
the wet indent her fevered head makes
stays pressed against my gown. She doesn't
have to ask, I wake with her. I hold
the mercury up to the light and read
its red suspense, the little trapped horizon
of her heat. Her slowed lungs draw
and empty. Below, on the lawn,
a hunched figure—dawn?—rakes the black
grass light, then turns into a set of swings.
I hold her sleeping weight and rock
till something in the east throbs up.
Day, offering itself, then drawing back.
Day, commuting from a city remote as hell,
or health, where I remember living once,
for myself. Long before this little bird
filled its throat outside the bevelled glass,
before the headlines stumbled on the step.

—Carol Muske



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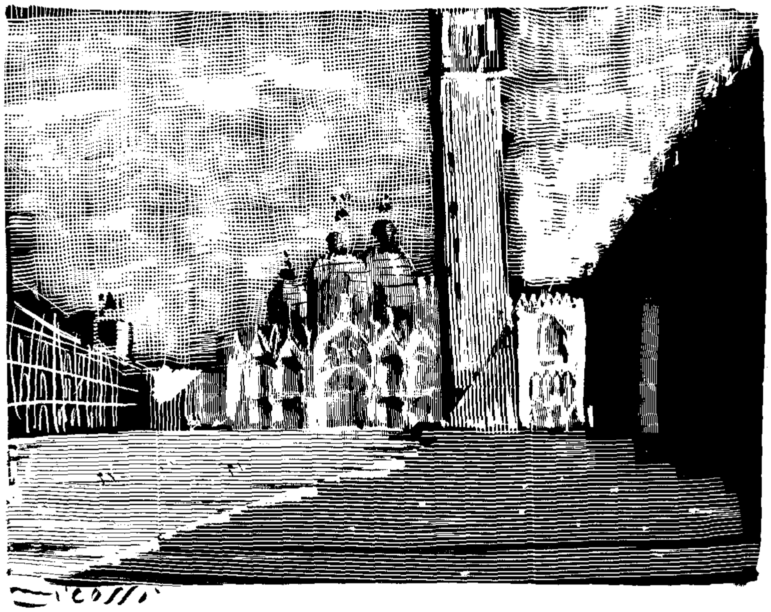

Venice has always loved a good show. In fact, hardly a week passes now—even during the cold and clammy off-season, from the end of October to late March—without some sort of public celebration in honor of a saint or a notable historical event. Among the grander and better-known examples are the Festa del Redentore, held on the third Sunday in July to commemorate the end of a plague in 1575-77 that wiped out a third of the population, and the Regata Storica, dating back to 1300 and featuring a highly competitive seven-and-a-half-kilometre boat race with costly prizes, usually won by professional gondoliers. Then, there are the coarser revelries associated with the annual Film Festival, and the very entertaining public flaps over the mountings of the Biennale—the modern-art show that has never failed to generate enough controversy to keep the critics and participants vitriolically at odds with each other in the press for the full time in between. Strewn among these major happenings is a great host of lesser events, most of them entailing lights, costumes, and music, and all of them rooted in some past occurrence and punctiliously authenticated by the historians of the relentlessly imaginative Ente del Turismo.

The basic idea, of course, is to keep the tourists, with their traveller's checks and credit cards, coming all year long, and not just during the traditional season. Six years ago, largely at the behest of Mayor Mario Rigo, the city administration sponsored a resuscitation of the winter carnival, with the appropriate rhetoric to endow the proceedings with the unique Venetian patina of authenticity. "Everywhere they call it 'carnival,' but everywhere it's different," wrote the anonymous author of the official pamphlet announcing the undertaking. "The carnival is more a 'state of being' than a 'doing.' For this reason, the carnival is the mask, behind which each person conceals his appearance, but through which he reveals himself." Masks have always been a feature of Venice's carnival season, particularly during the eighteenth century, the final period of the city's decadence, when the upper classes and wealthy foreign visitors disported themselves wantonly behind them, and the canals and *calli* of the Serenissima—as the city is often referred to—swarmed with the most expensive courtesans in Europe.

Until Mayor Rigo's initiative, the carnival had lapsed in recent years into a squalid travesty of itself, with small groups of grotesquely made-up children gamboling in the larger *campi* and the poor using the occasion as a begging expedition. In 1980, the refurbished proceedings, which lasted for five days, promoted what amounted to an open-air costume ball in Piazza San Marco and a number of cultural manifestations elsewhere—all connected in some way, however tangential, to the historicity of the Venetian carnival. Since then, the enterprise has become almost too much of a success. It now lasts eleven days, includes dozens of lectures, concerts, plays, ballets, operas, and art shows, and nightly converts Piazza San Marco into a huge discothèque for as many as forty thousand elaborately costumed and masked revellers. The last Saturday of the celebration lures an estimated two hundred thousand Italian and foreign visitors—well over twice the resident population—into the city. It has, in other words, become another in the seemingly endless series of public todos designed, according to the more cynical observers of the local scene, to keep cash flowing in at a time of year when Venice is shrouded in cold fog and would otherwise hibernate behind the closed shutters of her hotels and crumbling palazzi.

Last year, so many people came that the municipal authorities stopped incoming trains at Mestre, on the mainland, on the final Sunday. Venice was full, the arriving revellers were informed, and no one else would be allowed to enter. Margherita Asso, the Superintendent of Monuments and an appointed official with nearly absolute power over everything affecting the city's artistic and architectural patrimony, has declared that the vibrations from the amplified rock music in Piazza San Marco could damage the delicate Byzantine mosaics in the cathedral. She has also frequently pointed out that the visitors dump garbage in the *calli* and urinate on public buildings, which harms the marble. Signorina Asso, who looks like a middle-aged schoolteacher and is sometimes referred to in the press as "the Iron Lady of the Lagoon," is a well-known local killjoy, but her objections have gained considerable support. This year's festivities were marked by anti-carnival demonstrations, many of them protesting that while the city was spending millions on the carnival nothing was being done about the shortage of public housing or any of the other problems making Venice less and less livable. In fact, the carnival became an issue in the municipal election a year ago, which ousted Mayor Rigo, a Socialist, and the left-wing coalition that had been in power since 1975, and replaced them with a more conservative alliance, one of whose campaign promises was to abandon the so-called "pink" carnival and return the celebration to "its hidden roots"—a polite way of telling the rowdier element that the party is over.

Despite the cavillers who complain that Venice is in more danger of being submerged by tourists than by the capricious waters of her lagoon, there is no doubt that the carnival, like every other festival here, is enjoyed by many of the citizens, quite a few of whom take an active part in the proceedings. (One of the secondary benefits has been a revival of the *mascararo's* ancient art—the designing and making of the sort of elaborate masks that used to be worn for the occasion by the aristocrats of the republic. Such masks are now on sale the year round in many shops as expensive, original souvenirs.) And although the basic idea of the enterprise is indeed to make money, this consideration doesn't seem to embarrass the Venetians, or to diminish their pleasure in participating. "We can't complain, because, after all, mass tourism was invented by us," a Venetian acquaintance informed me one day. "As for the masks, people used to come to Venice under false identities partly in order not to be stripped of their wealth. We are an island people, and islanders have always been pirates."

Ironically, the diversion now arousing the greatest local enthusiasm is the only one that is almost completely divorced from money-making and that cannot trace its origins back to any specific historical event or religious date. The Vogalonga, or long row, was dreamed up in 1974, as a lark, by a group of young men, most of whom belonged to one or another of the city's rowing clubs. One of the men, Paolo Rosa Salva, had recently completed his military service in the Alpine troops, who stage a "long march" on skis as part of their training exercises, and he suggested a similar enterprise to his friends. On November 11th, St. Martin's Day, nine boats set off for a row across the lagoon and down the length of the Lido to the village of Malamocco, where prizes of salads and chickens were awarded to the participants. "It was not a competition," Rosa Salva recently recalled. "It was a sort of rediscovery of the lagoon."

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The oarsmen had so much fun that they decided to publicize the event and see if they couldn't involve the city in some sort of similar annual affair. The whole history of Venice is inseparably connected to the existence of the lagoon, they reasoned, but the citizens seemed to have lost touch with this quintessential aspect of local life. "People were going less and less into the lagoon," a journalist for the Venetian daily *Il Gazzettino* recently observed. "The traditional boats were disappearing, replaced by more convenient ones made of plastic." Rosa Salva and his friends saw the Vogalonga as an opportunity to reawaken enthusiasm for a traditional Venetian pastime, and also as a way of protesting against the increasing presence of speedboats and other noisy motorized forms of transportation in Venetian waters.

To their surprise, the idea caught fire. With the full coöperation of the municipal and maritime authorities, and the enthusiastic support of *Il Gazzettino*, the first official Vogalonga was held on May 8, 1975. Misgivings had been expressed over how many people would actually participate, and whether the amateur boatmen would be able to negotiate a punishing thirty-two-kilometre route, but these were soon dispelled. Five hundred and forty-three pioneer rowers in all kinds of vessels showed up early in the morning at the broad mouth of the Grand Canal, between the Riva degli Schiavoni and the island of San Giorgio, and milled happily about awaiting the start. "It was like looking at one of those eighteenth-century prints of the basin full of wooden boats," an American resident has recalled. "When the cannon on San Giorgio went off—*boom!*—everyone began to row like mad. It was the greatest thing I ever saw."

The Vogalonga was an immediate and huge success. Thirty-six hundred rowers in eleven hundred and ninety-seven boats took part in the second edition, held the following May, and last year, in the presence of Prince Charles and Princess Diana, some four thousand participants in about a thousand boats tackled the by now traditional route—a bulbous figure eight running from the basin of San Marco around Sant'Elena to Murano, Mazzorbo, Burano, and Sant'Erasmo, and back up the Canale di Cannaregio to the Grand Canal. Usually, only about half the boats complete the course, but no one keeps tabs, and no one cares. The Vogalonga, as Rosa Salva pointed out, is not a race, and it has never been privately sponsored or commercialized. Anyone can row in it, including enthusiasts from other parts of the country, and foreigners, more of whom are showing up every year. Each

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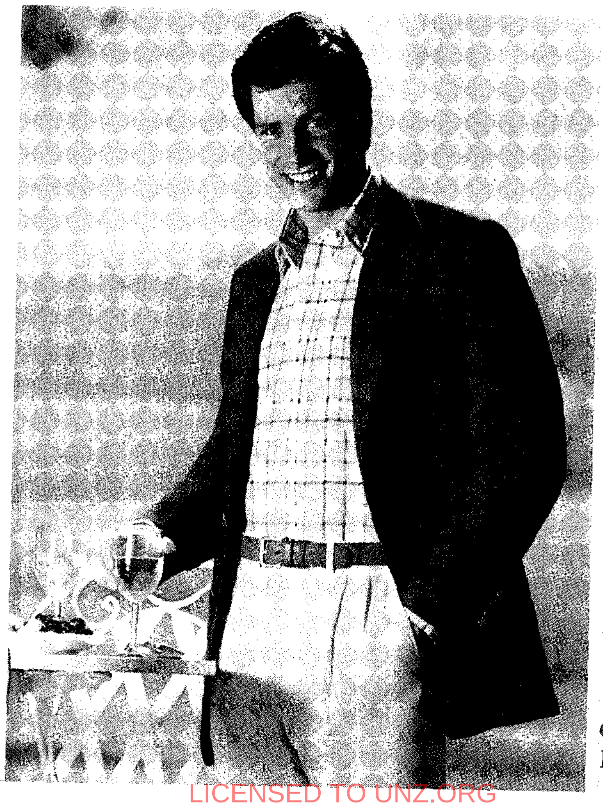

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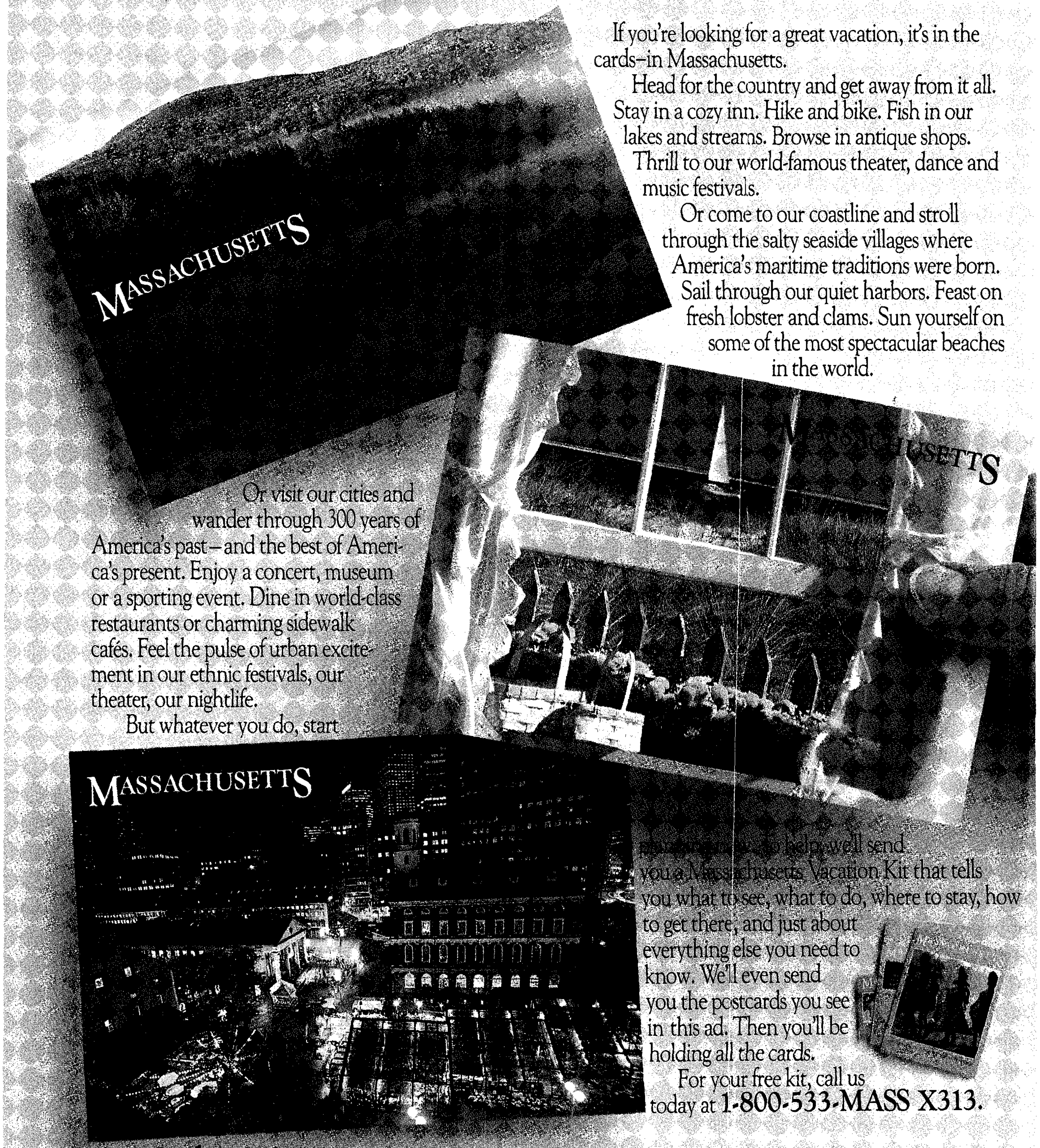

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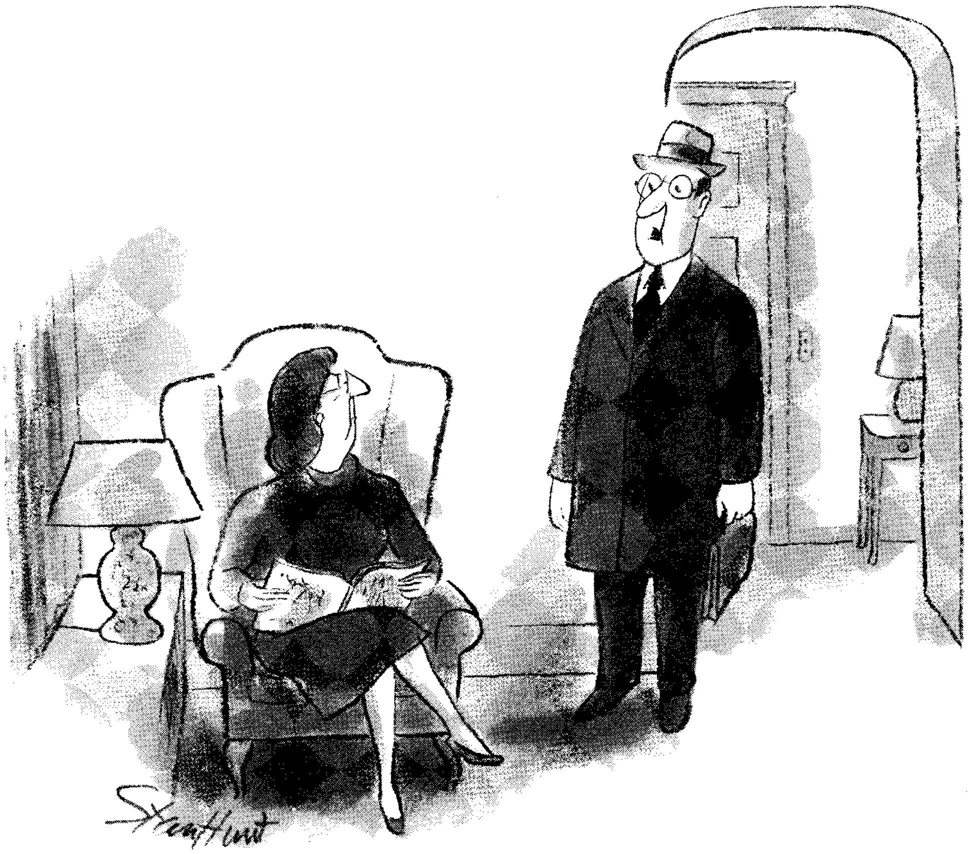
I saw my first Vogalonga in 1984, at the urgings of a Venetian friend. Despite the prospect of a cold and rainy day (according to one meteorologist, that spring was the worst since 1763), more than three thousand boats took part. I got to the Riva degli Schiavoni at about 8 A.M., an hour before the official starting time, to find dozens of entries already festively jockeying for position under an ominously gray sky, while recorded Vivaldi blared from loudspeakers mounted in Piazza San Marco. I counted twenty-two different kinds of vessels, from one-man kayaks and *sandolini* to sleek racing shells and cumbersome rowboats manned by muscular teams of uniformed and helmeted oarsmen, and including, of course, a large sprinkling of gondolas. Several of the latter, many adorned with flowers from stem to stern, were crewed by women, and received the loudest cheers from a great crowd of watchers massed along the banks. At nine o'clock precisely, the boats took off, as the crowds cheered and the cannon on San Giorgio boomed, blowing a white puff of smoke over the extraordinary scene. All around me, people were shouting and waving, and, like my American friend, I found myself beaming from the sheer exhilaration induced by the spectacle. Along with thousands of others, I strolled at a leisurely pace across town and found a post just below the Ponte delle Guglie, a bridge spanning the Cannaregio, under which the finishers would have to pass. They began to show up shortly after eleven o'clock and straggled in for several hours—sweaty and periodically raising their oars in triumphant salute—to the clapping and loud *bravi* of the rest of us, who were packed in along the winding banks of the canals, the parapets of the bridges, and the windows and balconies of the palazzi. All Venice seemed to be present; luckily, the rain had held off, and the sun had even managed to break through for a couple of hours. Among the arrivals were boats I had singled out earlier, as well as many extraordinary ones I hadn't noticed before. My favorite was a slow-moving black gondola oared by a husband-and-wife team in their seventies. The woman, bent with age, was perched on the prow, gazing fiercely straight ahead. I recognized her great hooked beak of a nose from a score of Venetian paintings—she reminded me of some warrior doge storming the ramparts of a beleaguered city. She and her husband rowed slowly, in perfect, graceful synchronization. A number of us were happily in tears, without quite knowing why, and it didn't matter in the least that she and her consort had almost certainly covered no more than a small portion of the route.

I discussed the spectacle later with Count Girolamo Marcello, a middle-aged Venetian nobleman who can trace his lineage back to the eighth century. He remarked that Venice is "only sensations, impressions." The Vogalonga stirs up ancient emotions of pride and longing deep enough, the Count maintained, to make even the most reclusive of the city's surviving aristocrats want to share in the goings on. However, when I asked whether he, too, had participated in the long row, he shook his head and smiled. He preferred to watch, he said, from a balcony of the Palazzo Ducale. "The Marcellos have never rowed," he explained apologetically. "They have always been in command of the ships."

THE lagoon has been the central preoccupation of Venetian life for about fifteen hundred years, but never more so than in the past two decades, when the city has been repeatedly and increasingly flooded by *acque alte*, or "high waters." Venice rests an average of about thirty inches above sea level, mostly on millions of rock-hard wooden piles that have been driven like stakes into the mud over the centuries. The lagoon itself, which is about thirty-two miles long and nowhere more than nine miles wide, is a shallow, crescent-shaped, two-hundred-and-ten-square-mile body of water full of mud shoals and sandbanks, peppered with partly submerged islands, crisscrossed by narrow, treacherous channels, and subject to often capricious currents. From the very beginning, the *acque alte* have been a feature of life here—especially in the late fall and the winter, when the warm African sirocco blows hard enough to push the relatively shallow upper portion of the Adriatic toward its banks. The water pours into the



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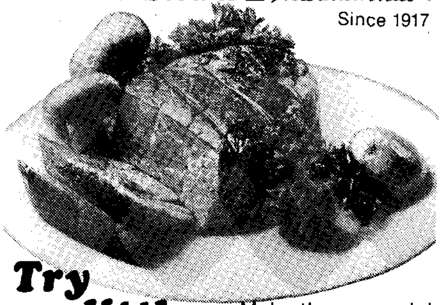

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lagoon through three channel entrances and past the Lido—the long, sandy reef that protects the city from the open sea—and at high tide it surges over the *fondamenta*, floods the canals, and bubbles up through the drains of Piazza San Marco and the *campi*. Throughout history, Venice has suffered periodic flooding, but never for very long, and the phenomenon was always regarded as the relatively small price the Serenissima had to pay to remain virtually impregnable to attack, thus guaranteeing her independence. *Acqua alta* even became a metaphor for freedom—as in 1848, when Venice rose against the Austrians, briefly restored the republic, and sang a song warning the Hapsburgs that "the water is rising around the doors, it will be hard to sponge it away."

Much has been written recently about the high waters, which now threaten the very survival of the city. During the half century after official records began to be kept, in 1876, Venice was flooded an average of three times per decade. In the nineteen-thirties, however, the incidence of flooding rose to eight, and from 1952 to 1961 the city was inundated sixteen times. Since then, the incidence has more than doubled, and it does not include the many other days of the year when Piazza San Marco and its surrounding area, the lowest-lying quarter of the city, are under at least several inches of water for periods of an hour or so. An official *acqua alta* is gauged at three and a half feet above sea level—a height that will flood most of the *centro storico*. When the water level continues to rise, quite often to four feet, and occasionally to five and six feet, the damage to the more ancient buildings and vulnerable art treasures and also to basic public services can be devastating, as in the famous flood of 1966, when the water rose to nearly six and a half feet above sea level and caused havoc. The third-highest *acqua alta* in Venice's history occurred this past winter, when the lagoon began to rise shortly before midnight on January 31st. By 4 A.M., the water was over five feet. Ordinarily, the floods recede fairly quickly, in concert with the tides, but this time the *acqua alta* was bottled up in the lagoon by an especially strong sirocco, and approximately a third of the city remained under water for almost twelve hours. The damage caused was estimated in the tens of billions of lire, but it is actually incalculable.

Except for the worst instances, the Venetians usually seem to be able to cope quite well with this contingency. In the lower-lying portions of the city, they have pretty much abandoned their ground floors; the shopkeepers have improvised waterproof barriers at their front doors and raised their merchandise to higher shelves; and during floods everyone sloshes cheerfully about in rubber boots or tiptoes in gingerly fashion over raised wooden walkways that crisscross these areas.

Still, no one denies that the problem is a major one. The *acque alte* now afflict the city all year long. Two years ago, for instance, in May—a time of year that was once considered immune—the sirens warning of an impending high water went off twice. The first time was at midnight on May 21st, when they roused people from their beds and sent many of them hurrying to their places of business to take protective measures. This particular *acqua alta* submerged seventy per cent of the city. From my third-story window in San Polo, near the Rialto, I watched the water ooze up over the bank of the canal at the end of my *calle* and silently invade the whole narrow alley, burying it under slimy, refuse-strewn liquid. The harm that even such relatively minor flooding can cause is considerable. "The humidity that creeps up the walls," a reporter declaimed not long ago in the weekly *Panorama*. "And then the grim, threatening, irresistible, treacherous, cursed water. High water that invades *campi*, *fondamenta*, *calli*, hidden gardens, shops, the ground floors of inhabited houses." The walls of many buildings, the writer pointed out, have been permanently inscribed with dates testifying to the unenviable high-water levels reached during the more damaging episodes, and on others the effect can be traced by the salty encrustations and corrosions that the waters leave behind. There is little doubt in anyone's mind that unless some remedy is found Venice will eventually crumble away and sink permanently beneath the polluted waters of her lagoon.

The trouble can be traced back to the years immediately after the First World War, when a number of private industries began to build factories on reclaimed marshland at Porto Marghera, a few kilometres west of Venice. The original idea seemed sound, because Venice had ceased to

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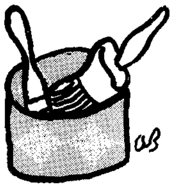
exist as an important seaport, and it was necessary to create jobs for thousands of people unable to earn a living from the land; indeed, the entire region of the Veneto—a backward agricultural area—had become one of the poorest in Italy. Unfortunately, the cure turned out to be worse than the disease. The development of the industrial zones along the coast—an activity that became frenzied during the late fifties and the sixties—lured more and more people into the once quiet suburb of Mestre, which turned into a huge urban sprawl of housing developments where over two hundred thousand people now live. The population of Venice itself has decreased every year, however, so that today fewer than eighty thousand people still make their homes here. "The fact is that the industrial zone of Venice no longer has anything Venetian about it," Indro Montanelli, the author of a series of articles on the problem, commented in the *Corriere della Sera* in the late sixties. "Not labor, because this is provided not by Venice but by the land that the peasants have . . . abandoned en masse to transform themselves into workers. Not capital, because the firms that have established themselves here have their home bases in Milan and Turin, from which most of their executives and technicians come. . . . What should have been the lungs of Venice has become an outpost of the Lombard-Piedmontese economy which squeezes and crushes Venice." The filled-in land that the industries occupy has greatly reduced the drainage area of the lagoon, causing the tides to back up; and their need for fresh water, most of which had to be pumped exclusively from underground artesian wells, has lowered ground levels. Access channels from the open sea were dredged to twice their normal depth in some places, and an entirely new channel was dug to accommodate large oil tankers that needed to reach the refineries—measures that tended to increase both the weight and the volume of the currents flowing daily in and out through the approaches to the city.

The new factories discharged chemicals and untreated waste directly into the lagoon, and this altered its delicate ecological balance and ravaged the local fishing industry. (The clouds of gnats that now fill the sky during the summer months are partly a result of the reduced number of fish that feed on the larvae.) They belched pollutants into the air which have caused marbles, bronzes, even the tough white Istrian stone of which much of the city is built, to decay and rot. And as the years have passed—despite repeated acknowledgments from some of the perpetrators and from many persons in positions of authority that there *is* a problem and that something will eventually have to be done; despite the institution of a few corrective measures (the artesian wells have been shut down, and landfill projects have been halted); despite the passage in 1973 and 1984 of special laws to save Venice, with an eventual total allocation of about two billion dollars to achieve this laudable aim—nothing has been finally decided, nor has any comprehensive program so far been put into action. Last October, the government in Rome decided to entrust the whole matter to a newly formed consortium of twenty-seven public and private enterprises calling itself Venezia Nuova. The organization's first task is to spend some money before the end of this year on controlling the *acque alte*, but the actual work has yet to begin.

This is because, after twenty years of discussion and studies, no one can agree on a remedy. The plan favored by industry is to construct huge water gates at the three main entrances to the lagoon which could be shut against the high tides. This is opposed by most ecologists and by many other experts as well, on the ground that it wouldn't work but would simply shift the full weight of the sea elsewhere, perhaps over the Lido itself, while preventing the tides from carrying out their necessary cleansing and renewing functions inside the lagoon. What does seem clear to everyone, however—even the most sanguine optimists—is that the thousand-year-old successful relationship between man and his environment in the Venetian lagoon has been effectively destroyed. According to a local expert named Marino Potenza, the author of a booklet entitled "Il Mare Era Più Lontano" ("The Sea Was Farther Away"), the lagoon now revenges itself by swallowing up the city at will just as easily as the torrents of words devoted to the subject drown out the calls for immediate action. "They hold meetings, studies, seminars, and a tide of paper ends up overwhelming the question," Signor Potenza observes. "A lagoon of chatter,



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someone has called it. But the focal point of the problem is still far off, and perhaps it isn't even being approached from the right direction."

Only one very small project seems to have the approval of all the parties contending over the future of the area. This is a movement called Your Swan in the Lagoon, which was initiated by the World Wildlife Fund and is being financed entirely by private contributions, some from local hunting and boating clubs. The idea is to repopulate the remoter reaches of the lagoon with wild swans, which flourished here as late as the eighteen-nineties, and then were wiped out by hunters and the careless encroachments of civilization. In May of 1984, the first two pairs of birds, which mate for life, were released in two different parts of the lagoon, in the presence of a dozen or so excited officials, reporters, and photographers up to their hips in damp marsh grass; there have been several releases since. Despite some doubts about the animals' ability to survive in brackish water and exposed to illegal poaching, they have flourished, and there are now about forty birds in the south lagoon, toward Chioggia and Pellestrina. A story in *Il Gazzettino* at the time of the first release pointed out that in other countries, such as Holland and Sweden, swans are protected by the state, and even receive free medical treatment when they are sick. "An exaggeration?" the reporter asked. "No. It's only a sign of civilization"—precisely the sort of enlightened approach to such questions, the writer implied, that is lacking in Italian life.

THE main reason it has become so difficult for Venetians to agree on a way to save the city is that the Serenissima is no longer mistress of her own fate. Administratively, Venice includes the mainland communities of Porto Marghera and Mestre—the ugly stepchildren, with their acres of docks, smoke-belching factories, refineries, chemical plants, and hideous apartment complexes. The interests of the mainland residents are necessarily linked to their jobs, and their principal concern in recent years has been the prolonged nationwide economic slump, which began in the early seventies and has persisted. Despite a recent upturn in the economy, due mainly to the collapse in oil prices (Italy imports nearly all its oil), the local industries and the port are operating at less than seventy per cent of capacity, and workers are still being laid off—about twenty thousand of them during the past decade. In such a climate of potential despair, it is largely useless to talk as if the only major concern of the area's inhabitants should be the elimination of the *acque alte*, the restoration of the lagoon, and the preservation of Venice as an open-air museum for foreign tourists. Whatever solutions may be decided upon to save Venice, the interests of the industrial workers and their families will have to be taken into account—a consideration that is always uppermost in the minds of the local politicians, in or out of office.

The new administration of Venice consists of a four-party coalition, with a majority of Christian Democrats, but it sounds and acts much like the old one. Mayor Nereo Laroni, like his predecessor a Socialist, did succeed in toning down the excesses of the carnival, but he seems to have no new ideas in regard to long-range solutions to any of the city's problems. Signor Rigo, who, as mayor, managed for years to distinguish himself by straddling every fence put in his path, has become the city's official cultural commissar. He seems at last to have come down on the side of saving Venice as a solution to the area's over-all problems instead of hoping for an industrial resurgence. He talks of developing hotels, campsites, and other tourist facilities on the mainland, and also on some of the islands in the lagoon, as a way of putting the unemployed back to work. This is not a point of view that is popular with the powerful Communist Party, whose main constituency is the unionized ranks of the factory workers; nor is it shared even by several of his Socialist colleagues—most notably Gianni De Michelis, himself a Venetian, who is the Minister of Labor in the present national government, and who favors what his partisans call "progress" and "the future," by which they mean continued development of the city's industrial potential. ("He is the most dangerous man in Venice," I was told a while ago by an official of Italia Nostra, the nation's ecological society.) The money voted by the national government to save Venice is seen by these people as a way of stimulating the area's mainland industries, revitalizing the port, and creating jobs. When the first appropriation—of two hundred billion lire (then about a hundred and thirty million dollars)—was about to become available, two years ago, no one could agree on how it should be

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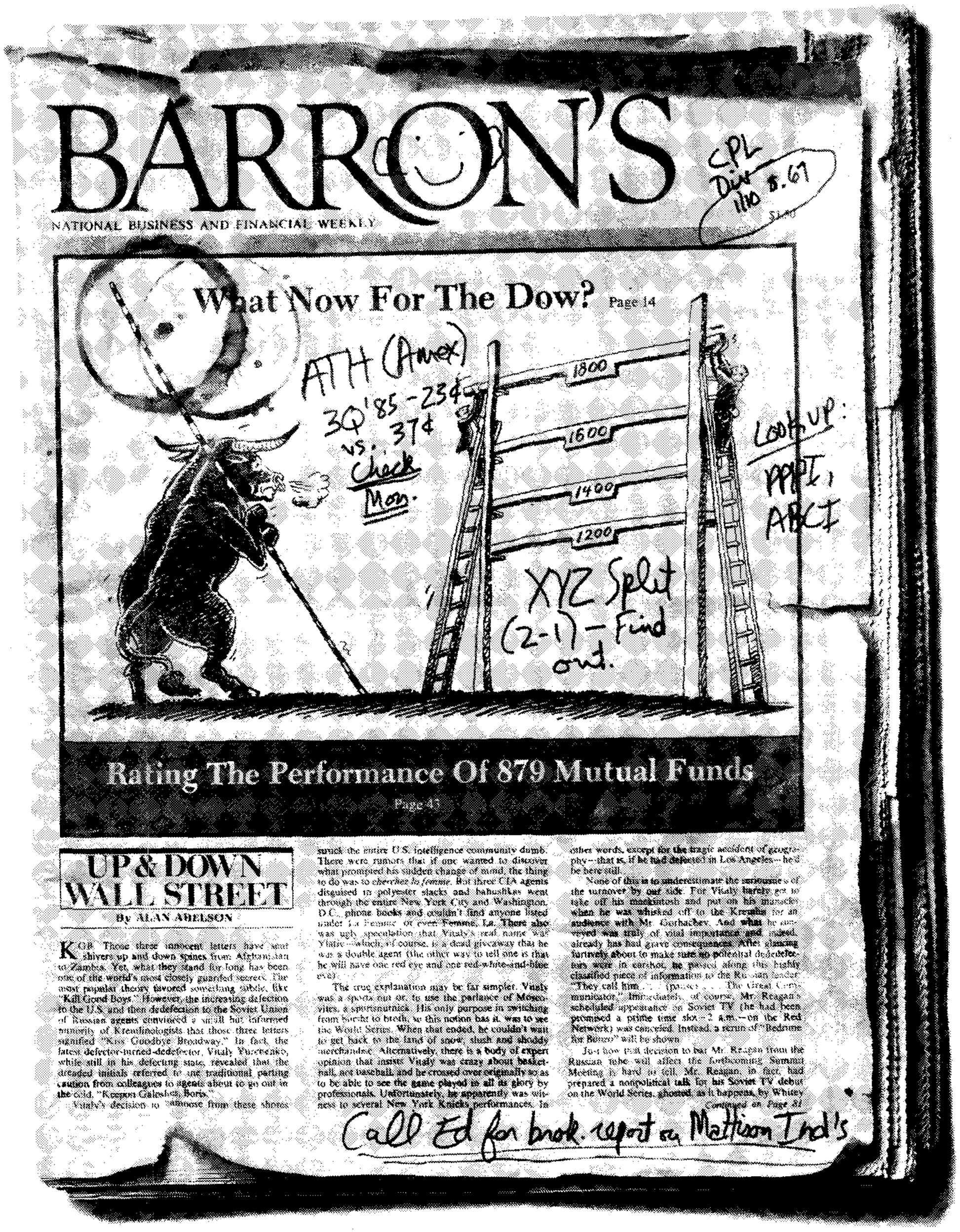

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Page 43

UP & DOWN WALL STREET

By ALAN ABELSON

KGB. Those three innocent letters have sent shivers up and down spines from Afghanistan to Zambia. Yet, what they stand for long has been one of the world's most closely guarded secrets. The most popular theory favored something subtle, like "Kill Good Boys." However, the increasing defection to the U.S. and then dedefection to the Soviet Union of Russian agents convinced a small but informed minority of Kremlinologists that those three letters signified "Kiss Goodbye Broadway." In fact, the latest defector-turned-dedefector, Vitaly Yurchenko, while still in his defecting state, revealed that the dreaded initials referred to the traditional parting caution from colleagues to agents about to go out in the cold, "Keepon Galoshes, Boris."

Vitaly's decision to vamoose from these shores struck the entire U.S. intelligence community dumb. There were rumors that if one wanted to discover what prompted his sudden change of mind, the thing to do was to *cherchez la femme*. But three CIA agents disguised in polyester slacks and babushkas went through the entire New York City and Washington, D.C., phone books and couldn't find anyone listed under La Femme or even Femme, La. There also was ugly speculation that Vitaly's real name was Vlatie—which, of course, is a dead giveaway that he was a double agent (the other way to tell one is that he will have one red eye and one red-white-and-blue eye).

The true explanation may be far simpler. Vitaly was a sports nut or, to use the parlance of Muscovites, a sportsnutnick. His only purpose in switching from borscht to broth, so this notion has it, was to see the World Series. When that ended, he couldn't wait to get back to the land of snow, slush and shoddy merchandise. Alternatively, there is a body of expert opinion that insists Vitaly was crazy about basketball, not baseball, and he crossed over originally so as to be able to see the game played in all its glory by professionals. Unfortunately, he apparently was witness to several New York Knicks performances. In other words, except for the tragic accident of geography—that is, if he had defected in Los Angeles—he'd be here still.

None of this is to underestimate the seriousness of the turnover by our side. For Vitaly barely got to take off his mackintosh and put on his manacles when he was whisked off to the Kremlin for an audience with Mr. Gorbachev. And what he conveyed was truly of vital importance and, indeed, already has had grave consequences. After glancing furtively about to make sure no potential dedefectors were in earshot, he passed along this highly classified piece of information to the Russian leader: "They call him . . . (pause) . . . The Great Communicator." Immediately, of course, Mr. Reagan's scheduled appearance on Soviet TV (he had been promised a prime time slot—2 a.m.—on the Red Network) was canceled. Instead, a rerun of "Bedtime for Bonzo" will be shown.

Just how that decision to bar Mr. Reagan from the Russian tube will affect the forthcoming Summit Meeting is hard to tell. Mr. Reagan, in fact, had prepared a nonpolitical talk for his Soviet TV debut on the World Series, ghosted, as it happens, by Whitey

Continued on Page 81

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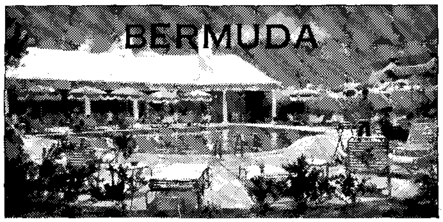

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spent, and payment of the money has been held up in Rome until an accord can be reached. The industrialists and their Communist employees for once found themselves in alliance, insisting that the funds would have to be used to deal not only with the ecological situation of the lagoon but also with the social and economic problems of Marghera and Mestre. "The issue is quite simple," a hotel owner in Venice explained to me. "It's a big pie, and everyone wants a slice of it."

It has become evident over the years to those most concerned that the problems of Venice and those of the mainland have very little in common. In 1979, an attempt was made to separate the Serenissima politically from Marghera and Mestre by holding a referendum, but separation was opposed by all the major political parties and the measure was handily defeated. Since then, however, more people seem to have lost faith in the ability of the power brokers in Rome to solve anything, and Signor De Michelis has found himself roundly booed every time he has appeared in his home town. On the other hand, the popularity here of those who promote the city as a cultural center and as what Signor Rigo calls "a sponsor of civilization" is high and rising. "Venice, cultural capital of the world" was the typical lead of a *Gazzettino* story some months ago about the future of the Biennale.

Tourism is certainly the city's principal industry and would seem to offer the best hope for the future, even though the terrorist threat has recently cut into the flow of American visitors. Several large cruise ships have reportedly scrubbed stopovers in Venice and hotels are reporting cancellations, while many small shopkeepers have already noticed fewer American buyers than usual. Still, the gap is expected to be partly made up by a larger influx from elsewhere—especially West Germany. The sheer number of tourists every year is astonishing. During the summer months, they pour into the *centro storico* at the rate of between twenty thousand and thirty thousand a day. They pack the ferries and the bridges, swarm over the Rialto and down the Merceria, move in a sludge-like mass through the narrow *calli*, bunch up in line for gondolas and speedboats, elbow each other in the stores and at the trinket counters, and squat exhausted in whatever shade they can find in Piazza San Marco and along the banks of the canals. Most of them come for no more than a day or two, many without hotel reservations and carrying all their belongings on their backs. They spend close to a billion and a half dollars a year, and without them Venice would have been reduced by now to a ghost city inhabited by the very old and the canal rats.

Nevertheless, this mass tourism presents difficulties of its own. According to the municipal authorities, the campers don't spend enough money to pay for the damage they cause in contributing to the pollution of the waters, the garbage in the streets, and the wear and tear on public transport, pavements, and monuments. The problem has become so acute that officials have periodically proposed closing the city to anyone without a room reservation and selling a limited number of daily admission tickets to everyone else. These measures have been fiercely opposed by the tourist bureau and everyone connected with the tourist industry, but they have been applauded by many Venetians. No one objects, of course, to the presence in the city of the well-heeled visitors who book themselves into the hotels and *pensioni*, but resentment against the campers and squatters has greatly increased. "Maybe we'll have just enough high water to drive away the uncontrollable masses," Signorina Asso reportedly declared during this year's carnival, "but not so much to damage any monuments."

The emphasis on so-called quality tourism has led to charges that some people would like to build a dike of money around Venice and convert the Serenissima into a sort of rich man's Disneyland, with admission limited to an élite with enough credit cards to foot the bills. The battle lines on this issue, as on so many others, have been drawn for decades, and everyone seems to have his own views on the subject. "We've studied these problems for a hundred years, and we do nothing," the owner of a bookstore in San Marco told me one day. When I quoted him to another Venetian acquaintance of mine, however, the latter disagreed. "It is not that we do nothing," he said. "If we wish to go forward, however, we have to study our past, because we have had all these problems before. If we become exasperated, it is because outsiders cannot understand—they are not Venetians."

There is even comfort to be derived, I discovered, from the political gridlock that has immobilized every rescue

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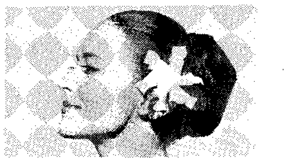

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effort. "Ecology-consciousness has been much raised in the past few years," Paolo Rosa Salva informed me one morning in the local office of Italia Nostra. "Now there are several magazines specializing in ecology, and they are widely read. The fact that nothing has been done is good, in a way, because at least nothing terrible has been done."

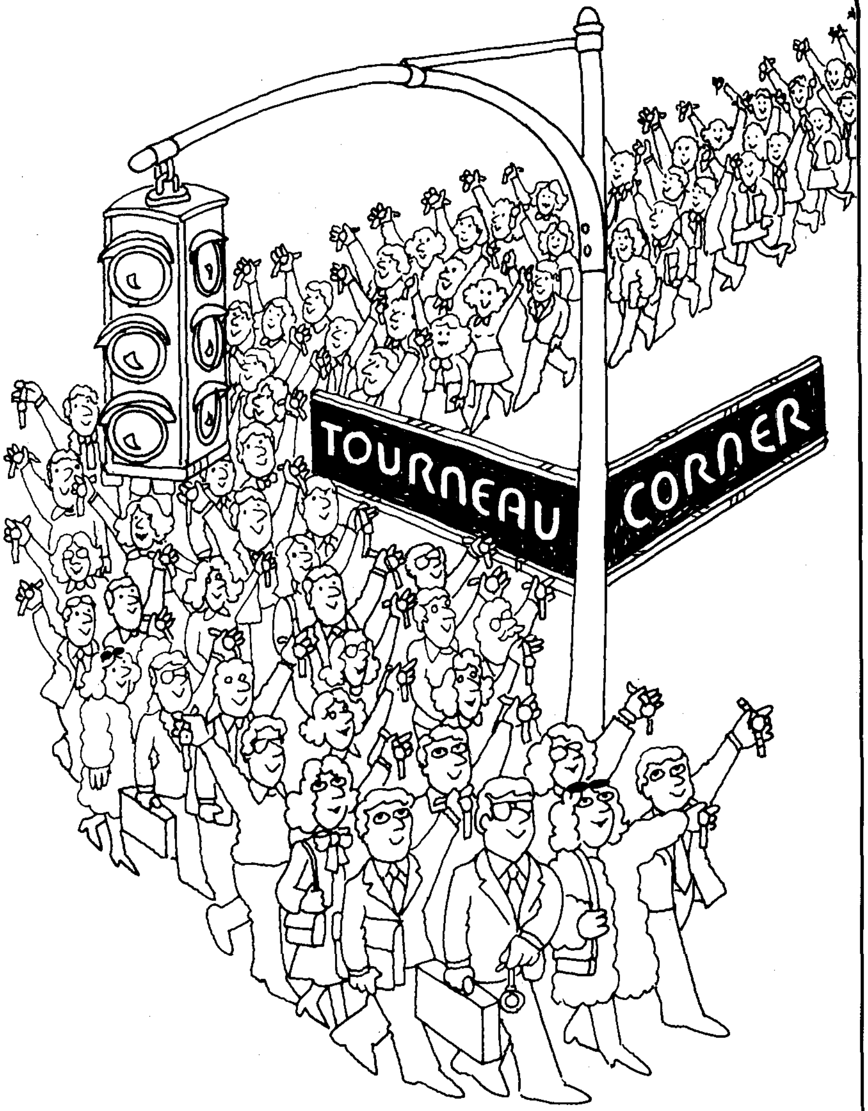
THE glacial pace of Venetian life is also reflected in the way the city has tackled the preservation and restoration of its great monuments. It took fifteen years to refurbish the Ca' d'Oro, one of the most beautiful and famous palaces on the Grand Canal. When it was finally reopened to the public, a couple of years ago, the occasion received nationwide attention and was preceded by a press conference presided over by Francesco Valcanover, the Superintendent of Fine Arts and the expert in charge of the work, who declared that, quite apart from the important art on display inside, the Ca' d'Oro itself was a treasure, because of its physical beauty and because it had "conserved intact its character as a Venetian house."

The Ca' d'Oro was built between 1420 and 1440 for the Contarini family and has long been considered an outstanding example of fifteenth-century Venetian architecture. It is basically Gothic in conception but stylistically inspired—in all its elaborate decorative touches—by the pointed arches and slender minarets of Byzantium. After being passed down over the centuries from one celebrated Venetian name to another and simultaneously allowed to decay, the palazzo was acquired in the late nineteenth century by Baron Giorgio Franchetti, a Piedmontese Maecenas, who restored the building and converted part of it into an art gallery for his private collection of paintings by Mantegna, Guardi, Vivarini, the Bellinis, Filippo Lippi, Giorgione, Titian, and Van Dyck, and also of sculptures, ancient bronzes, mosaics, precious carpets, and tapestries. The Baron deeded everything to the City of Venice in 1915. He committed suicide seven years later, and his ashes now rest under a commemorative stone in the courtyard. A number of observers at the reopening commented on the length of time it had taken to restore the Ca' d'Oro, and one visiting art critic quipped that the Baron had probably killed himself in despair over the apparent indifference of the Venetian government to his gift.

Much of the fifteen years during which the treasures of the Ca' d'Oro were barred to public view was devoted to haggling over bureaucratic procedures and digging up the several billion lire needed to complete the work. Another recently opened exhibit, inside the Palazzo Ducale, also took several years to prepare, and it provides such a fascinating glimpse into the backstage life of the republic that one wonders what could have taken the authorities so long to get around to mounting it. Now open to inspection is a hidden warren of small rooms and prison cells—linked by narrow corridors, steep staircases, and secret entrances—where the real day-to-day business of the Serenissima was transacted. The formal affairs of state were conducted in the open—in the ducal quarters, the luxurious reception rooms, and the Great Council Chamber familiar to millions of casual visitors—but the dazzling façade hid a humbler and darker reality. Here are the private offices of the secretaries, lawyers, prosecutors, registrars, notaries, and other civil servants; the archives, the kitchens, the storerooms, the armories; the frighteningly intimate chambers where the Council of Ten and the three robed judges of the State Inquisition debated the fate of their charges; the torture room, where the wretched suspects were painfully interrogated; the tiny rooftop cells called the Leads, freezing in winter and stifling in summer, where the more eminent prisoners, including Giacomo Casanova, were housed. And throughout, scattered casually over the walls and ceilings of the main halls, can be seen frescoes by Veronese and others, as well as a pair of tremendous triptychs painted between 1500 and 1505 by Hieronymus Bosch. The tour, by reservation only and limited to groups of no more than twenty-five at a time, has been brilliantly conceived and painstakingly researched; it is an absolutely essential experience for anyone more than casually interested in the terrifying humdrum realities of history.

Since the *acqua alta* of 1966, which served at least to focus world attention on the plight of Venice, much of the restoration and preservation of the city's cornucopia of wonders has been financed and carried out by private organizations working under the tax-exempt auspices of UNESCO. One of the first steps taken was the immediate creation in the United States of a number of rescue committees, which for some years solicited contributions for the seemingly endless work. Over two billion lire were spent in Venice by American organizations on all sorts of projects, from repairing the roofs, bell towers, and interiors of damaged churches and the structures of celebrated palazzi to restoring frescoes, paintings, and sculptures (such as Donatello's wooden statue of John the Baptist, and Titian's Assumption of the Virgin in the Frari Church) and contributing to the salaries of the expert craftsmen involved. Today, the task has largely been taken over by various Italian organizations and private donors, but much remains to be done and the results are not always satisfactory. A number of business concerns, for example, have bought famous old palazzi and restored them for their own private use without opening them to public view. An American artist named Sally Spector, a trim, energetic young woman who spends much of her time working on various public and private projects here, acknowledges that it is sometimes difficult to deal with the red tape that enshrouds every initiative, and that too often plans tend to sink in a swamp of talk. Nevertheless, she remains resolutely sanguine about the future of the Serenissima. "One of the most beautiful aspects of life here is the unswerving devotion the city instills in those who care about her," she said recently. "I often hear foreigners ask what would Venice have done without us, but they never think what the world would be without Venice."

Not long ago, the Italian publishing house of Longanesi reprinted, forty years after its first appearance, a book entitled "Agenti Segreti a Venezia, 1705-1797," edited by Giovanni Comisso, a scholar who had come across the material while visiting the State Archives of Venice during the winter of 1940. What he found were the detailed reports and comments submitted by local spies and paid informers of the republic during the last century of its existence. They provided a complete picture, Comisso noted, of "Venetian life in the seventeen-hundreds, with so many tiny and gossipy particulars as to supply what amounted to a photographic documentation, even in color, of life during that period." The book, with its depiction of a decadent police state and its host of lickspittles, soon ran into trouble with the Fascist censors, but it has been reissued several times and has now become a minor classic of its kind. This is



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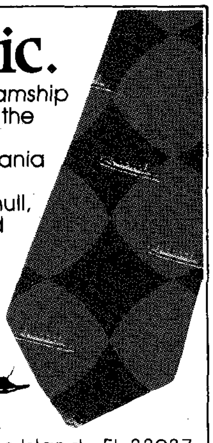

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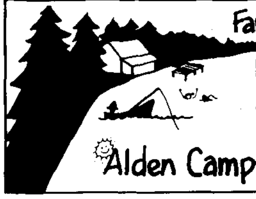

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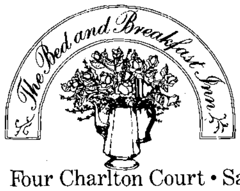
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because the people recruited by the state inquisitors to keep tabs on their fellow-citizens were not professionals but simply local hangers-on, most of whom had nothing better to do with their time than gossip colorfully and viciously about their neighbors. One of them, for a while, was Casanova, who at the end of his life—old, tired, and starving—humbly offered his paid services. His reports are characterized by an excess of unctuous moralizing on the scandalous behavior of his compatriots, but apparently the Venetian magistrates read them with a distrustful eye. Casanova was himself simultaneously spied upon, and the pages devoted to his activities reveal him as an impenitent heretic, still devoted to seduction and the gaming tables.

The Serenissima recruited her informers from every stratum of society, in every quarter of the city, and nothing escaped their vigilant senses. No detail, no incident, no compromising phrase went unnoted. Every major and minor transgression is reported, with illuminating comments on appearance, behavior, expressions, tones of voice, gestures, postures, circumstances—all the details to make up a series of the sort of delicious genre pictures painted by Pietro Longhi. As the years passed and the republic sank deeper and deeper into inertia, decadence, and squalor—with the Jacobin winds already blowing coldly through the *calli*, and Napoleon looming larger in the background of the city's long, last *carnevale*—the inquisitive, brilliant, witty, malicious, fascinating Venetians kept right on sticking their noses into each other's business and talking, talking, talking. Luckily for the rest of us, they have never stopped.

—WILLIAM MURRAY

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BRAVE NEW WORLD DEPARTMENT

[*Instructions accompanying a word-processing program from Mark of the Unicorn*]

When the Auto-Correct option on the Correct/Spell menu reads "on", that means that automatic correction is *now off*. If it reads "off", that means automatic correction is *now on*. This will be changed in version 2.01, as many people have found it confusing.

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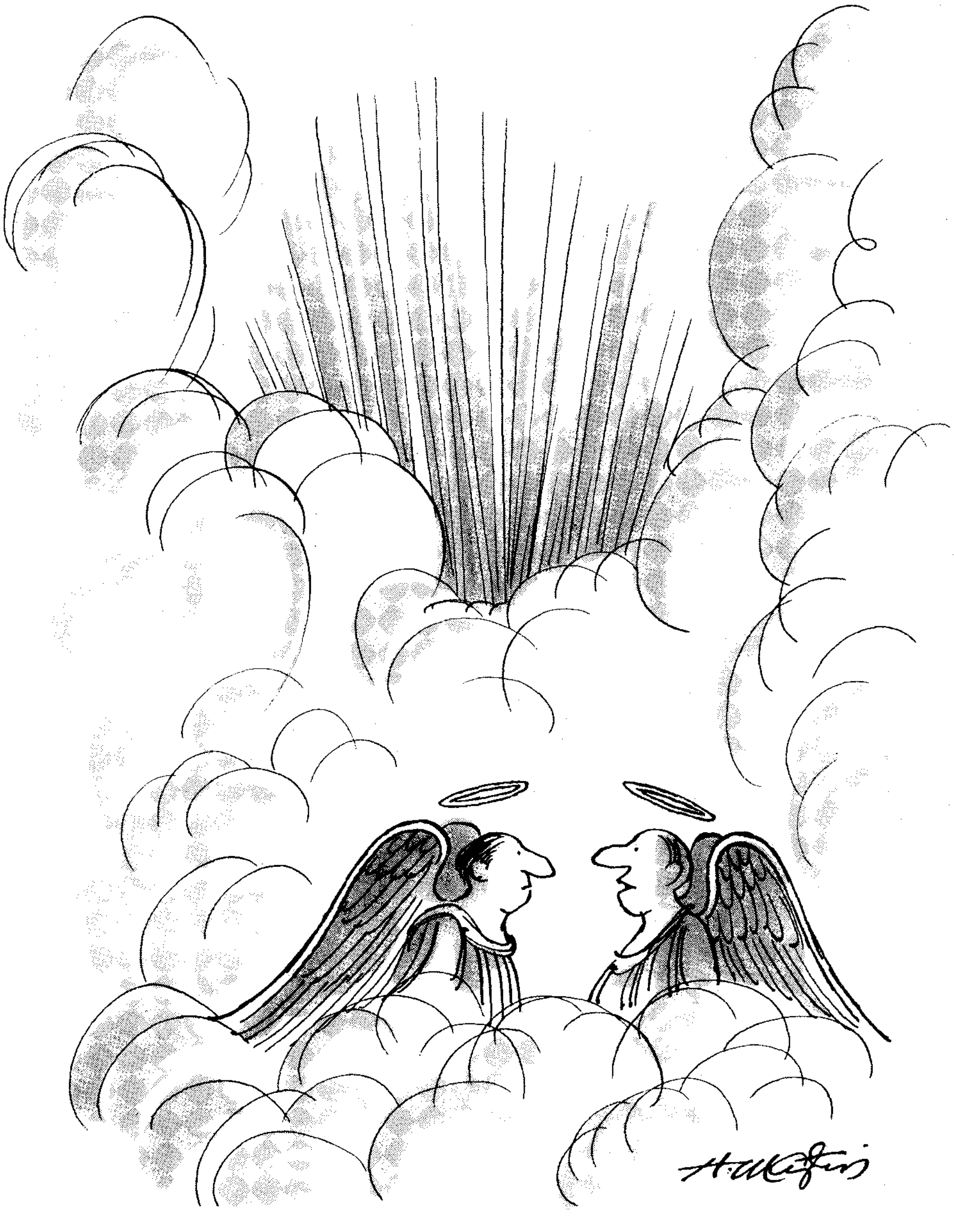
THE THEATRE

Unhappy Tyrones

BECAUSE I have so little regard for most of O'Neill's plays, and especially for those hallowed late plays of his—"A Moon for the Misbegotten," "The Iceman Cometh," and "A Touch of the Poet"—I am relieved to have a chance to repeat my opinion that "Long Day's Journey Into Night" is the finest play written in English in my lifetime. The three other plays I've mentioned show the ill and aging writer at his worst, inventing plots that Boucicault would have been ashamed to perpetrate, and employing a literary false-eloquent Irish lingo that even Synge, with his gentlemanly mishearing of peasant speech, would have had little stomach for. I have held this high opinion of "Long Day" ever since the opening night of the first production of the play in this country, just under thirty years ago. (For the satisfaction it gives me to mention their names, I may note that the cast included Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Jason Robards, Jr., and Bradford Dillman.) I have seen many versions of "Long Day" over the years, and it is sometimes the case that to the relief I feel in being able to praise the play itself is added the pleasure of praising a particular production of the play. Which is what I do now, in respect to the production that has just arrived at the Broadhurst, directed by Jonathan Miller and starring Jack Lemmon.

The production has been described in the press as controversial, and if this shopworn adjective will help the play at the box office I am prepared to make tendentious use of it, but the production deserves to be a hit on its own serious and highly professional terms. "Controversial" implies messing about with a classic, and nothing of the kind has happened here. Mr. Miller has shortened the time it takes to perform the play by encouraging the actors to overlap one another's lines; he has done so, and very successfully, in order to heighten the verisimilitude of those incessant bouts of family bickering which make up the body of the play and both illuminate and disguise its theme. It is a theme radically at odds with the seeming intentions of the plot, which might be coarsely summed up as "That poor woman! With a houseful of drunken, no-good men to look after, no wonder she's a drug addict." On the contrary, and despite the plot, the theme is that women are murderously destructive by nature and men are in constant peril of not surviving their machinations. Mr. Miller has seen that the chief figure of the play is Mary Tyrone, and not James Tyrone, and Mr. Lemmon has courageously and with great subtlety consented to this view of the matter. Nor does he suffer in our eyes the least loss of presence by doing so. When he plays James Tyrone as, in effect, a straight man to Bethel Leslie as Mary Tyrone, we are never for a moment unaware that he is indeed—and deservedly—the star we have come to observe and be enchanted by; he serves the work and the audience with a grace that becomes a felt presence both inside and outside the action taking place onstage.

Miss Leslie plays Mary Tyrone with a thinness of voice and a flatness of tone that Mr. Miller (who is, after all, a physician) may have clinical reasons to believe successfully imitate the voice and tone of a drug addict; in any event, they prove irritating and so cause us to feel even less sympathy for the tyranny that the ineradicable, maudlin narcissism of Mrs. Tyrone (oh, the beautiful hair and hands she had, the exceptional talent for music she had, the perfect father she had!) imposes on her hapless husband and sons. It is not enough that she has driven them all to drink, as the old phrase goes; significantly, she encourages the dim-witted Irish maid of all work to get drunk as well. In this



"About all I can remember of the whole experience is: I liked Ike, I loved New York, and I bought Buick."

production, the celebrated words with which she ends the play—"Yes, I remember. I fell in love with James Tyrone and was so happy for a time"—are pronounced like a sentence of death upon him, and we forgive Mr. Miller for permitting Mr. Lemmon to utter a groan upon hearing them. Nevertheless, it is a temptation that ought to have been resisted: the groan is not in the published text of the play, and gives the play back to James Tyrone after Mr. Miller has spent the evening encouraging us to perceive that it isn't his play at all.

Peter Gallagher and Kevin Spacey are admirable as Edmund (a mirroring of the young Eugene O'Neill) and James Tyrone, Jr. (a mirroring of James O'Neill, Jr., who slipped miserably out of life in his forties). Their harrowing emotional and physical battering of each other late in the second act is the high moment of this production of the play. It comes close to being unbearable, and once again it is Lemmon who, in striking a note of tenderhearted valedictory ineptitude, assuages our distress: what is to be done in family life but to go on?

The setting, a gloomy summer cottage looking out upon the fog of Long Island Sound, is by Tony Straiges; the costumes are by Willa Kim; and the lighting is by Richard Nelson, who skillfully conveys James Tyrone's parsimonious reluctance to turn on so much as a single forty-watt bulb too many.

It will be merciful to devote but a paragraph or so to "The Boys in Autumn," a two-person play by Bernard Sabath (at the Circle in the Square). In a program note, Mr. Sabath implies that he considers it proof of a lively imagination to wonder what becomes of the characters in a novel that one has read. The exact opposite is, of course, the case: a lively imagination takes delight in apprehending that nothing whatever can or should happen to the characters in a novel when the last sentence of the last chapter has been set down. Acting on his misguided notion of what a work of fiction is, Mr. Sabath has had the vulgar audacity to write a play about a meeting between Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer in late middle age. The setting (by Michael Miller) is a bluff above the Mississippi River, not far from Hannibal—nothing peculiar about that—but the time is the nineteen-twenties, and that makes no sense whatever. In their youth, Tom and

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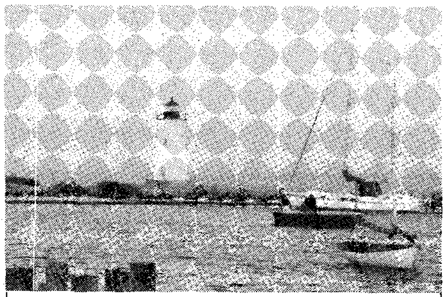

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Huck befriended (and were befriended by) a slave, which is to say that their youth was spent in some period of time before the Civil War. To be alive in the nineteen-twenties requires them to be approaching their eighties, and the author has failed to indicate this; instead, he has them executing a soft-shoe dance and reminiscing over their separate pasts, which turn out to feature wife murder in Huck's case and child molestation in Tom's.

The two distinguished actors who have incomprehensibly lent themselves to this theatrical impertinence are George C. Scott and John Cullum. The direction is by Theodore Mann.

THE best new musical of the season is an old musical, "Sweet Charity" (at the Minskoff), brilliantly restored to life by Bob Fosse. His colleagues include Neil Simon, who wrote the book; Cy Coleman, who wrote the music; the late Dorothy Fields, who wrote the lyrics (filled with rhymes far cleverer than the thuggishly illiterate near-miss rhymes we are obliged to put up with today); and Robert Randolph, who designed the scenery and lighting, undiminished in their chic exuberance after twenty years. The costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt. The star of the show is Debbie Allen, who is a fiery particle of exceptional energy and winsomeness. There are many unexpected consolations in this world; I appear to have missed Halley's comet, but at least I haven't missed Debbie Allen. And to think that she is on Broadway, and not somewhere high in the sky over New Zealand! Let us count our blessings.

SPEAKING of blessings, John Guare's funny and sad and heartless and sentimental comedy "The House of Blue Leaves," which Edith Oliver has already saluted with just praise in this department, has established itself at the Vivian Beaumont, where it is sure to enjoy a long run. Why not go to it two or three times a year for the next decade or so? It will keep you feeling happy until you fall over. That's the Guare principle in a nutshell, and where else would any sensible person choose to look for a Guare principle? —BRENDAN GILL

•

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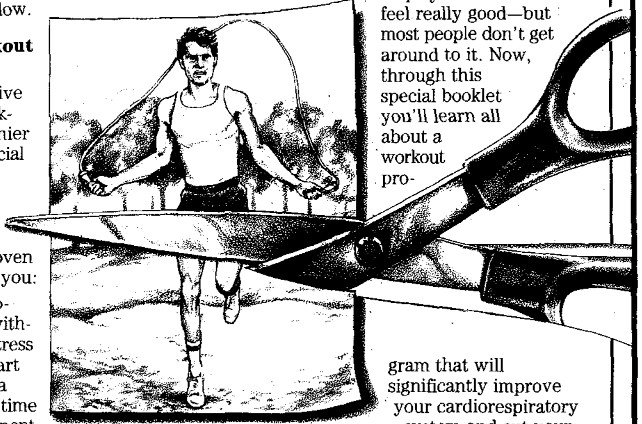

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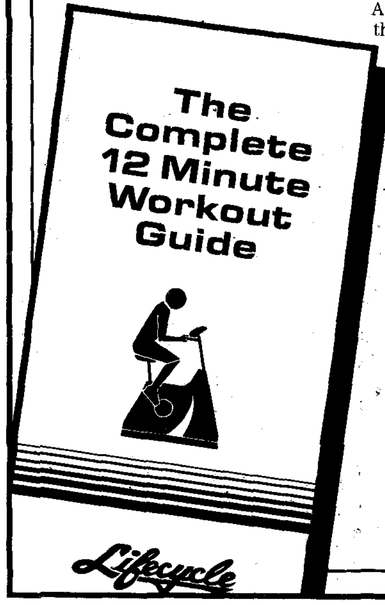
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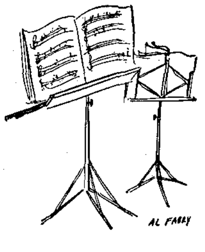
MUSICAL EVENTS

Nurstling of the Graces

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PERGOLESI, who died at the age of twenty-six, two hundred and fifty years ago, had a modest six-year career during which he composed six operas—four serious, two comic—and two intermezzos, all but one of them for Naples. Later, he became internationally famous. His Stabat Mater, first printed in London in 1749, was the work most often published in the eighteenth century; Bach was among those who made new arrangements of it. Pergolesi's two-character intermezzo "La Serva Padrona" was carried throughout Europe by touring Italian troupes. Played by one of them at the Paris Opera in 1752, between the acts of Lully's "Acis et Galatée," it lit the fuse for the celebrated Querelle des Bouffons: an argument about Italian opera versus French, about easy entertainment versus artistic earnestness, about (if that formulation seems tendentious) the superiority of natural, heart-easing lyric song to elaborate, aspiring, difficult music. The war was waged fiercely, and hundreds of sharp-tongued polemical pamphlets were discharged before French opera, both serious and comic, carried the field when Rameau's "Castor et Pollux" and "Platée" were revived, in 1754, and the Italian troupe departed. Today, the Querelle des Bouffons is sometimes dismissed as shrill Parisian intellectual cackle, which could have been resolved with the sensible observation that the world has room for more than one kind of music. But some of the grounds on which the disputants took their stand are still in dispute. Although the nationalistic issues have long since faded, echoes of the Querelle sound on when champions of a contemporary music that presents to the public no problems of first-time understanding (say, David Del Tredici's, Olivier Messiaen's) decry the practice of composers more challenging (Elliott Carter, Pierre Boulez).

Pergolesi's posthumous reputation grew swiftly. Back in 1742, the year of "Messiah," when Thomas Gray attended the opera "Olimpiade" at the King's "two nights did I enjoy it all alone, snugg in a Nook in the Gallery, but found no one in those regions had ever heard of Pergolesi." By 1760, Oliver Goldsmith could write that "musicians seem agreed in making only three principal schools in music; namely, the schools of Pergolese in Italy, of Lully in France, and of Handel in England." Stefano Arteaga, in his famous history (1785), called Pergolesi "the Raphael and Virgil of music." Burney devoted pages of his famous history (1789) to this "child of taste and elegance, and nurstling of the Graces," who "had perhaps more energy of genius, and a finer *tact*, than any of his predecessors," who wrote works "in which the clearness, simplicity, truth, and sweetness of expression, justly entitle him to supremacy over all his predecessors and cotemporary rivals," who was "the principal polisher of a style of composition both for the church and stage which has been constantly cultivated by his successors, and which, at the distance of half a century from the short period in which he flourished, still reigns throughout Europe." That year, Grétry exclaimed in his memoirs, "Pergolesi was born, and the truth became known." There was a demand for more of his music. Publishers and copyists met it by affixing his name to the music of others. Burney had already questioned the authorship of some trio sonatas ascribed to Pergolesi. About half the melodies Stravinsky used in his ballet "after Pergolesi," "Pulcinella," have now been assigned to other composers; so have the well-loved, oft-recorded arias "Se tu m'ami" and "Tre giorni son che Nina." A Pergolesi Opera Omnia appeared in 1939-42; in its twenty-six volumes more than twenty different composers are represented, and about one work in five is by Pergolesi. The libraries of the world contain about three hundred and thirty compositions attributed to Pergolesi; some thirty-six of them are by, or possibly by, Pergolesi. I draw these figures—and the Arteaga and Grétry quotations—from Barry Brook's article on the composer in the March *Musical Times*. Nine years ago, a Pergolesi Research Center, directed by Professor Brook, was founded at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York. Its linked aims are research, promotion of performances, and publication. The first volume of a new Complete Works, containing the opera seria "Adriano in Siria," edited by Dale Monson, has appeared, and "Adriano," along with its original intermezzo, "Livietta e Tracollo," was staged last year at the Florence Maggio Musicale. Ingenious, elegant techniques have been devised for distinguishing the genuine from the misattributed, autographs from copies, and the genealogy of copies descended from copies. The proceedings of a conference held in 1983 in Jesi, the composer's birthplace, have been published as the first number of *Studi Pergolesiani/Pergolesi Studies*. (Mr. Monson's contributions range beyond Pergolesi and have a general bearing on the performance of eighteenth-century recitative.) The second number is to contain the proceedings of a busy two-day Pergolesi conference held at the City University last month.



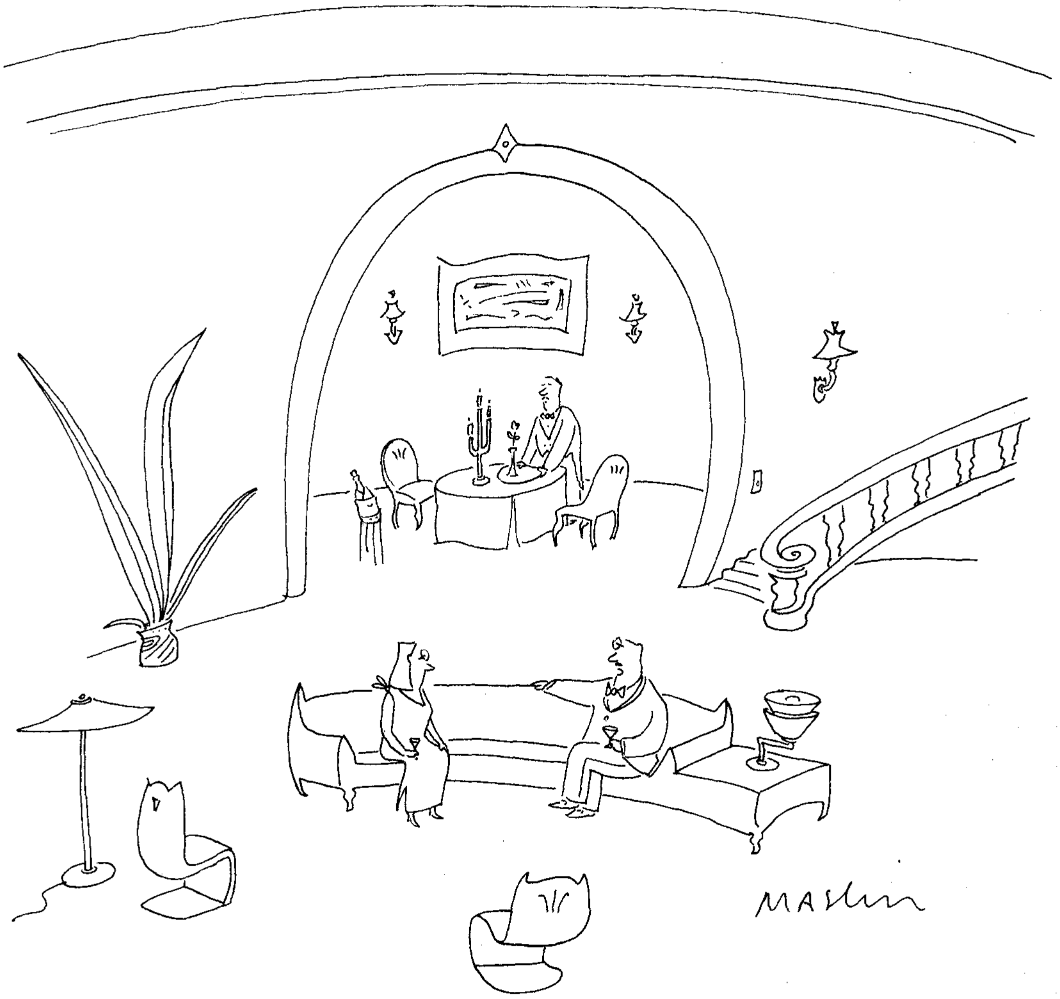
A composer whose record has been so thoroughly ravelled offers plenty of scope for scholarly lint-picking. At the conference, Evan Owens distinguished nicely between seven different English reworkings of "La Serva Padrona" played in London between 1758 and 1783, to which Stephen Storace, Charles Dibdin, and Samuel Arnold made contributions. But there is still plenty to learn about Pergolesi himself. Francesco Degrada's confrontation of the Stabat Mater with Bach's "parody" thereof, as a setting of Psalm 51, shed light on both composers. Now that the winnowing has been done, we must hear more of Pergolesi's music and discover whether the eighteenth century rated him rightly, and whether—like the composers Leonardo Vinci and Antonio Caldara—he has something individual and valuable to offer late-twentieth-century listeners. Only the Stabat Mater and "La Serva Padrona" are at all familiar. (A recording of "Adriano," in a maimed text, with a baritone in the soprano title role, taken from a 1980 French Radio performance, is available on the Voce label; it has its high moments.) A Pergolesi concert given during the New York conference, and directed by Albert Fuller, presented an attractive violin sonata, a more arresting cello sonata, the cantata "Segreto Tormento," and two pieces that Burney singled out: the Salve Regina and the "celebrated cantata of Orpheus and Euridice." The soprano, Rachel Rosales, had a pleasing, steady voice but was insufficiently communicative. She didn't address the words, urgently, to her small audience, or sing reprises with free, spontaneous inventions. But there was beauty in the Salve Regina and, in the Orpheus cantata, drama of a kind that made one eager to hear the opere serie.

A League-ISCM concert in Symphony Space earlier this season began with Judith Weir's "King Harald's Saga" (1979), a three-act grand opera in miniature, with nine characters, which includes narratives, recitatives, five arias, a duet, and a chorus, and is written to be dispatched by a single soprano, unaccompanied, in ten minutes or so. It is a witty and brilliant piece of compression, a tour de force on the composer's part which can also be one for the interpreter. Jane Manning, for whom it was written, sang it in Symphony Space three years ago. At the League concert, the soloist was Christine Schadeberg, and I thought her even more vivid and various. She took rather more time over it than the composer suggests—about seventeen minutes rather than "just under ten"—and that enabled the taut, striking little numbers to be shaped surely.

Eliza Garth and Jonathan Haas played David Chaitkin's "Scattering Dark and Bright" (1979), for piano and percussion—a lushly attractive and vital work, with long lines of melody that sweep through rippling textures. Miss Garth introduced George Benjamin's "Sortilèges" (1981) to New York. This two-movement piano fantasy casts its spells securely—Messiaenic magic without the insistent, repetitive emphases of the older master. It is fresh, beautifully constructed, harmonically bewitching, and sensitively written for the instrument. Benjamin, born in 1960, became known at the age of twenty, when his "Ringed by the Flat Horizon" was played at the London Proms. Three captivatingly intelligent and inventive piano studies—"Meditation on Haydn's Name," "Relativity Rag," and "Fantasy on Iambic Rhythm" (1982-85)—have just been published, by Faber. Benjamin played them at a London Sinfonietta concert earlier this year.

Criticism is a parasitical profession, but some parasites are not solely harmful. An enthusiast flourishing, like mistletoe, on some life-giving branch, new or old, of music's great tree may help to draw the public's attention to sustenance it would otherwise miss. In less metaphorical terms: one joy of a critic's life is being able to follow—with the intentness possible to someone whose job it is to attend concerts by night and study music by day—the progress of composers who mean much to him. Benjamin's music is a new, exhilarating addition to life. That of Alexander Goehr, now Professor of Music at Cambridge University (where he taught Benjamin), has accompanied me for many years. Goehr's works have been slow to cross the Atlantic; it is fourteen years since I heard the noble Piano Concerto, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation for Daniel Barenboim to play, and twenty-four since I heard the adventurous Violin Concerto; I have not heard his latest opera, "Behold the Sun," produced last year by the Deutsche Oper am Rhein. Goehr was nursery-soaked in Schoenberg and exposed early to Messiaen and Boulez. He found his own way by the strong light of Beethoven. He has never been a splashy composer. His works have evinced a care for traditional formal decency that tempers and toughens any extravagant lyrical impulses. Unbridled music can be exciting but is satisfying only when a genius has let go the reins. Disciplined music like Goehr's, with passion unconcealed but distilled, lasts well.

Miss Garth shared a recital in Merkin Hall in February with three string players: Cyrus Stevens, violin; Lois Martin, viola; and Sarah Carter, cello. The big works were Brahms' C-Minor Piano Quartet and Goehr's Piano Trio, Opus 20, first heard at the 1966 Bath Festival. The trio is one of Goehr's high achievements—a work of charged forms, taut harmony, and precise, intimate utterance. The first movement is a set of variations, each



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of them (as the composer says in a program note) "a little character piece on its own," which form a coherent, logical, and exciting sequence. The second movement is a slow, rapt aria in which the melody passes from voice to voice, delicately accompanied, and the three players seem to be joined in one long, beautiful thought. The trio prepared the way for Goehr's Second String Quartet, Opus 23 (1967), which begins with even richer variations and ends with a *Heiliger Dankgesang*.

David Froom's Piano Quartet, dedicated to Miss Garth, had its first performance. It is an engaging piece—well planned, succinct, warmly felt, and decisively written. Mario Davidovsky's elegantly wrought Chacona (1973), for piano trio—fascinating, difficult, widely spaced music (there is a good CRI recording)—completed a program of excellent, varied chamber music, played with ardor, intelligence, and fine technical accomplishment.

SPECTRUM, a distinguished contemporary-music ensemble from Europe, conducted by Guy Protheroe, made its first New York appearance last month, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The concert was part of a short American tour (Hartford, New York, Buffalo, and Albany). It began with Elliott Carter's "Riconoscenza," played by Irvine Arditti, the leader of the Arditti Quartet (which, as a component of Spectrum, was also making its New York début; three days before the Hartford concert, the Arditti had played Carter's three string quartets in London). In the resonant spaces of St. John the Divine, the five minutes of violin rhapsody soared and sang. John Marlow Rhys, whose "Two Portraits" followed, is a young British composer, whose music I had read about but not heard. The portraits are contrasted: animus and anima, yang and yin—one assertive, the other gentle and winning. The first movement begins with violent piano writing; the second unfolds in soft, trilling textures. The forces are flute, clarinet, string quartet, and piano. Anthony Payne's "The Song Streams in the Firmament," composed for the Spectrum tour, is a sixteen-minute song for clarinet, accompanied by string quartet and double-bass. The song—the composer explained—pours without constraint as if from someone who knows that death is near. It is an ecstatic, lyrical composition, but not formless. The work begins *misterioso* and moves to an *alla danza* section; then the first song returns in an extended, wilder, more passionate form. David Campbell, an eloquent clarinettist, brought a wonderful range of timbres and dynamics to this unusual piece. Iannis Xenakis is a specialty of the Arditti Quartet, which has made a dazzling record of his string compositions (British RCA)—music I don't understand but find exciting. Part of the excitement comes from hearing the players meet apparently impossible technical demands. The first part of the Spectrum concert closed with Xenakis's string trio "Ikhoor" (ichor, the fluid that runs in godly veins); in a live performance the virtuoso physical impact of the piece was even more striking.

The second half consisted of two American works, also written specially for the tour: Michael Gordon's "Acid Rain" and James Sellars' "Return of the Comet," both of them for flute, clarinet, string quartet, double-bass, and electronic keyboard (played by Yvar Mikhashoff). There is a kind of modern music, unintellectual, diatonic, repetitive, busily figured, that means little to me. Gordon's piece was, however, less brutal, less primitive, and more concise than his "Thou Shalt/Thou Shalt Not." Sellars' piece was looser, rambling: it included episodes in Mendelssohnian, English-pastoral (or wandering-woodwind-solo), and Sousa veins.

The cathedral was an odd venue for such a concert. About fifty people clustered beneath the crossing, in the largest Gothic church in the world. It was very cold. Mr. Campbell's clarinet tones took wing, as Mr. Arditti's violin tones had done, but the Gordon and Sellars works lost any punchiness.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

BLOCK THOSE METAPHORS!

[*From the Newark Star-Ledger*]

"And all it takes is one mistake. Once the monkey wrench is thrown in, they are going to be back at square one.

"They're going to have to circle their wagons and cover their legal and procedural bottoms," Picco said.

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1:00 (5) (8) (13) MOVIE: 'FIRST AFFAIR' A naive freshman drifts into an affair with the husband of the child for whom she is babysitting. Melissa Sue Anderson, Loretta Swit, Joel Higgins. 1983.

—*Family Happiness TV Schedule.*

Who says there are no new plots?

THE ART WORLD

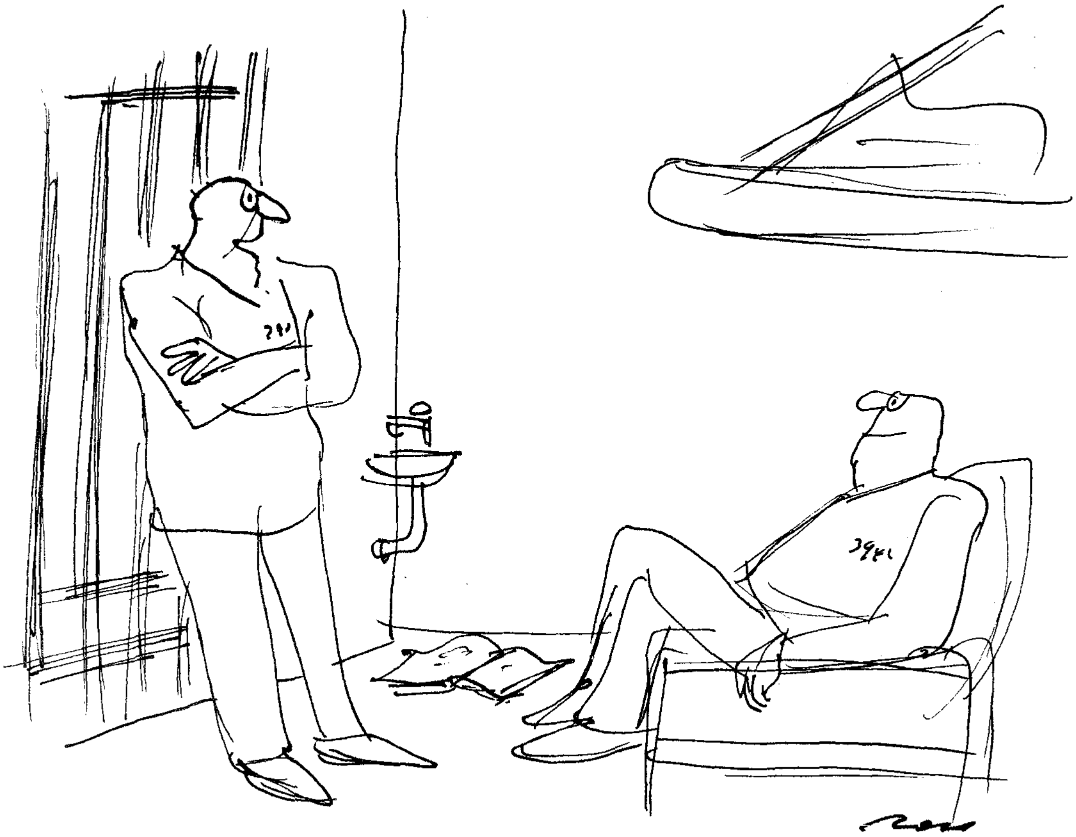
Real and Unreal

MERE chance brought the Eric Fischl show to the Whitney Museum at the same time as the Alex Katz retrospective. (The Fischl closes May 11th; the Katz remains through June 15th.) Organized last year by the Mendel Art Gallery in Saskatoon, Canada, the Fischl show, which had been travelling here and abroad, was supposed to have made its New York appearance at the ill-fated contemporary-art museum that Edward R. Broida, a California real-estate millionaire, was preparing to open in a renovated bakery building in SoHo. Construction delays and other problems caused Broida to cancel his exhibition schedule (he has since abandoned the SoHo project entirely and gone back to California), but the Whitney found room in its exhibition schedule for the Fischl show—not surprisingly, since Fischl has emerged in the last two years as one of the hottest young artists on the international gallery scene. It was great fun to compare the reactions of people looking at Katz's paintings, on the fourth floor, with those of people looking at Fischl's, two flights down. Contented sighs of pleasure above; furrowed brows, furtive looks, earnest scrutiny of the less provocative areas of the paintings below. The two shows certainly demonstrate the wide range of American realist painting, in which there is such a resurgence of interest right now.

Although Alex Katz has been showing in New York since 1954, he was thought of until recently as a peripheral figure—a painter you couldn't ignore but one who was hard to place. Clearly influenced by Abstract Expressionism in his early work, he insisted nevertheless on painting the human face and figure at a time (the nineteen-fifties) when even de Kooning's famous "woman" paintings were accused of being *retardataire*. In the sixties, Katz's pictures lost the rough, gestural look of Abstract Expressionism and took on a clean, bright, stripped-down stylishness that owed something to Pop Art and something to billboards and advertising design—the "optic flash" of commercial art, as the writer Edwin Denby put it—but his subject matter remained the same: portraits of friends and of his wife and son; New York rooms with groups of people in them; outdoor scenes painted in Maine, where he has a summer home. The pleasure that these pictures give is immediate and uncomplicated—so much so that Katz's originality is often taken for granted. Many of them are very large, the faces bigger than life. His color is both strong and subtle, his paint smoothly and impersonally applied. Katz's radical suppression of detail (his own adaptation of sixties minimalism) makes everybody look young and physically flawless; there are no wrinkles, no sagging flesh on these poster-perfect faces and bodies. He uses the human figure as a compositional device in paintings that are about as close to abstraction as it is possible to get while using recognizable imagery. Individual features are identifiable, though, and in nearly every painting the fall of light on objects and people is highly specific as to the time of day, the season of the year, and the particular setting.

There is a sureness and a lilt to Katz's paintings which make the viewer feel good about them. Here is an artist who knows precisely what he wants, and who goes about his work with high intelligence and good humor. "I'd like to have style take the place of content, or the style be the content," he said not long ago. He is not a bit interested in social comment or psychological insights. His subjects are simply pretexts for picture-making; Katz uses them because he decided early in his career that he had to "go with what I saw, the objective world," but his use of them is purely pictorial.

With Eric Fischl, on the other hand, we are in the presence of a moralist. A really good moralist is a rarity in visual art—Daumier set the standard here, and he has not yet been seriously challenged. It is too early to tell whether Fischl can become a good one. He does not paint very well as yet; his pictures, with their dry, impatiently brushed surfaces, look better in reproduction than they do in the original. But a moralizing passion clearly underlies each of them, and it is what makes viewers so uncomfortable. At the age of thirty-eight, Fischl has it in for contemporary affluent, middle-class American society. He likes to take a



"Who was it said 'Laws were made to be broken'?"

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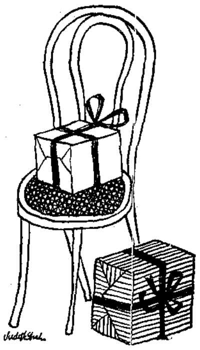
viewer by the scruff of the neck, direct his gaze toward some fairly disagreeable goings on, and say, in effect, "This is *your* life."

The first three pictures in the Whitney show were, at first glance, virtually pornographic. "Sleepwalker" (1979), Fischl's breakthrough painting, the one that led him into his current, inquisitorial mode, shows a naked adolescent boy standing in a child's wading pool masturbating. In "Bad Boy" (1981), what could be the same adolescent, clothed, his back to the viewer, contemplates a mature naked woman lying on a rumpled bed, her legs splayed wide apart; with one hand he reaches behind his back to grope inside the woman's purse, which lies open on a table. "Birthday Boy" (1983) has in the foreground a somewhat more opulently mature woman, lying nude on a hotel bed with one leg raised, her gaze directed toward what is probably a television set off to the right, out of the picture; beyond her, also nude, lying across the bed and eying the woman, is the ubiquitous male adolescent. Various explanations have been advanced for the narrative content of "Bad Boy" and "Birthday Boy"—none seems required for "Sleepwalker"—but the real subject of all three pictures is clear enough. What is most striking is the treatment of that subject—the light, so to speak, in which the adolescent's discovery of sexuality is depicted. In each case, that light is pitiless, unpleasant, and disturbing. The tacky and impersonal surroundings, the absence of any direct human contact, the "pallid yet harsh colors" (as the art historian Robert Rosenblum aptly described them in a recent, admiring essay on Fischl), and the composition that places the viewer in the position of a somewhat prurient voyeur all suggest that we are to take the scene as a negative object lesson: if this is how young boys come of age in our culture, then we are in big trouble.



Other Fischl pictures are more ambiguous, in ways that pique the onlooker's interest. What on earth is going on, for example, in the 1981 painting called "A Woman Possessed"? A pretty young woman lies unconscious on the ground, on her back, one arm flung out alongside her head. She has on slacks and a white polo shirt, and she is surrounded by five dogs, three of whom nuzzle and lick at her. Behind her are a bicycle and a station wagon, on whose open tailgate a sixth dog lies watching. In the foreground at right, a young boy—older than the one in "Sleepwalker" (I'd guess he is about fourteen)—similarly dressed in jeans and a white shirt, grasps her under the knees in an attempt to move the body. Two of the dogs on the ground look across at him with bared teeth, snarling. Also visible in the foreground are a pile of paperback books and notebooks (his schoolbooks?) and an empty tumbler lying on its side. Did the car hit the woman? Apparently not, since there is no sign of blood or dented metal. Is she drunk? Passed out? What about the title? Who or what has possessed the woman? No way to figure it out, but the uncertainty keeps us looking and guessing. The plot of "The Old Man's Boat and the Old Man's Dog" (1982) is also unclear. Three men (one a near-adolescent) and two women lounge on the deck of a motorboat adrift on a turbulent sea under a stormy sky—the sea and the sky bring to mind Winslow Homer's painting "The Gulf Stream." The three men and one of the women are nude; the other woman wears a bikini and a life jacket. A dog—a Dalmatian—barking in excitement, straddles the outstretched leg of the nude woman, who seems to be asleep. None of the human beings appear to be paying the slightest attention to any of the others, which tends to cancel out the suggestion of a marine orgy. Fischl's people have a way of being naked without cause, erotic or otherwise; maybe they are naked only in his mind (and in ours)—sinners in the sight of an angry artist. Somebody has commandeered the old man's boat, but nobody seems to be having much fun, not even the dog.

Nakedness as a metaphor, adolescent sexuality, alienation, dogs, water (swimming pools, the ocean, etc.), and a general sense of anomie recur in one after another of these large, clumsy, storytelling pictures, in which the subject matter is all-important. Fischl's subject matter shocks some people—a considerable accomplishment in itself—and it has discombobulated certain critics, driving them into dense thickets of litspeak. "Fischl's pictures have been generally understood, in a Barthesean way, as nonlinear texts implicating the viewer in an ‘unfixed plurality’ of meanings,” Donald Kuspit writes in the catalogue of the Whitney show. “They are a structure of signifiers belonging to different narrative networks rather than a structure of signifieds issuing in univocal meaning.” As is so often the case, however, Fischl himself has explained quite simply what he is up to. In a statement made at the time of his 1982 show at the Edward Thorp Gallery (he left Thorp in 1984, to join the Mary Boone Gallery), he said that the central element in his work was “the feeling of awkwardness and self-consciousness that one experiences in the face of profound emotional events in one’s life. These experiences, such as death, or loss, or sexuality, cannot be supported by a life style that has sought so arduously to deny their meaningfulness, and a culture whose fabric is so worn out that its public rituals and attendant symbols do not make for adequate clothing.” There, friends, is the cry of the moralist, calling upon us to repent. Fischl’s adolescents are already corrupted by society—most of them are cretinous little monsters with twisted features and a stunted look. The adults, pursuing their expensive pleasures in joyless surroundings, hardly notice them—or one another, either. These are thoroughly nasty pictures, deliberately so, and their undeniable power comes from that. If Fischl painted as well as Katz, his message would not be nearly as effective.

The conjunction of these two exhibitions at the Whitney was a useful reminder that realism now offers unlimited possibilities in visual art. Of course, it could be said that neither Katz nor Fischl is a realist, in the factual sense of that slippery term. We recognize the images in each case, but not the context; Katz’s world of flawless surfaces and Fischl’s world of naked depths are equally “unreal.” But that is just the point. One of the founding beliefs of modernism was that it had become unnecessary and demeaning for art any longer to represent the external world. Instead of painting an imitation of something else—a trick to fool the eye—the modernist yearned to paint something that was real in itself, something that belonged exclusively to the world of art. This notion was one of the stepping stones on the way to pure abstraction, and the argument still seems valid to some artists. Abstract art’s inevitability, in fact, had come to be so largely taken for granted that Frank Stella, the leading abstract painter of Katz’s generation, has said he grew up thinking that representational art was a thing of the past, used only for commercial purposes. The trouble was, a lot of first-rate twentieth-century artists had stubbornly refused to give up the external world. Picasso was the most telling example. Picasso had gone right up to the edge of total abstraction in his Analytical Cubist phase, around 1911, but then he had drawn back, deliberately and decisively. Matisse’s images always had their basis in objective reality. Even Pollock, who seemed for a time to offer proof of abstract art’s total victory, allowed references to the human face to surface in some of his late canvases. The represented image was never eclipsed, and its clamorous return to favor in so much contemporary painting here and abroad is what turned out to be inevitable. The charges that were brought against mimesis did not hold up in court. A painting might represent persons or objects in the external world quite accurately and still function as a pictorial invention, an independent “reality” whose truth did not depend on anything outside itself. Conversely, a total abstraction becomes convincingly “real” when we recognize it as a pictorial invention that charts the movement of an artist’s mind. Representation and abstraction have coexisted in visual art from the beginning, at any rate, and they will continue to do so, in varying proportion, as long as visual art continues to exist.

In her book “Life with Picasso,” Françoise Gilot quotes the Master on the essential issue involved here. “You see,” he told her, “one of the fundamental points about Cubism is this: Not only did we try to displace reality; reality was no longer in the object. Reality was in the painting . . . We always had the idea that we were realists, but in the sense of the Chinese who said, ‘I don’t imitate nature; I work like her.’ ” —Calvin Tomkins

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE MEXICAN JURIDICAL SCENE

[*From the Mexico City News*]

The new district attorney general in Mexico City, Renato Sales Gasque, was named Friday, after his predecessor, Victoria Adato de Ibarra, resigned under harsh criticism for failing to curb abuses in her agency. She was appointed a Supreme Court justice.

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

THE DINOSAUR COLLECTION

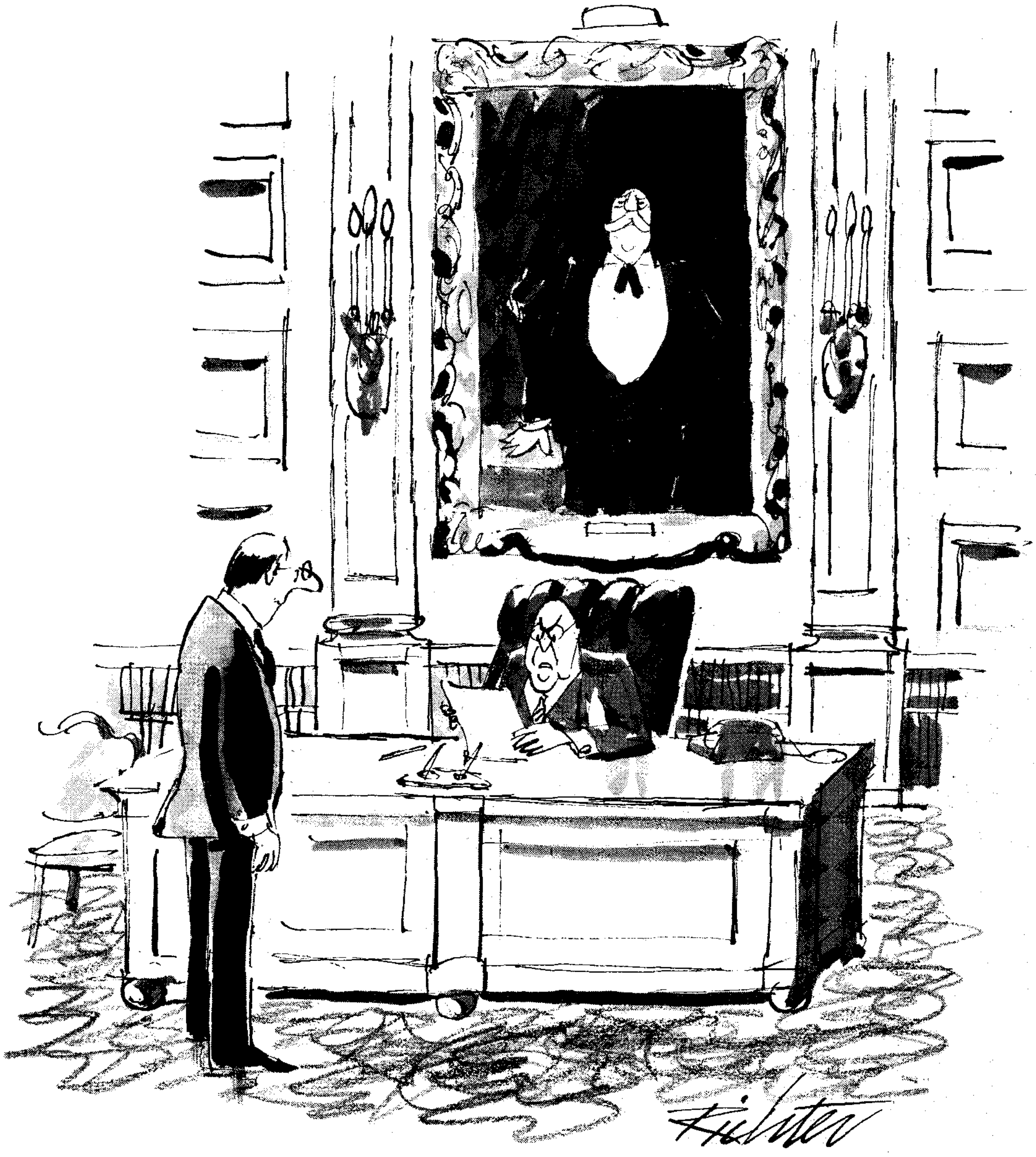
Dr. Vincent L. Guandolo, with whom I talked not long ago about the experience that has given his professional life an absorbing special interest, is a senior associate in a large and comprehensive pediatric group practice (five pediatricians and a pediatric ophthalmologist) in Gaithersburg, Maryland—an upper-middle-class dormitory suburb of Washington—and president-elect of the medical staff of Children's Hospital National Medical Center. It was, he told me, entirely by chance (or mischance) that it was he to whom the woman I'll call Laurie Starke—Mrs. Frank Starke—and her son, Kevin, were directed by the appointments nurse on the afternoon of March 16, 1977. He received them in one of the cheerful, nurserylike examination rooms. Mrs. Starke was a small, smiling, friendly woman in her late twenties, with long auburn hair and a beguiling Southern accent. Kevin, whom she carried slung over her shoulder, was one month old.

"I can't say she was particularly attractive," Dr. Guandolo told me. We were sitting in the office library, a windowless, book-lined room with a conference table and chairs in the middle. There were books and papers on the table. "But maybe I'm a little prejudiced. I think of her as a combination of flower child and Southern belle. Actually, I didn't form any real impressions at that first meeting. It was an ordinary well-baby visit. I took the family history. The Starkes had just moved to Gaithersburg—from Fayetteville, North Carolina. Kevin had been born in Fayetteville, which was Mrs. Starke's home town. Her parents still lived there. Mr. Starke was a lawyer, and had just been hired as counsel by one of the federal agencies. They were very happy here. Kevin was normal in weight and development. Mrs. Starke had a question or two about nursing. She also thought he might have some nasal congestion. I was able to reassure her. That was it. I suggested another visit in about a month. Monthly visits are routine during a baby's first year." Dr. Guandolo picked up a kind of loose-leaf notebook. It was about the size of a Manhattan telephone directory, and almost as thick. "This is Kevin's chart," he said. "It's my record of his office visits. As you can see, each page is ruled for eleven visits. His first visit—the March 16th visit—is here at the top of page 1. Date. Complaint. Comments. Treatment. Then comes the second visit. And so on." He riffled through the pages. "And on and on," he said. "There are two hundred and thirty-six of them."

Dr. Guandolo turned back to the first page of the chart. "The second visit was on Friday, April 15, 1977," he said. "It was much like the first. No problems. So was the visit in May. And those in June, July, and August. Kevin was growing up very nicely. I thought Mrs. Starke seemed at times a little overly concerned about him, but that's not at all unusual in young and caring mothers. Toward the end of August, though, about a week after the regular monthly checkup, I got a telephone call from her. It was around ten o'clock in the morning. She sounded distraught. Kevin was sick. He had taken sick down in Fayetteville. They had driven there for the weekend. It was an ear infection. Also, he had an attack of bronchitis. She wanted me to see him at once, that afternoon. I rearranged my calendar, and told her to come in at one-fifteen. They arrived, as always, very punctually. They both looked very much as always. She was calm, unworried. Kevin looked just as he had the week before. I checked him over. His ears were normal, his chest was clear. I told Mrs. Starke that I could find nothing whatever the matter. She nodded her head, and agreed. She said he *was* much improved. She said it was probably because of the treatment he had received from a doctor down home. I asked her what treatment that was. It was an antibiotic, she said—an antibiotic called Keflex. That gave me something of a jolt. Keflex is cephalexin, a very powerful drug. It was hardly a drug that I would initially prescribe for a six-month-old baby. I had to wonder about that North Carolina doctor. Still, I had to admit, it certainly seemed to have done the job.

"I say it seemed to. Because Mrs. Starke called me again the very next week. She had to see me. She and her husband had been up most of the night with Kevin. He'd had a terrible coughing spell. He had trouble breathing. I said all right. I could only think it was some kind of relapse. She came in with him wrapped in a blanket. I looked him over very carefully. There was no sign of a cough. There was no nasal congestion. I found nothing. However, babies can go from sick to well in a very short time. I told her not to worry, and to call me if the trouble recurred. She left, as always, smiling.

"I think of that now as a point of beginning. I didn't see it at the time, of course, but something had changed, was changing. The visit after the weekend in Fayetteville, and the one the following week, seemed to have set a pattern. Instead of the normal routine of monthly visits, I found myself seeing Kevin every week. It was a scenario. Mrs. Starke would telephone me every week, usually on a Wednesday, for an emergency appointment. The complaints were always much the same. Nasal congestion. Or cough. Or ear pain. Or, once in a while, vomiting. And, always, my physical examination had the same negative results. No, there was one exception. In December, I think it was, I found a mild otitis media—a visible ear infection—and I prescribed an appropriate antibiotic. The frantic telephone calls and the uneventful visits continued into 1978. Kevin celebrated his first birthday. After the first birthday, it is usual to see a baby only every three months. But here I was seeing Kevin every week. It's hard to remember just how I felt at the time. I know I was getting a little tired of those weekly dramas. But I had no choice. A doctor can't ignore an emergency call—especially one involving an infant. There was one visit, on September 22, 1978, that stands out in my memory. Mrs. Starke's call was unusually frantic. Kevin had had a fall. He had been riding in the carrier seat of her bicycle, and she had swerved to avoid a rock or something, and he had fallen out. I remember her saying, 'He didn't move for a long time.' There was no sign of a head injury, no bumps or swellings. He was alert. His eyes were normal. No neurological problems. I asked if he had vomited. She said no. Then there was another illness during a weekend in Fayetteville. It was a sudden, unexplained fever that spiked to a hundred and five degrees. The Fayetteville doctor was called in, and he treated him with amoxicillin. Well, that was an improvement on Keflex. And, apparently, it cured him. I mean, I found him normal. A few weeks later—a few visits later—Mrs. Starke told me that Kevin had been wheezing. One of their neighbors was a doctor, she said—she called him Dr. Jack—and he came over and diagnosed croup. Well, almost everybody around here has a doctor neighbor. This is probably the most heavily doctored area in the country. Walter Reed is here, and the Naval Hospital, and the National Institutes of Health, and the Uniformed Services School of Medicine, and a whole lot more. Dr. Jack, I gathered from Mrs. Starke, was an oncologist. Had he treated Kevin? Oh, yes—with Adrenalin. I thought to myself, You'd better stick to your tumors, Dr. Jack."



"Very amusing, Robertson, if I were the type to be amused."

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DR. GUANDOLO stood up and stretched. "I get tired of sitting," he said. He walked around the table, turned and walked back around the other way. He is a stocky man of around fifty, with dark, wavy hair and warm hazel eyes, and his walk is brisk. He sat down again. "I haven't said much about Mrs. Starke," he said. "She was an interesting woman. Different, anyway. I think of her as two people. She was one person on the telephone and another here in the office. On the telephone, she was more than an overly anxious mother; she was practically in hysterics. Here in the office, she was all sociability. She was always relaxed and cheerful. She was friendly with the whole office staff. She called them all by their first names, and they all called her Laurie. She told one of the nurses, ' "Mrs. Starke" is my mother-in-law.' I think she would have liked to be Laurie to me, too. She liked to bake, and she often brought us gifts of carrot cake or zucchini bread. Or homemade jellies. A few hours after a frantic emergency call, she would come bouncing in with Kevin over her shoulder and a loaf of bread in her hand. She would sometimes sit in one of the waiting rooms and talk baby problems with the other mothers while I was examining Kevin. When she came into the examination room, she would often sit down in a corner and bury herself in a book. It was usually a novel. She told me she had majored in English at the University of Virginia. Sometimes her book was a Russian-history text. She was working on a graduate degree in Russian history at Georgetown University. She often talked about herself and her family. She had two brothers. One of them, Paul, was a lawyer down in Fayetteville. The other, Patrick, was a doctor, a pediatric cardiologist on the staff of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, in Boston. He and his wife and their brain-damaged child were in England on some sort of sabbatical. Her father was a retired Presbyterian minister, and, I gathered, not well. She didn't often mention her husband. He seemed to travel a lot. I remember suggesting rather early on that I'd like to talk to him. She said, Of course, but

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right now he was in Japan. Another time, he was on a three-month assignment in Vienna. I thought maybe that was it—that she was probably lonely. She never spoke of any friends. But she seemed to keep busy. She told me one day she was studying law. She was in her last year at Georgetown. She had a wonderful girl called Cindy who looked after Kevin when she was in class. I heard a lot about Cindy. Kevin was often taken sick when Cindy was with him. Cindy sometimes called Mrs. Starke at school. I think it was she who suggested to Mrs. Starke that Kevin might be suffering from some allergy. And, sure enough, an allergist friend of Dr. Jack had confirmed it. Kevin was in some sort of hyposensitization program. One afternoon, she came in with Kevin for one of the usual reasons, and she was wild with excitement. She had passed the bar. She was a lawyer, and she had been offered a job at the Georgetown Law Center. I congratulated her. But I remember thinking, What's going on here? What am I—her surrogate husband?"

Dr. Guandolo gave me a wry smile. "I didn't know what to think," he said. "But Kevin was a good baby. I don't think I ever heard him cry. Still, there it was—it seemed he was always sick. It was usually an upper-respiratory-tract congestion or earache or vomiting. But I could never find anything wrong. I decided it might be good to have another, more specialized opinion. I asked an otolaryngologist to see him. Here's his report, in its entirety: 'Diagnosis: Normal ear, nose, and throat examination. Treatment: With the history of recurrent *otitis media* and normal ear examination today, I suggested adenoidectomy as an adjunct to allergy hyposensitization.' I didn't find that very helpful. It seemed a contradiction to recommend an operation on a normal throat. So I did nothing in that direction. I was more concerned about a new development. This was toward the end of 1978. Mrs. Starke's calls began to feature a new complaint. I have a note on a visit on December 8th. She called to tell me that Kevin had had a very bad night. He had vomited three times. He had also had what she called shaking spells. Several of them. My findings were negative. She brought him in again on December 11th. He'd had another series of shaking spells. Along with much vomiting. He looked and acted perfectly normal to me. His weight was unchanged. His hydration was normal. Some dehydration would be expected after prolonged vomiting. I thought she must have exaggerated the vomiting. Vomiting in an infant can look worse than it is. A few days later, he had another bad shaking spell. With vomiting, as before. But what worried me a little was something new. She said that during one of the shaking spells his legs began to jerk. That sounded uncomfortably like some sort of seizure. I thought a thorough neurological examination was in order, and I made arrangements with a pediatric-neurologist colleague. I got his report on December 29th. It covered three typewritten pages. Here is his conclusion: 'This toddler seems entirely normal. The story is not a strong one for increased intracranial pressure being responsible for the vomiting. I have no good idea as to what this spell was last week, but seriously doubt that it was any epileptic seizure. I would certainly not want to treat him as such at this point unless his EEG is strongly epileptic.' The electroencephalogram turned out to be normal, but he prescribed phenobarbital as a precautionary anti-convulsant. That seemed to be effective. I continued to see Kevin every week on one complaint or another, but there were no more seizures until mid-February. We are now into 1979. Then, Mrs. Starke told me, he was doing so well that she stopped the phenobarb for a couple of days, and he went into spasms. That seemed to tell us something.

"But there was worse to come. I think it was the following week. She came into the office looking very unhappy, even frightened. It was only indirectly Kevin. It was her brother Paul, the lawyer in Fayetteville. He'd been thrown while jumping a horse, and killed. And they had found some Dilantin tablets in his pocket. Dilantin is phenytoin, a standard drug in the treatment of epilepsy. The family was doubly stunned. Paul had kept his epilepsy a secret. And—this was what frightened her—wasn't epilepsy an inherited disease? I had to say that it was. Well, she remembered now that her father—he had died last summer—had suffered from shaking spells. I felt distinctly uneasy. I reported to the neurologist what she had told me, and he said he would arrange another consultation. I got his report on March 2nd. He wrote, ‘The boy’s exam seems good today, with good coördination and no nystagmus and normal fundi. The boy’s electroencephalogram is normal. Despite this, I think the most likely explanation for these recurrent episodes is that they are epileptic seizures, and that it would be appropriate to continue him on the phenobarbital . . . [and] that I see him again in one year.’ That puzzled me a little. It seemed to be based entirely on brother Paul’s epilepsy. Still, a normal EEG does not rule out epilepsy. Normal EEGs are not uncommon between seizures. Also, anti-convulsant therapy tends to diminish EEG abnormalities. So I had to take the report seriously. So did my associates here in the office. I was the physician of record for Kevin, and I saw him on the great majority of his visits. But, of course, I wasn’t always here. One or another of my colleagues saw him once in a while. And we often discussed him at staff meetings. None of us felt comfortable about him. Or her. But, as I’ve said, a doctor can’t pick and choose or keep or dismiss his patients. And acceptance of the patient’s veracity—a parent’s veracity in the case of a baby—is basic to medicine.

“Well, the weekly visits, the weekly dramas, continued. The seizures, however, seemed to be satisfactorily controlled by daily phenobarbital. But that period ended in May. Mrs. Starke reported a series of serious seizures. I decided to get an opinion from another neurologist. It was arranged and done, and I received the results on May 31st. The report concluded, ‘1. Normal neurological examination. 2. In all probability, this boy does have a seizure disorder on a familial basis. He has had ten episodes and they seem to be correlated with a decrease in his phenobarbital. I would suggest he be continued on phenobarbital and keep the level between 20 and 30 ug/ml. I do not see any reason to do any further diagnostic studies at this time.’ As before, the seizures seemed to come under control. Then they flared again. We added Dilantin to the therapy. And with seemingly good results. He was hospitalized in Fayetteville for a day or two with a fever of a hundred and five in July. It seemed to be one of the usual ear, nose, or throat complaints.” Dr. Guandolo turned the pages of the chart. “We played the same scene every week. But it was never anything but strange. I mean, it was queer. There would be the frantic phone call, and then the insouciant arrival, and then her account of what had happened, with hardly a touch of concern. And the only abnormality I ever found was an ear infection now and then. There was also another peculiarity. We try to make our little patients feel good about coming here. We give them a present of some sort on every visit—usually a little plastic dinosaur. Once in a while, depending on the complaint, Kevin would come in a bit groggy or lethargic. He would lie like a lump while I examined him. But when I offered him his present he woke right up.

“I TALKED to the neurologist who had seen Kevin in May, and we decided on another consultation. That was in March of 1980. I got his report on the tenth. It began, ‘Kevin’s seizure disorder was doing well until about a week ago. At that time, he had seven to nine seizures in one day. His mother says that the seizures consist of passing out and being unresponsive. Then his arms and legs will tremble, and this will last for one to two minutes. . . . On examination, he was alert and responsive . . .’ And here is his conclusion: ‘1. Normal neurological exam. 2. Seizure disorder. It is very difficult to understand how such a normal child could have so many seizures, but this is possible. The mother is describing generalized tonic-clonic convulsions. I think for the time being I would leave his medications alone.’ I quite agreed with that last. Kevin’s medications were now phenobarbital, Dilantin, and chloral hydrate. Mrs. Starke had reported that he was often excited at night, and she insisted on having something to help him sleep. My feeling was that his sleeplessness was related to the phenobarbital. It sometimes has that reverse effect. I think it was about this time—the spring of 1980—that Kevin began to develop serious headaches. Mrs. Starke said she was worried, because she knew about headaches. Her husband and her mother-in-law both suffered from migraine. By now, of course, Kevin was talking pretty well. But his mother still did the talking. He would say yes or no, and when she reported his headaches he looked at me and touched his head and said, ‘It hurts.’ I conferred with the neurologist, and eventually propranolol was added to the list of medications.”

Dr. Guandolo sifted through the papers on the table. “Here’s a report

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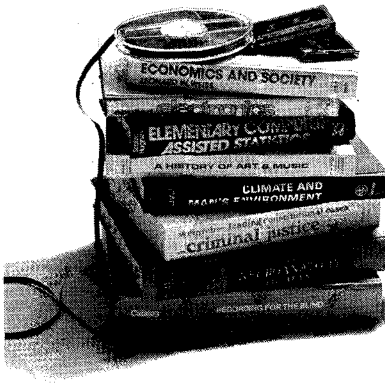

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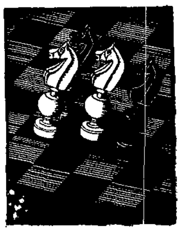
from another direction," he said. "It came to me from a doctor in the Department of Endocrinology and Metabolism of Children's Hospital National Medical Center. Mrs. Starke and Kevin had shown up there on July 8th. Here's what the report said: 'According to the mother, Kevin missed supper on July 6, 1980, two days prior to my seeing him. The next day, according to her, he vomited all day and had essentially no intake. I saw him about noon, and she reported that he had had no intake. . . . She was concerned because he was becoming lethargic. On examination Kevin was indeed lethargic, somewhat slow in his responses; he gradually became more alert after he had been here about ½ hour and after he had drunk a glass of orange juice. . . . Physical examination was unremarkable. He was not dehydrated. . . . As I mentioned above, Kevin became gradually alert and active after being here about ½ hour. He did vomit once while he was here, but that was while he was in the bathroom with his mother and he could not be observed. . . . I am unsure what is going on with Kevin. . . . Perhaps he has migraine headaches, although in questioning Kevin we could get no indication that he was having a headache while he was here. I do not believe that he has a metabolic disorder causing his vomiting. I am still a little skeptical as to whether he is really sick, although it was clear when we saw him that he was definitely lethargic. *It is hard to reconcile the mother's history with a blood glucose of 92 and negative urine ketones.*' " Dr. Guandolo returned the paper to the clutter on the table. He said, "Did you notice what he said about the vomiting in the bathroom? That was interesting.



"We had another neurological examination scheduled for August—August 6th. It was the same neurologist as before, and his findings were as before. His conclusion was 'The nature of his episodes of lethargy and vomiting is still not clear. These could be attacks of migraine. I do not know any way to prove this diagnosis.' And the weekly office visits continued as before. I remember one of the nurses telling me one afternoon that she thought Kevin probably had the biggest collection of plastic dinosaurs in the world. There was one thing that was beginning to seriously bother me. That was the medications he was taking. Even if they were effective—and I wasn't at all sure that they were—they were getting to be too much. I have a note I made in early November of 1981. I noted that Kevin had been receiving phenobarbital for thirty-five months. He had been taking Dilantin for twenty-seven months. And propranolol for nineteen months. I suggested to Mrs. Starke one afternoon that we start tapering off his drugs. She almost panicked. He needed the drugs. Had I forgotten his reaction when he had missed a couple of days? She hadn't, and neither had her husband. Nor had her brother Patrick. She had just had a letter from him. She brought the letter on the next visit. It was typewritten and addressed to 'Dear Sis.' It began with family chat. Then this: 'A note to Dr. Guandolo. Anything I say to him is open to you and Frank. In answer to a few questions he has asked you: My recollection of Kevin's seizure is dim—I imagine because I assumed his seizure disorder had been diagnosed. I do recall that what I saw was pretty much characteristic of an epileptic seizure. Maybe along with rhythmic trembling, a little jerking of the extremities.' A couple of weeks later, just before Christmas, she brought in another letter from Patrick. It included this comment: 'If you and Frank are unhappy and Kevin is rebellious with the setup, environment, neurologist, then maybe you need to have second thoughts. . . . Muddle it over *with your friend Dr. Guandolo*. I think it's important to try to straighten Kevin out and have him on the proper medications.' There was one more that she shared with me. It was dated February 7, 1982. It ended, 'Our neurological history and then Kevin's. Darn it—try it. It adds up.' I read and reread them. Patrick sounded like a nice, affectionate brother. But he didn't sound like much of a doctor.

"Those letters, the more I thought about them, gave me a little extra push. I had been wanting to talk to Mr. Starke for a good long time, but she always put me off. He was always away, always travelling somewhere—usually abroad. But finally I decided it had to be done; I had to take the initiative. I got his office number and called him up, and he was there, and we arranged to meet here early the following morning. That was March 3rd. He came in at eight-thirty on the dot. He was a quiet, remote sort of man. I began by asking him about Kevin. I hadn't seen him for several days. How was he doing? Starke looked puzzled. What did I mean? Was there something wrong with Kevin? I told him no—nothing new. His seizures and migraine and all the rest seemed under control. Starke stared at me. He looked absolutely flabbergasted. He said he knew that his wife brought Kevin here from time to time. But he had had no idea—he thought it was only for routine baby problems. Now it was my turn to be flabbergasted. I stared at him. I had a feeling that Frank and Laurie were not a very close couple. I thought of those two hundred or more office visits at thirty dollars a visit and four years of expensive drugs—and he knew nothing about it! Well, we finally got straightened out enough to get started, to talk. Kevin had never, to his knowledge, had a seizure or an episode of all-night vomiting or anything like a migraine headache. Or anything but an occasional cold and a few earaches. We got around to Laurie. She *had* majored in English at Virginia. She had worked as a receptionist in a doctor's office, and she had also worked as a bookkeeper at a hospital. She had never attended law school, she had never taken a bar exam, she had never studied Russian history. He himself, of course, was a lawyer, and he was also a student of Russian history. No, he had never had a migraine headache. No, his father-in-law was not an epileptic. Paul? Laurie didn't have a brother named Paul. Nor did she have a brother named Patrick. She was an only child. No, they had never had a sitter named Cindy. Or a neighbor called Dr. Jack. Travel? Yes, he now and then travelled on business, but only in this country. He had never been abroad. We ended up practically reeling. I was bewildered. But I knew I had heard the truth. A few minutes after Starke had left, I telephoned Mrs. Starke. I half expected Cindy to answer the phone, but it was Mrs. Starke. I said that the several consultants and I had decided that Kevin must be hospitalized for a number of in-patient tests, and had to be taken off all medications. She heard me out, and then said, 'Well, I'll have to talk to Frank about that.' I asked her to ask him to call me. She said that wasn't possible. Frank was at a meeting in Tennessee—in Knoxville. But she would be talking to him this evening, and she would call me in the morning. And she did. She said she had told

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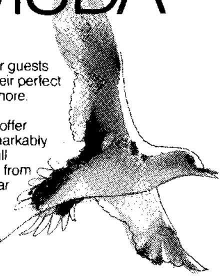

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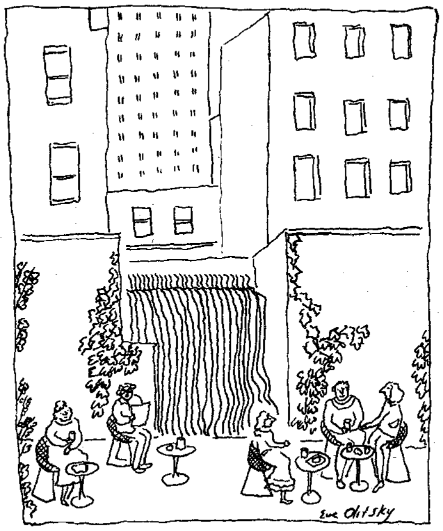
Frank what I wanted to do. She said, 'He almost hit the ceiling. He wants Kevin to stay on his medication. And so does Patrick.' I've forgotten what I said. I've forgotten just how the call ended. It was the first time I had ever heard a cold-blooded lie.

"We now knew the truth about Kevin and Laurie. We knew, at least, that we had been the victims of a sham, a deliberate fabrication at the expense of a little boy. But we didn't know why. It had been puzzling before, and disturbing. Now it was a mystery. And weird almost beyond belief. Then, by an absolute freak of chance, we got a glimmer of light. Gordon Mella—one of my associates—walked into my office one morning a few days after my meeting with Frank Starke. He said, 'Here's something I just happened to come across. I think you'll be interested in it.' He handed me a paper. It was an abstract of an article by an English pediatrician named Roy Meadow that had appeared in the August 13, 1977, issue of *The Lancet*. The title was 'Munchausen Syndrome by Proxy: The Hinterland of Child Abuse.' I read it almost at a glance. I had never heard the name Munchausen. I had never heard of Munchausen's Syndrome. And I certainly had never heard of Munchausen's Syndrome by Proxy. Neither had Dr. Mella. But we were only too familiar with Dr. Meadow's hinterland."

THE name Munchausen, as Dr. Guandolo is now indelibly aware, refers to Hieronymus Karl Friedrich, Freiherr von Münchhausen (1720-97), a retired veteran of several European wars, who entertained guests at his estate in Hesse with outrageously absurd but straight-faced accounts of his heroic exploits abroad. These *Lügendichtungen* (or liar's tales) were extracted from the family circle by a onetime friend—a scholar turned thief turned fugitive and expatriate—named Rudolf Erich Raspe (1737-94) in a moment of financial insecurity, and published in England (in 1785) in a book entitled "Baron Munchausen's Narrative of His Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia," which became (to the Baron's embarrassment) one of the most durable best-sellers of all time. In the course of the book's success and long celebrity, the Baron's name (in its Anglicized form) evolved into a synonym for the mendacious and far-fetched. Munchausen's Syndrome, as a name, derives from this generic elevation, and was the invention of an English clinician named Richard Asher, who first identified the psychopathological aberration it describes. It was introduced to medicine in an article published in *The Lancet* in 1951. "Here," Asher's landmark "Munchausen's Syndrome" began, "is described a common syndrome which most doctors have seen, but about which little has been written. Like the famous Baron von Munchausen, the persons affected have always travelled widely; and their stories, like those attributed to him, are both dramatic and untruthful. Accordingly, the syndrome is respectfully dedicated to the baron, and named after him." The article continues:

> The patient showing the syndrome is admitted to hospital with apparent acute illness supported by a plausible and dramatic history. Usually his story is largely made up of falsehoods; he is found to have attended, and deceived, an astounding number of other hospitals. . . . It is almost impossible to be certain of the diagnosis at first, and it requires a bold casualty officer to refuse admission. . . . It must be recognized that these patients are often quite ill, although their illness is shrouded by duplicity and distortion. . . . Often a real organic lesion from the past has left some genuine physical signs which the patient uses. . . . Most cases resemble organic emergencies. Well-known varieties are: 1. The acute abdominal type. . . . 2. The haemorrhagic type, who specialise in bleeding from lungs or stomach. . . . 3. The neurological type, presenting with paroxysmal headache, loss of consciousness, or peculiar fits. The most remarkable feature of the syndrome is the apparent senselessness of it. Unlike the malingerer, who may gain a definite end, these patients often seem to gain nothing except the discomfiture of unnecessary investigations or operations. Their initial tolerance to the more brutish hospital measures is remarkable, yet they commonly discharge themselves after a few days with operation wounds scarcely healed, or intravenous drips still running. . . . Sometimes the motive is never clearly ascertained, but . . . one of the following mechanisms may be involved: 1. A desire to be the centre of interest and attention. . . . 2. A grudge against doctors and hospitals. . . . 3. A desire for drugs. 4. A desire to escape from the police. . . . 5. A desire to get free board and lodgings for the night. . . . Supplementing these scanty motives, there probably exists some strange twist of personality. Perhaps most cases are hysterics, schizophrenics, masochists, or psychopaths of some kind.



If those afflicted with Munchausen's Syndrome are often driven by masochistic need, the perpetrators of Munchausen's Syndrome by Proxy would seem to be in need of sadistic satisfaction. The stratagems that both employ, however, are basically the same. "Some patients," Meadow noted in his elaboration of Munchausen's Syndrome into Munchausen's Syndrome by Proxy, "consistently produce false stories and fabricate evidence, so causing themselves needless hospital investigations and operations. Here are described parents who, by falsification, caused their children innumerable harmful hospital procedures. . . . Doctors dealing with young children rely on the parents' recollection of the history. The doctor accepts that history, albeit sometimes with a pinch of salt, and it forms the cornerstone of subsequent investigation and management of the child. A case is reported in which over a period of six years, the parents systematically provided fictitious information about their child's symptoms, tampered with the urine specimens to produce false results and interfered with hospital observations. . . . The case is compared with another child who was intermittently given toxic doses of salt which again led to massive investigation in three different centres. . . . During the investigation of both these children, we came to know the mothers well. They were very pleasant people to deal with, coöperative, and appreciative of good medical care. . . . These cases are a reminder that at times doctors must accept the parents' history and indeed the laboratory findings with more than usual scepticism. We may teach, and I believe should teach, that mothers are always right; but at the same time we must recognize that when mothers are wrong they can be terribly wrong."

The caution and unease with which Meadow sounds this warning is not hard to understand. His experience of a cruelly mendacious mother, like that of Dr. Guandolo and his colleagues, discovers dangerous territory. "One of

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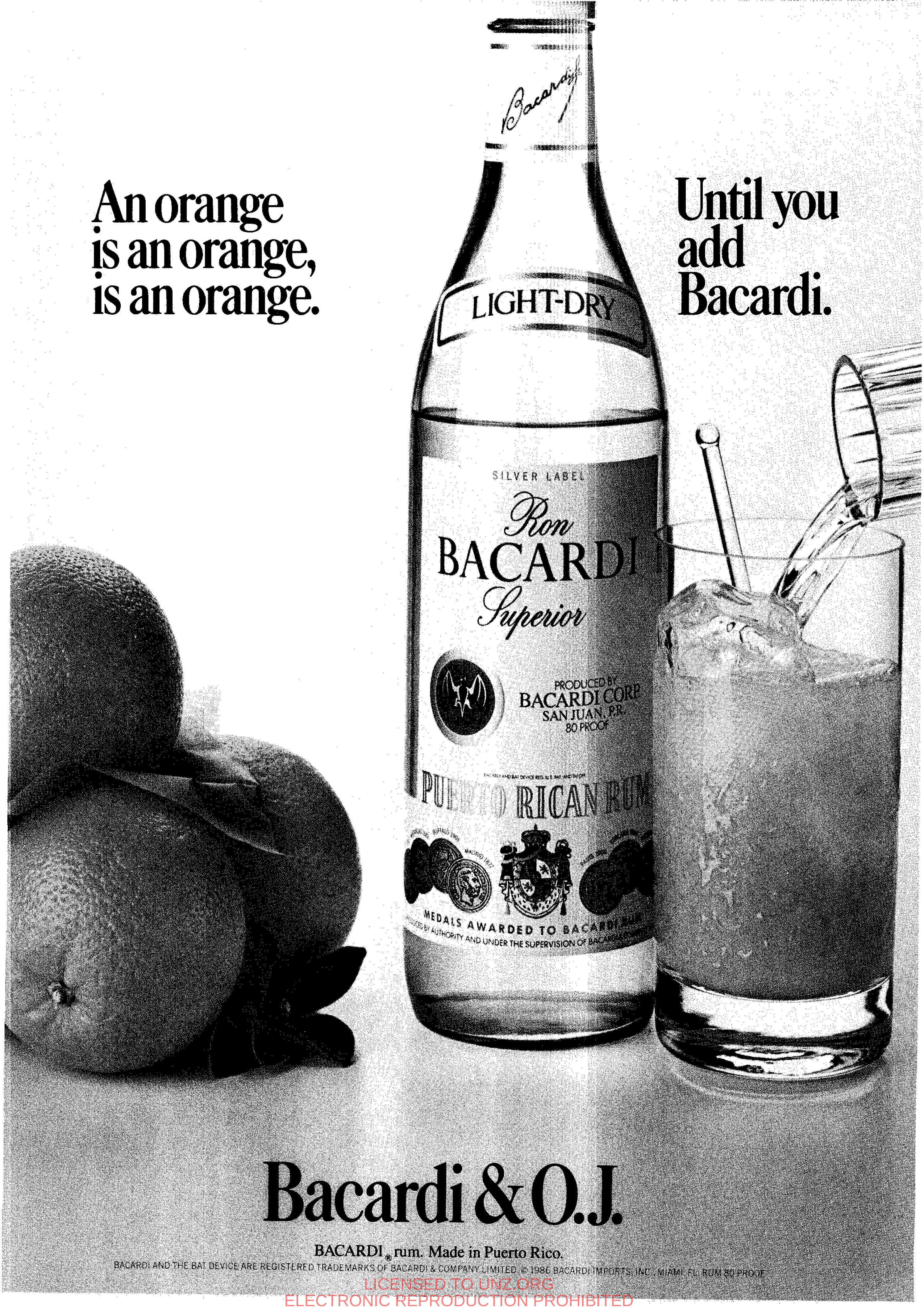
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the essential attributes of the physician must be a readiness to accept the patient's story," E. Clarke and S. C. Melnick declared in a discussion of Munchausen's Syndrome in the *American Journal of Medicine*, in 1958, 'and if we should ever cast doubts upon the veracity of his statements, the whole structure of clinical medicine would be undermined."

THE rest of Dr. Guandolo's account of his lengthy introduction to what he likes to call, using a phrase of Dr. Asher's, Neurologica Diabolica I heard over lunch. Dr. Mella joined us. The cuisine, at their suggestion, was Chinese, and they ate, stylishly and gracefully, with chopsticks and refrained from comment when I chose a knife and fork. "Meadow was a revelation," Dr. Guandolo said. "An awful revelation. His mothers were practically monsters." He ate a puff of shrimp. "But it was also comforting. He told us, at least, that we were dealing with something known. We weren't totally in the dark. It had happened before. In fact, as we know now, many times before. So we knew the nature of the problem. It wasn't Kevin. It was his mother. We decided for the moment to say nothing to her. It was best that she didn't know what we knew. Kevin came first. We wanted him in the hospital. We wanted him off all medications, and that could be done best there. And we wanted him away from his mother, so we could see for ourselves. We didn't believe in those seizures or those migraines or those vomitings and all the rest. But we wanted to be absolutely sure. I won't go into all the details, but we managed to hospitalize him. He was watched and thoroughly examined by a team at Children's Hospital. He came off drugs without incident, and the indicated tests were all negative. Then we turned our attention to Mrs. Starke. The time had come to confront her. She would be taken aside when she came to visit Kevin. The confrontation team was composed of the neurologist who had seen her and Kevin, a child psychiatrist, a staff pediatrician who was Kevin's attending physician, and a resident. It was decided that I step aside and remain neutral. That way, I could maintain a cordial relationship with her. It must have been a dramatic meeting. She was told gently but firmly that her fantasy world was detrimental to both Kevin and herself, and that she needed psychiatric help. The possibility of a child-abuse citation was mentioned. She wilted. That was on April 2nd. I talked to her on the telephone the following day. First to Starke, and then to her. She was soft-spoken, contrite, and sobbing. She said, 'I can't see you for a few days. But, oh, Dr. G., thanks!' I thought she was sincere."

"I wonder," Dr. Mella said.

"I know," Dr. Guandolo said. "When I talked with her again, she said, 'I don't know who that other person was. Maybe it was Gertrude the Witch.' "

"She *was* a kind of witch," Dr. Mella said. "I thought she was very clever and persuasive. If she had been a drug addict, she could have got drugs from any of us. I don't see her as actually wicked. I think she was a medical buff. She loved her visits to the office. I never saw her in any hurry to leave. It gave her some kind of satisfaction to be here. Kevin was her ticket of admission."

"I agree," Dr. Guandolo said. "But I think we also agree on something else. She programmed Kevin to be ill. She needed a dependent. Her husband certainly wasn't one. He kept everybody at arm's length. She bound Kevin to her by constant mothering and constant medical care. We'll never know any more. The Starkes moved away later on that year—back home to North Carolina, I think. She had a few sessions with a psychiatrist before they left, but I don't think he learned much of anything. I made a report to the Montgomery County Family Services office here in Maryland, but if they ever made an investigation they didn't tell me about it. After the family moved, I also reported the case to the appropriate state office in North Carolina. I suggested that any doctor approached by Mrs. Starke and her little boy be advised to get in touch with me. No one ever has."

"And that was the end of it?" I asked.

"Yes," Dr. Guandolo said. "That was it. But I sometimes think of something Kevin said not long before they left." He and Dr. Mella exchanged a glance. "Mrs. Starke continued to bring him into the office. Once in a while. And mostly for plausible reasons. This time, he had one of his earaches. He really did suffer, off and on, from earaches. I wrote out a prescription for an antibiotic and handed it to her. Kevin saw what it was. He grinned, and said, 'Oh, boy—I get medicine.' "

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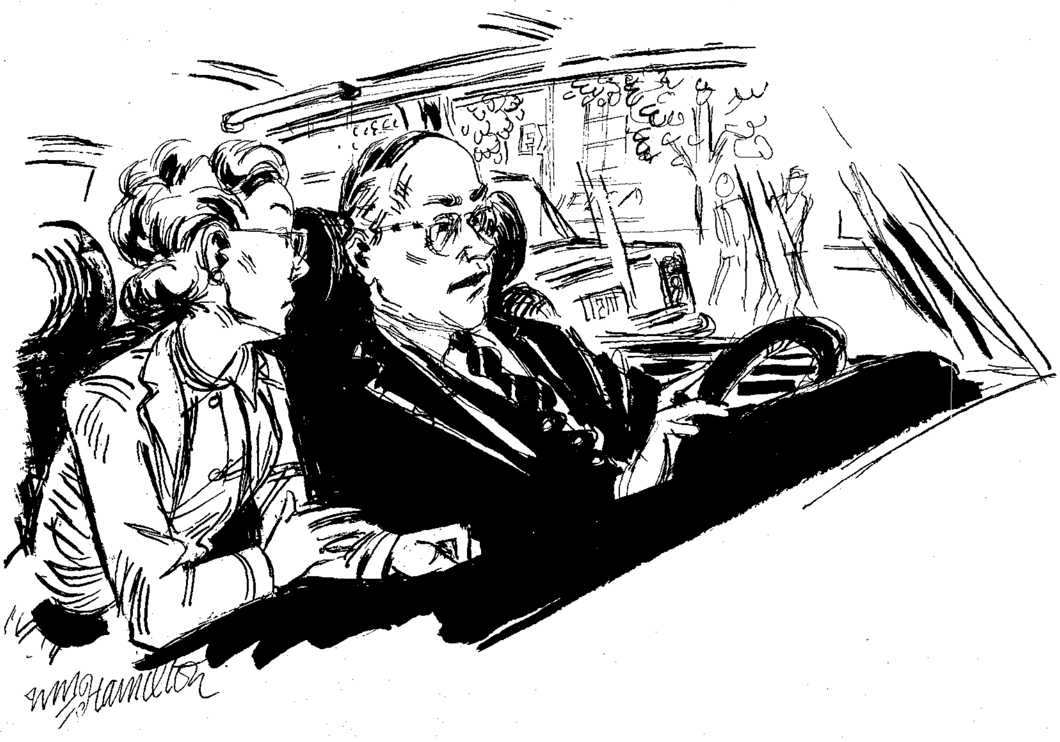
JAZZ

Zoot and Louise

Zoot Sims had a rustic air. His stoop suggested a man who has milked a lot of cows. His face was rough and handsome and wind-carved. Through the years, his thick, wavy strawberry-blond hair took on a porcupine look. He had a broad, gap-toothed, country smile, and he liked to wedge a cigarette between his front teeth and make a hideous bumpkin face. His prehistoric Selmer tenor saxophone, bought secondhand in St. Louis in the late forties, completed the bucolic image. (Sims finally bought a new Selmer, in Paris in the sixties, and he also bought another secondhand Selmer, in Boston. Neither saxophone ever replaced the original.) But Sims' exterior was deceptive. It hid a big-city wit who was never off balance, and it hid a player of high lyricism. This lyricism resulted in an indelible jazz event. It took place at the jazz party Dick Gibson held in Aspen in September of 1969. It was Gibson's pleasure to invite thirty or so musicians and during the almost non-stop weekend concerts to mix the musicians in endlessly different combinations. Five groups had already gone by on Saturday evening when the violinist Joe Venuti came on with Lou Stein on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Morey Feld on drums. Venuti did a fast "I Want to Be Happy" and a blues, and was joined by Zoot Sims. The two men stepped immediately into an up-tempo "I Found a New Baby," with Venuti handling the melody and Sims playing close, tight variations. It was clear after one chorus that something special was happening. Each man soloed with great heat, then went into a long series of four-bar exchanges in which Sims parodied Venuti's figures and Venuti, delighted at the challenge, attempted more and more complex, parody-proof figures. Caught in their own momentum, the two closed with a jammed ensemble that swung so hard it was almost unbearable. Their tones and timbres and rhythmic attacks were so similar and so dense, yet so distinct, that they sounded, as this writer put it at the time, "like one instrument split in half and at war with itself." When the number ended, people shouted and leaped into the air. Sims left. Venuti did a cooling violin duet with Lou McGarity, and McGarity left. Venuti looked around and said, "Where's Zootie? Where's my Zootie?" Sims reappeared, and the two nearly duplicated their feat with a ferocious "I Got Rhythm." The audience, though stunned, wasn't surprised. Sims had been swinging hard for twenty-five years.

Sims was long lumped with the legion of white tenor saxophonists who proliferated in Lester Young's shadow in the forties. These included Bil Perkins, Stan Getz, Herbie Steward Al Cohn, Jimmy Giuffre, Allen Eager, Bob Cooper, and Brew Moore But Sims began as an admirer o Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster and came later to Lester Young. His style involved elements of all three His tone in the middle register suggested Webster's, and he sometimes used Webster's descending tremolos Young's pale, old-moon sound came into view in Sims' high register. Hawkins underlay his drive, his heat, his need to take the audience with him Sims was a consummate melodic improviser. The melody never completely disappeared. You sensed it, no matter how remote or faint; it moved behind the scrim of his sound. His playing was rhythmically ingenious. Billie Holiday's rhythmic derring-do mus have sunk in somewhere along the line. He would deliver an on-thebeat or legato phrase, fall silent (letting the beat click by), slip into a double-time variation of what he had just played, fall silent again, let loose an upper-register cry, and slide down a glissando to a low-register honk. He stepped forward and stepped back raced forward and fell back. He developed irresistible momentum. All the while, he constructed winsome melodies—melodies that seemed to have been broken off the original song, heated up, and quickly reshaped in his image. His tone had warmth, but it was not enveloping. Nor did it let light through. Sims was revered for his up-tempo excursions, but he was a sensuous ballad player, and his blues were full of melancholy. He had apparently taken to listening to Johnny Hodges' passionate and elegant blues in his last years. Although Sims recorded often, his quicksilver lyricism does not always come through on records. Maybe he had to be seen to be heard. He was what he played; he played what he was.

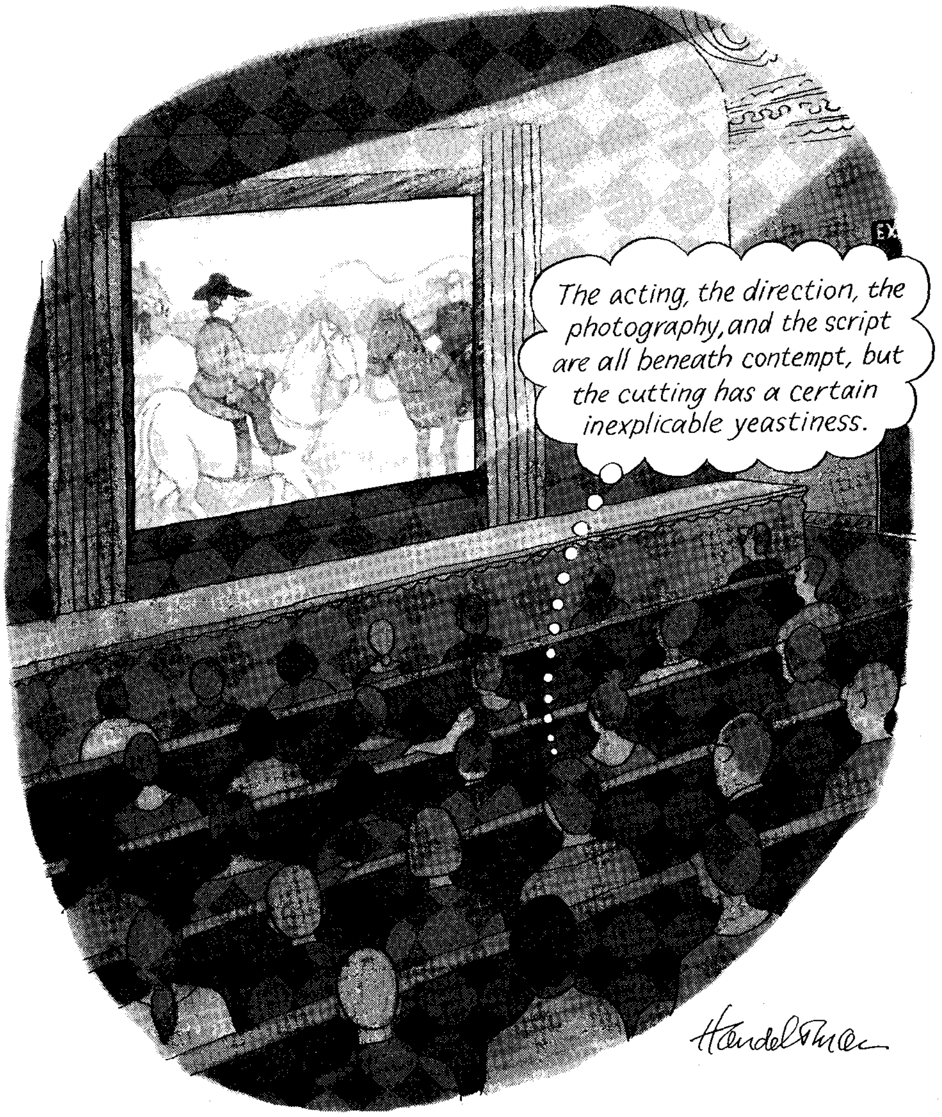
Sims was not loquacious, but in 1976 he gave this writer a résumé of his beginnings: "I was born in 1925, in Inglewood,



"Yes, I'm sure it looked cute and clean, but I would sooner starve to death than eat lunch in a place called Jennifer's Biscuit."

California. Inglewood is south of Los Angeles, right by the airport. It was all emon groves and Japanese gardens hen. I was the youngest of seven—six boys and one girl. I was named John Haley Sims. My parents were pretty asual, and I was the only one of us whose name was spelled right on the birth certificate. My mother and father were in vaudeville, and they were known as Pete and Kate. He was from Missouri, and she was from Arkansas. My mother never forgot a joke or a yric, and she performed at the drop of that right up until she had a stroke a ouple of years ago. My father died in 950. He spent his last years on the oad, scuffling, and he never sent any money home. It was out of sight out of mind for him. But there was never any alling out among us. When he came or a visit, everybody forgave him, inluding my mother. I don't know how we made it. The gas and water were always being turned off, and we moved a lot. One move got me off the ground, hough, because we had to go to a new chool where they were recruiting kids or their band. They gave me a clarinet and my brother Ray a tuba and my brother Bobby drums. I was about ten. I liked the clarinet fine, even though it made my teeth vibrate—which is why I don't play with a biting grip today. Most sax players bite through their mouthpiece; mine hardly has a mark on it. I played clarinet three years, until my mother bought me a Conn enor on time. I kept it through my Woody Herman days in the late fories, and I finally sold it for twentyive dollars. I never had any lessons. I earned by listening to Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge and Ben Webster, and later to Lester Young and Don Byas. My mind was elsewhere in chool, which I quit after one year of high. When I was fifteen or sixteen, I worked in an L.A. band led by Ken Baker. He put these supposedly funny nicknames on the front of his music stands—Scoot, Voot, Zoot—and I ended up behind the Zoot stand, and it stuck. Then, instead of joining Paul Whiteman, who invited me, I went with Bobby Sherwood. It was like a family, and Sherwood was a father mage to a lot of us. Sonny Dunham was next, and after him it was Teddy Powell. I spent nine weeks on the Island Queen, a riverboat out of Cincinnati that had a calliope player who knew 'Don't Get Around Much Anymore.' In 1943, I joined Benny Goodman, and he had Jess Stacy and Bill Harris. . . . In 1944, Sid Catlett asked me to take Ben Webster's place in his quartet after Ben got sick, and we played the Streets of Paris, in Hollywood. . . . I got drafted and ended up in the Army Air Forces later that year and fought the Battle of the South. I was stationed in Huntsville, Valdosta, Biloxi, Phoenix, Tucson, and San Antonio, where I played every night in a little black club. I got out in 1946 and rejoined Benny, and then I went with Woody Herman and became one of the Four Brothers, with Herbie Steward and Stan Getz and Serge Chaloff. I loved that band. We were all young and had the same ideas. I'd always worried about what the other guys were thinking in all the bands I'd been in, and in Woody's I found out: they were thinking the same thing I was."

Sims stayed with Herman until 1949, then gigged around New York and rejoined Benny Goodman. He passed through Stan Kenton's band and Gerry Mulligan's superb sextet, and then, in 1956 or 1957, formed a group with Al Cohn. They played together off and on until Sims' death, in the early spring of 1985. When he wasn't with Cohn, he worked as a single or with his own quartet. He was on the road much of his life, and he appeared all over the world. It was a patched-together career, and he scuffled continuously until 1970, when he married a remarkable woman named Louise Ault. (His first marriage ended in divorce.) She had worked at the *Times* since the early fifties, and was then an assistant to Clifton Daniel, who was an associate editor. She gave Sims the first security he had ever known. His come-as-you-are clothes were replaced by tweed jackets and gray flannel pants and loafers, and he cut his hair. His playing took on a new fullness and warmth; by the mid-


The acting, the direction, the photography, and the script are all beneath contempt, but the cutting has a certain inexplicable yeastiness.
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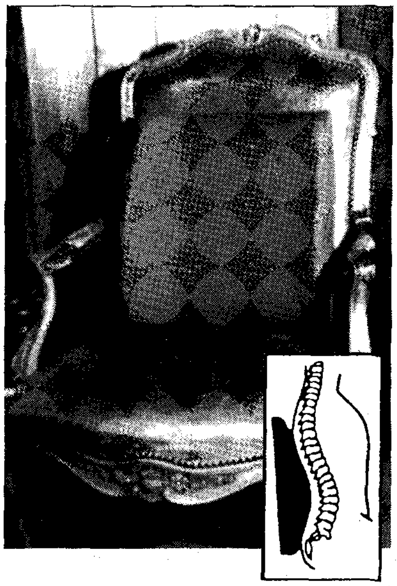

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seventies he had become a saxophonist of the first rank.

MUSICIANS idolized Sims—particularly those who worked with him. Here are four.

The guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli is first: "Zoot and I played as a duet at Soerabaja off and on for two and a half years in the mid-seventies. The owner, Taki, was Greek, and he called Zoot Zeus. Zoot lived at Sixty-ninth and Second, and Soerabaja was at Seventy-fourth and Lexington, and whenever he wasn't on the road he'd fall in and we'd play. He loved the job. When we were finished, I'd drive him home and he'd say, 'I'll give you a dollar a block or a pothole—whichever comes first.' We also worked one-nighters with Benny Goodman's sextet, and we went on the road with piano and bass. We'd do school clinics. He'd shy away from them, but the kids loved him. He was a dream to play with. He was always good, he was always charged up, he never pussy-footed. He used to tell me that it was concentration—that music was all a matter of concentration. Doing the duet with him was tough at first. He was very demanding. He didn't like different harmonies. He wanted to hear the straight harmony that went with the tune. He'd growl at you on his horn if things weren't going right. Just being around Zoot was special. He seemed to gather everybody together. After a job, he liked to sit and talk and laugh. One night when we were playing Toronto, musicians started dropping into our hotel room —Charlie Byrd, Rob McConnell, and the like—and we must have played five or six hours. Charlie played unamplified, and Zoot played standing on the bed in his bathrobe. He loved to sit in. He sat in one night at the Hotel Pierre with my trio and broke the place up. He wasn't at all the way people thought he was—super-hip, that kind of *down beat* thing. He was the opposite. He was a real country boy."

The composer, pianist, and singer Dave Frishberg: "I worked with Zoot at the old Half Note from the fall of 1963 to 1968 or 1969. I thought of him as the greatest natural jazz musician I'd ever heard. He'd play two notes, and the rhythm section would fall immediately into place. I was sitting in a hotel room in Denver just after I had heard he was sick, and I was listening to some of his records, and I felt overwhelmed. I wrote him a letter telling him how much I loved him and admired his playing. I told him that if Al Cohn was the Joe DiMaggio of tenor saxophonists he was the Ted Williams. I never got to know him terribly well playing with him. He kept himself at a remove. In fact, I saw him as moody. He'd be irascible early in the evening, then later on he'd be soft as a grape."

The pianist Jimmy Rowles: "I firs met Zoot in 1941 in a night club in southeast Los Angeles called Bourston's. They had Sunday jam sessions He was only fifteen or sixteen, dressed real tatteredly, and he didn't look like a musician. He already sounded like Ben Webster. I guess he hadn't heard Lester Young yet. He played great and we thought, Who's this guy? He'd come in weekends, and suddenly he was gone, working with local bands and later with Woody Herman. I didn't see much of him again until I went to New York in the early seventies. He had been at the Half Note with Al Cohn a long time, and I think he was a little jaded. We put together a quartet, with Michael Moore or Bob Cranshaw or George Mraz on bass and with Mickey Roker or Mousie Alexander on drums, and at first we seemed to play the same thing over and over. He didn't know many songs, so I began to go to his apartment in the afternoon and write out songs in a key that would be good for him—tunes like 'Gypsy Sweetheart' and 'Dream Dancing' and 'In the Middle of a Kiss.' Once he got the hang of songs like that, he loved them. He had a wild sense of humor. If we had a new drummer who couldn't keep time or got the tempo wrong, Zoot would stop everything and say, 'O.K., this is where we started. I'll give you one more chance.' There was a pianist he had worked with who swayed all the time, and Zoot said he couldn't play with him anymore because he made him seasick."

The tenor saxophonist Al Cohn "Zoot and I were first together in Woody Herman's band in 1948 and 1949. We formed our own group in the late fifties, and worked together until the end of his life. Playing was both an escape and a serious vocation for him. He used to talk about the ecstasy factor—the times when your playing becomes a kind of ecstasy Once, he sat in somewhere and played 'Sweet Lorraine' for half an hour. He told the piano player, who was really a bassist, the name of another tune and the guy said 'Sweet Lorraine' was the only tune he knew, so Zoot said, ‘Play it again,’ and they played it for another half hour. He didn’t look like a sophisticate, but he was a sharp, fun-loving guy. And this quality never left him. Not long before he died, his doctor came in to take a look at him, and Zoot said, ‘You’re looking better today, Doc.’ ”

LOUISE SIMS lives in a small white 1937 clapboard house in West Nyack that she and Sims bought in the mid-seventies. It sits on an acre of sloping ground that also holds a garage and a sizable toolhouse. Other houses flank it, but there is an empty wood across the street. Not long ago, Louise Sims sat at her dining-room table and talked about her life and about Sims. She is a trim, graceful woman with graying shoulder-length hair. She laughs a lot, and she has a pleasant, rich voice. Behind her, a picture window looked out on the back yard, which is terraced and has two windmills (one from Japan and one from Cedar City, Utah), three apple trees, Sims’ rose garden, and a flagstone patio. Between the house and the garage is a horseshoe court. Sims is everywhere in the house. Pieces of driftwood that he whittled sit in the living room (one has an owl’s head carved in it and is called Owl Cohn), and model airplanes that he made are hung on threads near windows. A small den is filled with photographs of musicians and with Sims’ recordings and tapes, and downstairs is a carpeted music room, furnished with a piano (picked out by Jimmy Rowles), a full set of drums (compliments of Jake Hanna), and a refrigerator. The acoustics are so good that Sims had decided to record there.

Louise Sims sipped a mug of tea and talked of her early life: “I was born in Honolulu, the youngest of three daughters. My father’s name was Mark Choo, and he was one of the first sports promoters on the islands. In the twenties, he translated and interpreted for the migrant workers, who were from China and Japan and the Philippines and Korea. He lived and died sports. He started setting up boxing matches in the fields on Friday nights. He set up a ring and ropes, and he’d charge a few cents, since the workers didn’t have much money. Then he added wrestling, and his career went on from there. His bitterest disappointment was that he never had a son. He tried to teach my oldest sister, Beatrice, to play catch, and that was a disaster. The next sister, Edith, was a tomboy, so he tried to teach her golf, and she turned out to be left-handed. There was no hope for me—I was interested in ballet and tap dancing. But he took us to every sports event on the islands, and the three of us are more knowledgeable about sports than any women I know. I’m told that I sat on Babe Ruth’s lap when the Yankees played an exhibition game, and I remember being stuffed under the ring when a riot broke out after a Filipino boxer lost a match. My father was slight and very gregarious. He was from the southern part of Korea, and my mother was from the northern part. She was Carrie Kim, and she married when she was seventeen and just out of high school. She was a very pretty woman—feminine, petite, soft. Her husband and her children were her life. She had no servants, and she never knew how many people my father would bring home for dinner. She and Daddy loved music. She had a beautiful voice, and he played for her. He died in 1951, but my mother is still alive. She lives in Manhattan with Beatrice. Bea did public relations for Olin, and took early retirement. Mother visits me and Edie, who lives in New Jersey. Edie’s been married thirty-two years to Irv Polansky, who’s a pharmacist. She has two children—Mark, an F-16 pilot, and Phyllis, who’s in computers.

“I was about ten when Pearl Harbor happened. Just before eight in the morning, a friend of Bea’s called and said, ‘Turn on your radio!’ We lived on a high hill, and there were sounds way in the distance like excavating, and we could see black smoke. Then the radio went off the air. Later, we were blacked out—one bulb per room—and we were issued gas masks and given tetanus and typhoid shots. I went to high school in Honolulu. We were all A students. Bea and Edie had gone to the University of Hawaii and done brilliantly. The pressure was on me to do the same, and as a result I wanted to go to a college as far away as possible. I got scholarships to Goucher and Bryn Mawr and Sarah Lawrence and Mount Holyoke. But I didn’t want to go to college on scholarship, so I went to Beaver College, in Glenside, Pennsylvania. It was small, and just ten miles from Philadelphia and ninety miles from New York. I had four of the best years of my life there, and I’d do exactly the same thing now. I’d given up on ballet and tap, so I majored in English and journalism. I graduated in 1952. I went home first, and then moved to New York. *Mademoiselle* had a training program, which I looked into, and I filled out an application at the *Times*. I went through weeks of interviews there. Finally, the personnel director said I had a nice telephone voice, and he gave me a job as a temporary receptionist-stenographer. Then I became his secretary. I had never had a job before, but I had taken typing and shorthand in high school—thank God. In 1954, I was made third secretary to Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who was the publisher of the *Times*. One secretary took care of his Columbia University business—Columbia was celebrating its two-hundredth anniversary, and he was running that. Another secretary handled *Times* business. And I was supposed to take care of the overflow. I was so nervous the first week that when Mr. Sulzberger asked me if he had dictated such-and-such a memo to me I said, ‘It wasn’t to I. It must have been to one of the other girls,’ and he said, ‘Well, send she in here.’ After one of his secretaries left, I became co-secretary, and stayed with him until 1968, when he died. Over the years, Mrs. Sulzberger has been a kind of fairy godmother to me. She’s ninety-three, but her mind still does mental gymnastics. Then I worked for Clifton Daniel. Once, Zoot came by to pick me up at the office. At the time, he was with a Dick Gibson group at the Roosevelt Grill. Clifton told Zoot that he recalled taking his best girl to the Roosevelt Grill but that the dancing was somewhat different then—and suddenly this sedate, silver-haired man broke into a fantastic Charleston, and Zoot almost fell over. When Clifton was assigned to Washington, I became Max Frankel’s assistant. It was 1972. He was head of the Sunday department, which was still a separate operation. When it was put under the news umbrella and Abe Rosenthal,

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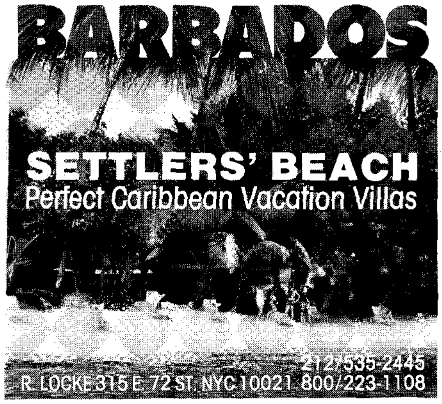
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who was the managing editor, I became one of Abe's administrative assistants. I never had a boss I didn't like at the *Times*. All of them had integrity, and all had dedication and love for the paper. I learned from each of them.

"Then, on the morning of January 24, 1980, I woke up and noticed that my left eyelid was red. I thought maybe something had bitten me, and I didn't think anything of it. I went to work. Around eleven, I saw that the eyelid was swollen. I suspected that I had a fever, and I didn't feel very well. The medical director of the *Times* said that I might have herpes, and that I should see my internist right away. I did, and he agreed. I also saw my eye doctor, and *he* agreed. I remember being in his waiting room and hearing this loud voice and looking around to see who was talking and discovering to my horror that it was me. My internist had said I might experience terrible pain, and had given me some painkillers, and my eye doctor had wanted to give me steroids. By this time, I was very rocky. I called the *Times* and said I wouldn't be back, and I called a Carey limousine to take me home. I had left my car in a commuters' parking area up here, and I was determined to drive it back to the house. I asked the limousine driver to please follow me home for safety, and he did. To this day, I don't know how I made that drive. The swelling was so bad my left eye had disappeared and my right eye was almost closed. I had to push my right eye open in order to see to use the phone to call my neighbor. She drove me to the Nyack Hospital. She also got hold of Zoot, who was at Bourbon Street, in Toronto. I had a fever of around a hundred and five, and I must have looked horrible. They thought I had either herpes or a bacterial disease called erysipelas. They kept asking me what religion I was and who my next of kin was. Then Dr. Martha MacGuffie, who's head of plastic surgery at Nyack, happened to take a look at me, and something rang a bell. She had worked one summer with a Dr. Meleney, a gangrene specialist. Dr. MacGuffie was convinced that I had gangrene, and an infectious-disease specialist from Northern Westchester Hospital concurred. Streptococcus and staphylococcus bacteria had somehow entered the top left of my face. It was suggested later that the bacteria had got there because of improperly sterilized instruments used in a root-canal job I had had done on an upper-left tooth just a few days before. Dr. MacGuffie had to operate four times to remove all the diseased tissue. I have had four more operations since then, involving skin grafting and the like. I have no feeling in the left side of my face, and I cannot close the eye. I use eye ointment and drops, and I have special goggles to wear outside in windy weather. I can't drive, and reading and writing are difficult. The worst thing is not working. I'm not up to commuting. I'd have to move back to New York, and I don't want to do that yet. This house is so full of Zoot I can't bear leaving it."

Louise Sims went into the kitchen to heat up a Stouffer's pizza for lunch. She said that this was about the time of year when Zoot cut back his rosebushes and packed their lower stems with earth. They were at the left of the yard—tall and gangly. The sun was out, and leaves were blowing from right to left. A pair of cardinals flew across the yard in the opposite direction. Louise Sims set her timer and sat down again. "I met Zoot in a roundabout way," she said. "I guess that's the way you meet all the people who come to mean a great deal to you. I was editor of my college yearbook, and I was sent to a conference of yearbook editors in Chicago, where I met John Orr, who was at the University of Alabama. I ran into him in New York later, and we dated. Through him, I met Dick Gibson, who had also gone to Alabama, and Jim Ault, who became my first husband. We were married in 1956, and Dick was the best man. Jim and I were divorced in 1964. In 1968, Dick asked me to one of his jazz parties, and I met Zoot Sims there. I went again the next year, and saw Zoot again. I had been going out with someone who lived in San Francisco, and we had more or less decided to get married. After the party, I flew to the Coast to house-hunt, and when I got back to New York Zoot called and said, 'Hey, where have you been?' We were married a year later by a justice of the peace in Mount Kisco. Mrs. Sulzberger gave us a reception, and it was an amazing conglomeration: old *Times* people; Bert Lahr's widow; jazz musicians; Barry Cullen, a Village restaurateur, whose daughter was Zoot's goddaughter; and my family. None of Zoot's family could make it from California. He moved into my apartment, on East Sixty-ninth Street. I had been the wife with Tiffany crystal and expensive bric-a-brac, and I could see right away that those days were over. What was needed was furniture to put your feet on. Zoot was a passionate Ping-Pong player, and one of the first things he gave me for the living room was a Ping-Pong table. Those were the days when he was working a great deal at the old Half Note. I'd get home from the office, and we'd eat. He would go to work, and I'd go to bed. When he got home, at four or five in the morning, I'd get up and cook eggs while he and whoever he'd brought home played Ping-Pong. Then I'd take a shower and get dressed and go to work. Zoot had no wardrobe outside of a dark-blue suit and some funny-looking jackets and slacks. He loved clothes, but he had never got around to doing anything about them. I took him to Brooks Brothers and Paul Stuart, and after that he let me pick out all his shirts and ties. By the mid-seventies, I realized that his drinking was getting out of hand. We had bought this house because Zoot wanted to live in the country, and I felt it would be healthier for him up here away from temptation. And it was. He rarely drank here, and sometimes he was home for weeks at a time. We moved here in September of 1976, kept the apartment for two years more, and then let it go.

"He liked to have a purpose each day when he was home, and he'd ask me for a list of things to do. He was good with his hands. He'd work on his Volvo—a 1962 model that he called the Red Devil. He became a whittler. He could draw, and he had a feeling for line and color. He loved doing the *Times* crossword, even though he was a terrible speller. He once gave me a birthday party at the New York apartment and hung a banner across the living room which read, 'HAPPY BERTHDAY.' In good weather, he worked on his roses and his tomatoes. He was a farmer in his soul. He'd talk to his roses when they were attacked by Japanese beetles. After I got sick, he had the back yard terraced, and he put in some impatiens, which he called shady ladies. He was a fine cook. His meat sauce was famous, and so was his chili. It took a long while to get used to his ways, which were never predictable. If he finished eating first when we had people for dinner, he'd take his plate out, then collect all the unused silver. When we were given jars of tomatoes or jelly and they were empty and had been washed and were ready to be returned, he'd tear off strips of paper and write on each one, 'Please fill this up again,' and put them in the jars. I took him to Hawaii after we were married, and he loved it. He even played golf—in his shorts and sandals. He started out one day with six balls and hit the sixth one into some kiawe bushes, which are like cacti. He went into the bushes and came out fifteen minutes later with his pockets full of golf balls. He didn't like complications, and he didn't complicate things. He had a way of seeing right to the core of a situation. He was kind and gentle. I don't think he took an aversion to more than three people in his life. A friend borrowed an old saxophone of his and hocked it, but Zoot never said a word to him. The same thing happened when someone borrowed his car and totalled it.

"In the summer of 1984, Zoot was found to have cancer, but he was in such poor shape the doctors decided they couldn't operate. So he took radiation treatments. He went on a jazz cruise in the Caribbean in the fall, and he enjoyed that. He insisted on going to Finland and Sweden in November for two weeks—against my wishes and his doctor's orders. When he came home, my heart broke, his face was so thin and white. During the winter, he played at Struggles, in Edgewater, and at the Blue Note and the Church of the Heavenly Rest. He played his last gig in Ohio. Then he went into Mount Sinai for the first of three visits. In between, he lay on a sofa in the living room. He felt cold all the time, and he'd wear a sweater and a jacket, and I'd cover him with a blanket and turn the heat way up. He had this marvellous ability to straighten his shoulders and go on. He'd say, 'If it is, it is.' I had long since taken over his booking and contracts and publicity. I wanted him to be the best at what he did, and I was very pleased that he let me help him."—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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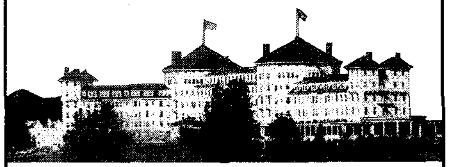

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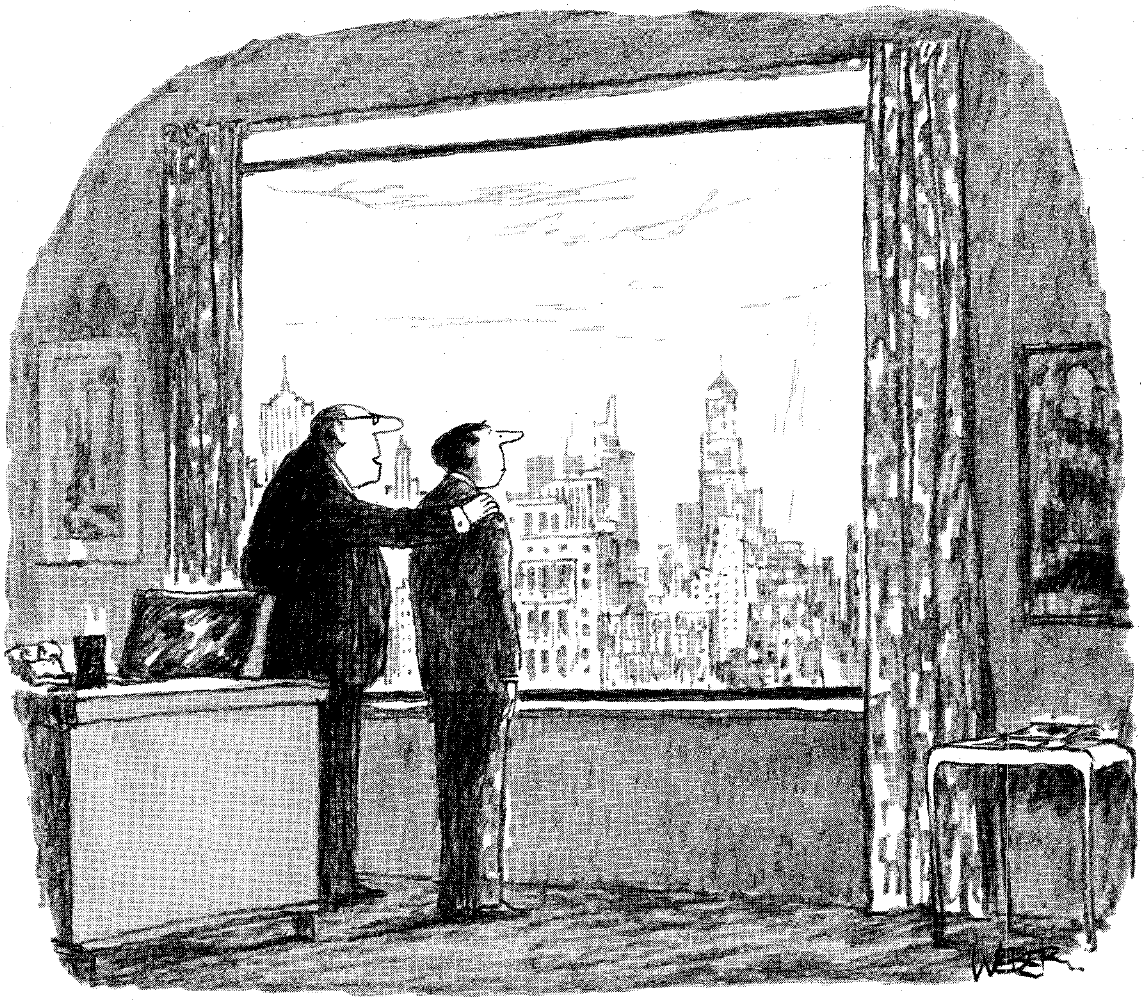
Expeditions to Gilead and Seegard

MARGARET ATWOOD is a Canadian, a poet, and a woman; all three components have contributed to her quizzical, delicate, and ultimately moving anti-Utopian novel "The Handmaid's Tale" (Houghton Mifflin; $16.95). It takes place, my best estimate is, sometime just before the year 2000, in what is unambiguously Cambridge, Massachusetts, which has become the capital of a totalitarian, troubled, theocratic state called Gilead. Our heroine is known as Offred, because she is a Handmaid, a sort of combination nun and concubine, assigned to a Commander—that is, a government higher-up—named Fred. The principal duty of the Handmaid is to submit to a once-a-month shot at impregnation by the Commander while she is being sacramentally clasped from behind by his postmenopausal Wife. Wives, with a capital "W," wear blue; Handmaids wear red habits that completely cover their bodies, and white-winged headdresses that restrict their vision as they, always in pairs, shop and stroll the streets. If they do not conceive after three "postings" of two years each, they are declared Unwomen and shipped off to the dreaded Colonies, where the main and fatal pastime appears to be tidying up toxic wastes. Other well-defined castes in the new, cartoon-medieval society are Marthas (housekeepers, who wear habits of dull green), Aunts (female enforcers and instructors, who wear paramilitary khaki), Econowives (women who belong to the poorer men; in signification of their multiple roles they wear striped dresses, "red and blue and green and cheap and skimpy"), Angels of Light (soldiers), and Eyes (the secret police). The details of the brave new world, as they drift in through Offred's offhand, dreamlike monologue, often seem droll: stores called Soul Scrolls sell computerized prayers, printed on machines called Holy Rollers, and prostitutes wear the ragtag leftovers of the pre-Gilead days—not only risqué bathing suits and nighties but cheerleader outfits and exercise costumes. Serious enough, however, are the claustrophobia and outrage of Miss Atwood's visionary future; its features constitute a living checklist of a feminist liberal's bugaboos—rampant pollution, the Christian fundamentalist New Right, sexism, and racism (the "Children of Ham" have been resettled in North Dakota, and the "Sons of Jacob" turned into disenfranchised "boat people"). The contemporary allusions worked into the texture of Gilead range from the C.I.A. to Rumania's anti-birth-control policies, from the Vietnam aftermath to the Ayatollah's Iran, from "Think Tanks" to the "privatizing" of government operations. Historical allusions include "early Earth-goddess cults," "an English village custom of the seventeenth century," and this country's pre-Civil War Underground Railroad—which ended, of course, in Canada.

To Canadians we must seem a violent and somewhat sinister nation. It is a long way, atmospherically, from Toronto to Detroit. Though sharing a continent, an accent of spoken English, and many assumptions with the United States, and afflicted with its own domestic divisions and violence, our friendly northern neighbor stands above, as it were, much of our moral strenuousness, our noisy determination to combine virtue and power, and our occasional vast miscarriages of missionary intention. With some bemusement, no doubt, Can-



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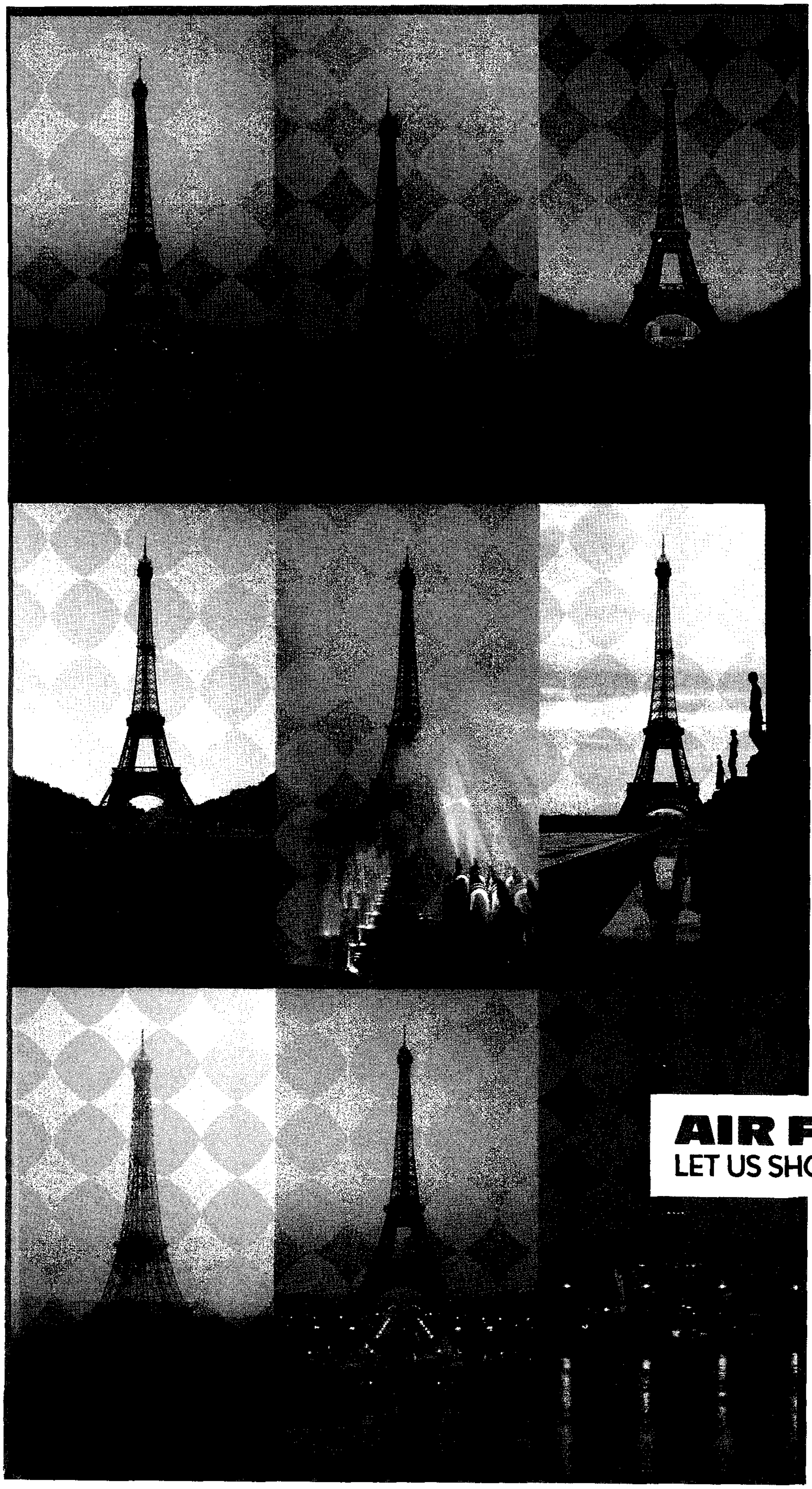

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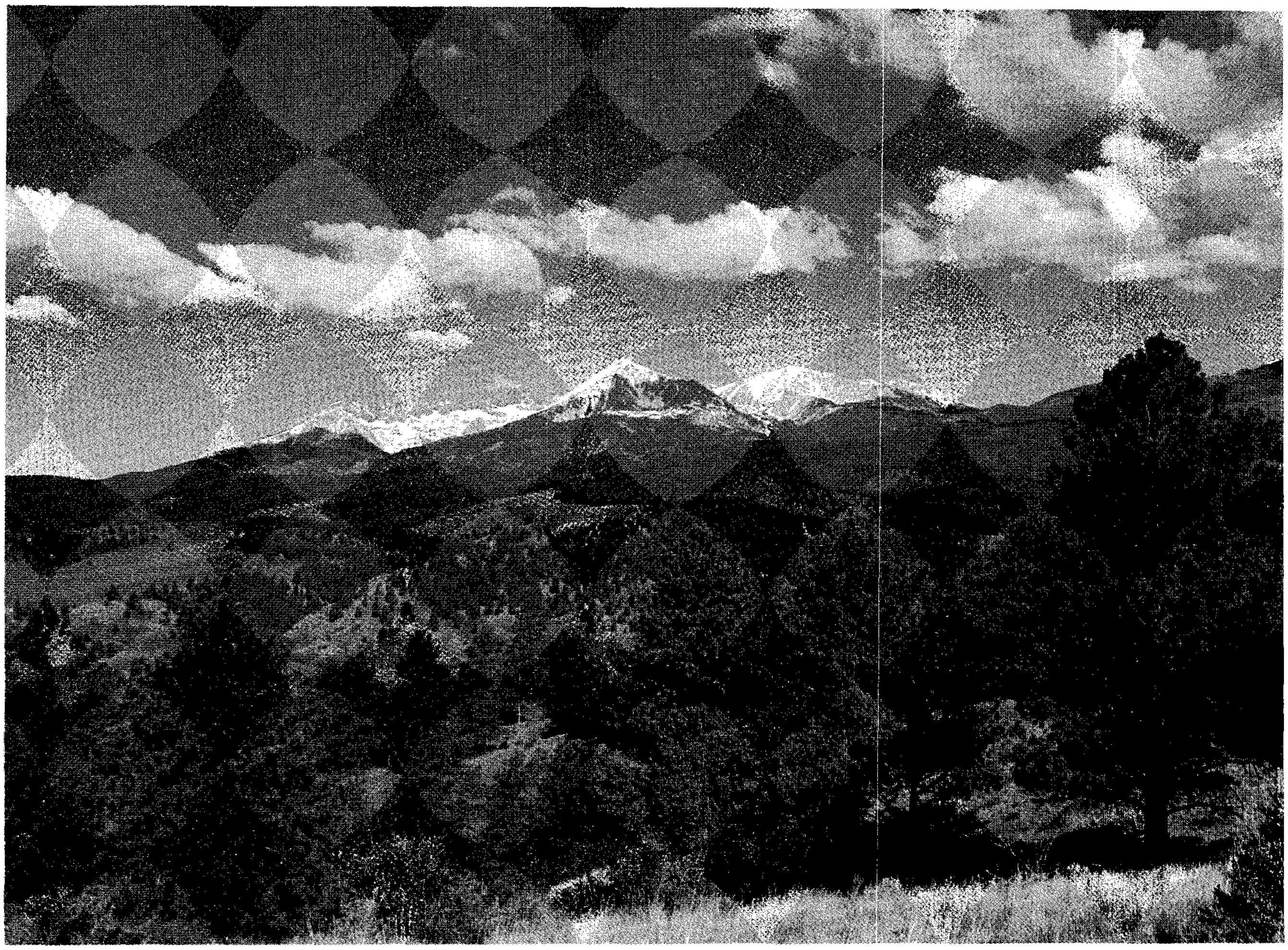

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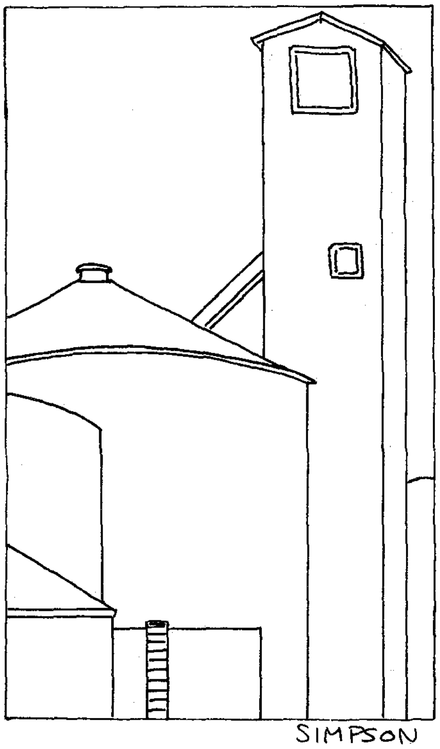
a let its Scotch be smuggled across e border during Prohibition, and ver the same border received our ietnam draft evaders fifty years later. emusement, mixed with dread, detachment, and a sense of superiority, nimates Miss Atwood's spirited car-ature of present conditions south of e Forty-ninth Parallel. Her attitude as softened since her novel "Surfacg" (1972), wherein "the Amer-ans" are the enemy, a malevolent orce-field, a veritable plague of rassness and greed—"the pervasive enace, the Americans." She took her aster's degree at Radcliffe, and, we re told on the dust jacket, finished The Handmaid's Tale" in Alabama; ke most of her countrymen, she nows the United States better than e know Canada. But what native of is republic, however politically thinkinned, takes the New Right seriousy enough to conceive of it rising up nd machine-gunning the President nd the Congress? Or would imagine he various contemporary "pro-life," ro-home, anti-abortion, anti-pornogaphy protests finding their logical onclusion in a murderous patriarchy wherein women are reduced to the status of slaves? Or would be so tactless s to make a major point of the low irthrates among Caucasians as opposed to those among non-Caucasians? Or so perverse as to locate "the heart f Gilead" in Cambridge, that present-day capital of liberal thinking, and o hang the bodies of executed political riminals from hooks embedded in the arbwired brick walls of Harvard ard? Or so careless as to propose a undamentalist ruling élite that yet penly drinks and smokes? These trange notes add a charming dissonance to Miss Atwood's bravura improvisation upon observable trends in hese United States. To the females of Gilead, as to the fugitive slaves of the Old South, Canada is safe haven, the lameless north. Offred and her husband, Luke, and their five-year-old laughter almost make it over the order, when Gilead's monstrous reforms are still new. But the three are aptured, and Luke and the girl are aken away, never to be seen again, nd Offred is made into a woman in ed, a Handmaid.

This novel could have been a humorless, strident tract; but the poet in the author renders it quite otherwise. The narrative is light-handed, fitful, and gradually compelling; it assembles its horrid world with a casual meditative motion, and saves most of its action for the last few pages. Certain small things remain unchanged and unpoisoned in Gilead. "Dishtowels are the same as they always were," and buttons with smiling faces on them are still manufactured, and flowers still bloom: "Tulips are opening their cups, spilling out color. The tulips are red, a darker crimson towards the stem, as if they have been cut and are beginning to heal there." Even the pervasive pollution is described with a certain poetry: "The air got too full, once, of chemicals, rays, radiation, the water swarmed with toxic molecules, all of that takes years to clean up, and meanwhile they creep into your body, camp out in your fatty cells. Who knows, your very flesh may be polluted, dirty as an oily beach, sure death to shore birds and unborn babies." When a baby is born, there is a celebration and holiday. Wives and Handmaids together gather in the birthing room, with its ancient smells: "The smell is of our own flesh, an organic smell, sweat and a tinge of iron, from the blood on the sheet, and another smell, more animal, that's coming, it must be, from Janine: a smell of dens, of inhabited caves, the smell of the plaid blanket on the bed when the cat gave birth on it, once, before she was spayed. Smell of matrix." And, amid the grim deprivations of Gilead, the small details of ordinary free life as it once was rise up in memory: "It's almost like June, when we would get out our sundresses and our sandals and go for an ice cream cone." Deprivation has turned tiny black-marketed items from those luxurious olden days into potent talismans: perfume, cigarettes, hand lotion, even a single kitchen match. When Offred becomes the Commander's mistress, they play Scrabble, and he lets her look at illegally preserved copies of fashion magazines:

> Staring at the magazine, as he dangled it before me like fish bait, I wanted it. I wanted it with a force that made the ends of my fingers ache. At the same time I saw this longing of mine as trivial and absurd, because I'd taken such magazines lightly enough once. I'd read them in dentists' offices, and sometimes on planes; I'd bought them to take to hotel rooms, a device to fill in empty time while I was waiting for Luke. After I'd leafed through them I would throw them away, for they were infinitely discardable, and a day or two later I wouldn't be able to remember what had been in them.
>
> Though I remembered now. What was in them was promise. They dealt in transformations; they suggested an endless series of possibilities, extending like the reflections in two mirrors set facing one another, stretching on, replica after replica, to the vanishing point. They suggested one adventure after another, one wardrobe after another, one improvement after another, one man after another. They suggested rejuvenation, pain overcome and transcended, endless love. The real promise in them was immortality.



Any futuristic novel, of course, is about the present: what has struck the writer as significant and ominous in the world now. Such an enlargement of topical issues and phenomena tends to date faster than a novel, incidentally contemporary, that describes more or less perennial human adventures. What saves "The Handmaid's Tale" from instant fustiness is that, among its cautionary and indignant messages, Miss Atwood has threaded a curious poem to the female condition. Offred's life of daily waiting and shopping, of timorous strategizing and sudden bursts of daring forms an intensified and darkened version of a woman's customary existence, a kind of begrimed window through which glimpses of Offred's old, pre-Gilead life—its work and laughter and minor dissipations, its female friends and husband and child, its costumes and options—flicker with the light of paradise. The phrase "woman's novel" is not a happy one—better, surely, for a writer male or female to attempt a "person's novel." But "The Handmaid's Tale" does feel purposefully feminine, and beneath the grim but also transparently playful details of its dystopia glows the vivid and intimate reality of its heroine.

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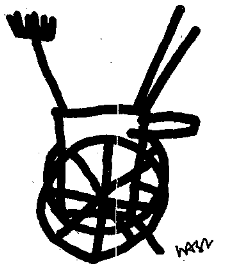
do we learn that Offred is thirty-three years old, with brown hair, and stands five-seven without shoes. We never do learn her pre-Gilead name. She is an American. Scattered clues tell us that she was raised by her mother, was a child in the seventies, and went to college in the eighties. After graduation, she lived in a run-down apartment near the Charles River, "worked a computer in an insurance company," and began an affair with a married man called Luke. By this time, the world has taken on a futuristic tint; her second job is that of "discer" for a library—transferring books to computer disks and then shredding the books. Paper money, also, is being phased out, in favor of accounts kept in a Compubank. The Gilead revolution occurs, and its first acts are not especially threatening: Pornomarts are shut down, and Bun-Dle Buggies and Feels on Wheels vans no longer shamelessly circle Harvard Square. Identipasses are issued. It has taken Luke two years "to pry himself loose," and the lovers are already married and their daughter "three or four, in daycare" when Offred, stopping at the corner store for a pack of cigarettes, is told that her credit card is no longer valid. The credit cards of all females, it turns out, have been invalidated, and the money in their accounts has been turned over to their husbands or male next of kin. That same day, she and all other women are fired from their jobs. Luke, informed of these disasters, tells her he will always take care of her and wants, that night, to make love:



> He kissed me then, as if now . . . things could get back to normal. But something had shifted, some balance. I felt shrunken, so that when he put his arms around me, gathering me up, I was small as a doll. I felt love going forward without me.
>
> He doesn't mind this, I thought. He doesn't mind it at all. Maybe he even likes it. We are not each other's, anymore. Instead, I am his.

Offred's stream of experience and reflection, as the next year or two takes her to the unsuccessful escape attempt and then three more bring her to her abject condition as Fred's official Handmaid and unofficial Scrabble companion, is nowhere more interesting, at least to this male reader, than in how she sees men. The Commander at first is hardly seen: "I glimpse him only for an instant, foreshortened, walking to the car. He doesn't have his hat on, so it's not a formal event

he's going to. His hair is gray. Silve
you might call it if you were bein
kind. I don't feel like being kind." I
slightly better focus, he becomes
composite, middle-aged man: "Th
Commander has on his black uniforn
in which he looks like a museu
guard. A semiretired man, genial bı
wary, killing time. But only at fir
glance. After that he looks like a mic
western bank president, with h
straight neatly brushed silver hair, h
sober posture, shoulders
little stooped. And afte
that there is his mustach
silver also, and after that h
chin, which really yo
can't miss. When you g
down as far as the chin h
looks like a vodka ad, in
glossy magazine, of time
gone by." As this genera
ized male makes his move and in
vites her to visit his room illicitly, h
image complicates, becomes "dad
dyish;" at moments he looks "*sheepis*
. . . the way men used to look once,
and when the time for their offici
monthly copulation comes "he was n
longer a thing to me. That was th
problem." But all the subtleties c
Fred's and Offred's involvement pla
about this central perception of her
achieved at their first interview: "Bu
there must be something he want
from me. To want is to have a weak
ness. It's this weakness, whatever it i
that entices me. It's like a small crac
in a wall, before now impenetrable. I
I press my eye to it, this weakness c
his, I may be able to see my wa
clear." To want is to have a weakness
and by this weakness the powerles
obtain a hook into the powerful. An
by guilt, also; when she learns that th
Handmaid before her hanged hersel
when the Commander's Wife discov
ered *their* affair, Offred calculates
"Things have changed. I have some
thing on him, now. What I have o
him is the possibility of my own death
What I have on him is his guilt.'
Offred "goes along" with Fred in hi
whims—she learns a prostitute's toler
ance and detachment—but power
power that is the basis of freedom, i
her only ardor. When he asks mor
than submission, she cannot respond
she lies there "like a dead bird" an
tries to stir herself with vain encour
agements: "He is not a monster, I
think. I can't afford pride or aversion
there are all kinds of things that hav
to be discarded, under the circum
stances."

But there is yet more to the relation

tween the sexes than this squalor of utual exploitation. Female hetero- xual desire, a terrible beclouder of ure femininist thinking, must be unted in; Offred, when she and we ast expect it, falls in love (not with red). She becomes reckless and avid the pursuit of lovemaking. "It asn't called for, there was no excuse. did not do it for him, but for myself itirely." And, in the plot's last swift rns, this heedless abandon turns out be the shrewdest, most self-saving ing she could have done. The ader, suddenly dropped out of her e and inner voice into a humorous cture upon Gilead delivered in the ar 2195, experiences that shocking nsation of time overwhelming life hich the reader of "The Age of nnocence" feels when the young lov- s are suddenly discovered as old, or hat Marcel felt at the final party in Remembrance of Things Past," or hat we feel when realizing that every- ody in a photograph we have been lmiring is now dead. "The Hand- aid's Tale" casts a chill, but is al- ost the reverse of the frozen black- ess of "1984." Both books predict rrupt and claustrophobic totalitari- nisms. In "1984," however, the un- erground turns out to be the regime disguise, and there is nowhere to rn, whereas in "The Handmaid's ale" the regime turns out to be piti- lly human and there is almost every- here to turn. Orwell's book is suf- sed with his awareness of his ap- roaching death; Atwood's, by life— e heroine's irrepressible vitality and e author's lovely subversive hymn to ur ordinary life, as lived, amid perils nd pollution, now.

IRIS MURDOCH cannot be accused of writing "women's novels;" her efty fictions, in later years, lean heav- y toward male protagonists, while he female characters become ever ore fey and glimmery will-o'-the-wisps—sex objects, or quest objects, of rarefied sort. Or else they are brisk asculine professionals, who matter- f-factly say things like "I can't stand hese prophets of doom, gloating over he collapse of civilisation, they're always anti-women. I think Harry de- pises women, well I suppose most men o." Thus speaks Dr. Ursula Brightwalton, without indignation and on he verbal run like most Murdoch haracters, in this prodigious English uthor's latest epic of England's edu- ated classes, "The Good Apprentice" Viking; $18.95). It seemed to me to be, though nearly as long, considerably less spacious and vigorous than its predecessor, "The Philosopher's Pupil." The earlier novel's fictional spa of Ennistone gave the author's imagination room to roam amusingly through the social scale and met it, at many turns, with the stimulating physicality of public baths, underground pipes, and canals winding through a thoroughly mapped town plan. Miss Murdoch loves water, that emblem of fecundizing flux, and the trappings of the spa placed her in salubrious relation to its volatile essence. In "The Good Apprentice" (a title I never came to understand; who is apprenticed to what?), water takes the form of a vague-making fog, of flooded boggy fens, and of a sea that, like the moral of this book, seems near at hand but is rarely glimpsed.

We must applaud the attempt to cross, in imagination, the sexual dividing line; but I do miss the certain edge Miss Murdoch's books had when their protagonists were young women, with their harassed acuity and nimble irony. She has chosen here to locate the action of the novel all too exclusively in the minds and mental turmoil of two rather priggish and self-centered young men: Edward Baltram and his so-called brother Stuart Cuno. Though they grew up in the same household, they are not blood brothers. Edward is the son of the famous painter Jesse Baltram and his mistress Chloe Warriston, and Stuart of the famous writer Casimir Cuno's son Harry, who married Chloe when she was pregnant with Edward, and Harry's first wife, Teresa née O'Neill, a Catholic from New Zealand who, like Chloe, died young, having produced one male child. Both young men have put their education (Edward in French, Stuart in math) on hold while they puzzle through the spiritual crises brought about, respectively, by Edward's feeding a friend, Mark Wilsden, some drug that caused him to jump out of a window, and by Stuart's deciding to renounce sex and devote himself to goodness, a step considered all the more extraordinary because he does not believe in God. In Miss Murdoch's long gallery of Godless saints and seekers, Stuart is one of the dimmest; he takes no significant actions and interacts with the other characters mostly by submitting to their astonishingly vehement abuse. His severest critic is his father, who is having a turbulent affair with Midge McCaskerville, Chloe's sister and the wife

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of Thomas McCaskerville, a we known psychiatrist, and the mother Meredith, a dignified pubescent wl goes jogging with Stuart. Edwar meanwhile, has sought surcease frc his Marconian grief and guilt by tr ing to find *his* father, the recessi Jesse, in the castlelike place called Se gard, which turns out to be inhabit by an elfin trio of women in (perha Miss Atwood's outfitter clothed ther pseudo-medieval dresses—Moth May, Jesse's wife, and her two daug ters, Bettina and Ilona. All these cha acters seem to mean more than wor can easily tell; their activity consists talking at one another, falling su denly in and out of love with o another, and now and then looming one another as the answer to his or h problems. The father- and enchante figures in Miss Murdoch's work ha so multiplied as to exist in hierarchie Harry ranks lower than Thomas, ar Thomas lower than Jesse, who dying and deranged and has extrao dinary "wet jelly-like . . . reddis brown" eyeballs that protrude far o of his head "as if . . . lightly restir upon the surface of the face." Poten manifests itself as magic and grote querie, and the novel abounds wi visions, hallucinations, poltergeist omens, coincidences, and other par normal thrusts of mental energy.

Miss Murdoch's own energy, ever, verges on the exhausting; h fluidity in dialogue, her luxuriant co juring of excited emotional states, ar her descriptive zeal rampage throug these pages, as wistful, ruminati longueurs alternate with brilliantly r alized scenes. She jumps into any co sciousness that pleases her, even ente taining, as a very minor character, plant that has been fed a liquid lo potion and pines into a wilt of unr quited passion. Love batters the a from all directions and attaches to ir sane and frigid men more enthusiast cally than to responsive, romanti ones. Homosexual attraction amon young males seems a more considerab factor than formerly. Of the femal characters only Midge is given muc of an inside, and some—most dis tinctly, Elspeth Macran, a horsy an vindictive feminist—are spurned wit a virtual harshness by this autho of protean sympathy. Introducing he large cast of characters goads Mi Murdoch to a frenzy of specificatio and as their eyes, noses, clothes, an hair speed by the art of the novel vee close to the method of the checklis Hair! Edward has "limp dark straigh air which flopped across his face;" arry has "thick lively hair, skilfully it, which had only lately faded a ttle from being 'golden,' standing up a crown above his unlined brow;" tuart's hair is "golden like his fa- er's used to be, but cut shorter;" homas has "a square-cut fringe of iry light grey hair;" Meredith has straight fairish brownish hair like his other, which he wore combed down neat lines to his collar, and with a inge like his father;" Ursula's "dark reying hair was cut in a sensible ob;" Willy, her husband, "continu- lly, even in the middle of dinner, ombed a long lock of his gingery hair ver his bald patch, but as often the ock fell away, depending awkwardly ver his ear, giving him a slightly ad look;" Midge's "copious fairish rownish hair, which contained many nges, including red here and there, isposed itself in a decorous graceful op about her head, tossed mane-like om time to time." Each description xcellent, and no two heads of hair like, but the very profusion, in less an a dozen pages, seems comically anic and overtaxes that part of the rain designed to retain visual images. nd when we move away from Lon- on to Seegard the hair thickens yet gain, in three kindred but differenti- ted shades and states of tidiness: Bet- ina's "hair, of a rather disconcerting ark reddish colour, was elaborately inned up, but trailing curly wisps rew attention to the transparent hiteness and smoothness of her eck;" Mother May's "reddish-blonde air, lighter in colour than Bettina's, vas more neatly piled;" and Ilona's red hair, even untidier than Betti- a's, had partly collapsed down her ack." One wonders whether Miss Murdoch's narrative gifts, in the be- inning so incisive and kinetic that er early novels read like scripts and ne of them, "A Severed Head," was nade into a play, haven't settled to- vard the descriptive to the extent that he asks primarily of her characters hat they allow themselves to be roomed, posed, and painted. Painting as become, for Miss Murdoch, the nchanter's art par excellence; Jesse's veird paintings are set before the nind's eye one by one, and those of the haracters here who turn to writing Harry, Mother May, Thomas) do so, ne feels, as a form less of art than of elf-therapy. The painterly treatment xtends to the characters' psycholo- ies, which are rich and colorful but tagnant. Edward's decision, at the end of the novel and all "the spiritual journeys, the redeeming ordeals, the healing draughts, reconciliation, salvation, new life" he has endured, to reread Proust and Stuart's to go into teaching at the elementary-school level but feebly echo Faust's resolution to drain the German swamps, or Stephen Dedalus's to forge in the smithy of his soul the uncreated conscience of his race.

As a landscape painter Miss Murdoch is superb. The scenery of her novels often outlasts, in the memory, the characters—the heavy, shadowy suburban gardens of "The Sacred and Profane Love Machine," for instance, and the mucky riverside Thames of "Bruno's Dream" are indelible in a way not true of the feverish passions enacted in their mise en scènes. In "The Good Apprentice," the flooded flat fens around Seegard—"I've never seen such an utterly pointless landscape," Harry exclaims—have a beckoning, weird actuality that puts the describer on firm ground. Those solemn, numbing, wordless moments when landscape penetrates the human spirit speak for themselves:

> The sky had by now become quite dark and the stars were hidden by clouds. Great grey balls of mist, illumined by the torches, moved slowly by, nudging the walkers and obscuring the way ahead. Harry took Midge's hand and pulled her along, keeping the torch-light fixed upon Sarah's muddy shoes and the frayed ends of her jeans. Midge stumbled, trying to make out where to put her feet, her high-heeled shoes sticking in the thick moist grasses which the torches vividly revealed. A chill wind was blowing, there were a few spots of rain. Midge began quietly and surreptitiously to cry.

Time and again, reality does thus burn through the frightful talkiness of this novel, its breathless miasmic hurried (so to speak) series of adjectives—"that deep rhythmic heartbeat of perfect joy," "in wild lonely very beautiful country," "a universe of rich harmonious endlessly various and ever renewed happinesses"—and its helpless predilection for such witless modifiers as "awful," "terrible," and "wonderful." Not that Miss Murdoch never rises to her own occasions: the long-delayed confrontation scene between Edward and Jesse is handsomely understated, and a brief two pages in which Edward watches Ilona do a striptease in Soho are quite—well, wonderful. And let it be additionally said, in fairness to this great-hearted author, that the questions with which she so persistently grapples in her fiction are the very ones upon which the

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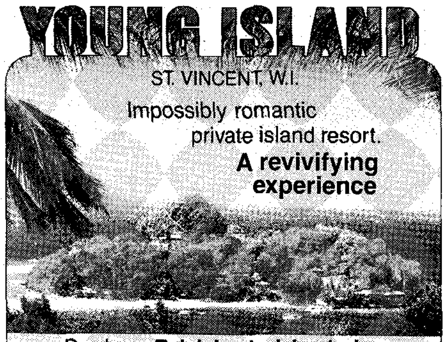
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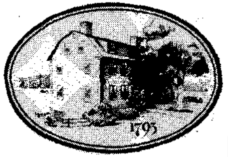

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interest of all fiction depends. Our lives are momentous: all of her tremendous novelistic energy is bent to sustaining that faith. Our lives have meaning, there is such a thing as goodness; the head supplies little evidence to support these traditional assumptions, but the heart keeps insisting. The question is phrased in "The Good Apprentice" as one of "depth." Harry shouts at Stuart, "Modern science has abolished the difference between good and evil, there isn't anything deep, that's the message of the modern world." His creator, unable in good conscience to locate depth in the external cosmos where God once reigned, turns, in the paradoxical gesture of Christian humanism, toward Man himself to supply the depth that Man demands. The prose cries, "But oh how crazy the mind is, ingenious, histrionic, wicked and deep." And Ursula flatly asserts, "The human mind is a bottomless mystery."

Bottomless? That seems extreme. And the bog of the quasi supernatural seems a dubious proving ground. Miss Murdoch's central male triangle of Harry, Edward, and Stuart, while treated at length, does not illustrate much in the way of depth, though it does show the endless self-dramatization and internal histrionics of which educated, financially comfortable English males are capable. The novel ends with its heroes only incrementally chastened and fortified, and with the author wildly chatty as she fusses at all her loose ends, her bundle of animated signifiers. Her tale has rarely, unlike Miss Atwood's, outrun its proclaimed significances, and its moral (I have just glimpsed it) came in the middle: "Where there are people there's mess."

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Sprigg's War, by Richard Girling (Heinemann/David & Charles; $18.95). A haunting historical novel about all sorts of civil war—specifically, about a superstitious captain in Cromwell's New Model Army who is being stalked by a pair of malevolent childhood acquaintances, and about his superstitious young wife, back on his family's farm, who feels besieged by her lecherous father-in-law and her vindictive mother-in-law. The plot, which spans the summer and fall of 1645, pivots on a divisive mercenary who posts between the army and the
farm with a destructive series
messages—facts, secrets, and a fin
lie. Mr. Girling's prose, supple a
precise, makes the army's sufferi
and cruelty almost unbearabl
Relief comes in dozens of exquisi
descriptions of birds, some of the
symbols and omens—from a kestr
"hanging on its wingbeats like
mounted lancer, scanning the fie
for meat" to some doves alighti
on a barn roof and "plumping
the gentle breeze like mottled rags

Cousin Rosamund, by Rebecca We
(Viking; $16.95). The third vo
ume in a sequence of novels th
opens in England before the Fir
World War with "The Founta
Overflows," continues with "Th
Real Night," and, as we learn fro
an afterword by Victoria Glendi
ning, was to have concluded wi
a fourth volume, in which Mi
West, who died in 1983, intended
bring her characters into the yea
after the Second World War. Tl
narrator, Rose Aubrey, and one
her sisters, Mary, are concert pia
ists whose encounters with tl
wider world have left them shy
aloof. This book is set in the nin
teen-twenties, when the young wom
en have become international
recognized and have an elega
house in London. Despite the
success and their absorption in mu
sic-making, they miss—in fact, the
need—their dead mother and the
brother, who was killed in the wa
Those two had a different and pe
haps deeper selflessness—a capaci
for healing their fellow huma
beings which is shared by the sister
Cousin Rosamund. Rosamund's in
explicable and, to the sisters, de
plorable marriage is a puzzle th
is not cleared up here. Miss Glen
dinning explains that Miss We
was preparing to convey the realit
of evil and to demonstrate th
inadequacy of art alone to comba
it; the mystery of the good Rosa
mund's entanglement with a ba
man was to be clarified in the fourt
volume, in which Miss Wes
planned to call upon her own expe
riences as a reporter at the Nu
remberg Trials.

The Shōwa Anthology: Moder
Japanese Short Stories, Vol
ume I (1929-61) and Volume I
(1961-84), edited by Van C. Gesse
and Tomone Matsumoto (Kodan
sha; $17.95 each). Twenty-five vari
ations on quintessentially Japanes
themes, from goldfish to volcanoes

and on all they symbolize, from family harmony to national isolationism. Perhaps the most memorable is Abe Kōbō's "The Magic Chalk" (1950), in which a delirious artist draws a door that opens onto a shadowless wasteland and then decides he would rather be Adam than God. Twenty-one translators try to draw windows, as it were, onto the twenty-five authors' Japanese, and some of them sometimes succeed ("As the summer wanes, tilting its chalice of light," for one instance). Each story is prefaced by a tidy biography, citing Western influence, from Stendhal's on Abe Akira (b. 1934) to Nabokov's on Ishikawa Jun (b. 1899), and explaining expressions such as "iron fish" and "crane in a dunghill."

EFUGA, by Peter Dickinson (Pantheon; $14.95). A young Englishwoman, Betty Jackland, arrives in Nigeria in 1923 to join her husband, a minor official of the colonial establishment. Some sixty years later, her son, a well-known television reporter, turns up to make a film about the mysterious and—we are told—bloody climax of Betty's tour in Africa. The chapters alternate between excerpts from Betty's diary, written at the time, and episodes from her son's search among the survivors—notably the Sarkin Kiti, an aging minor prince who years ago was the Jacklands' houseboy. Mr. Dickinson has an impressive ability to project the atmosphere of colonial Nigeria and of the corruptly independent nation it has become, but his plot, subterranean to begin with, is suffocated by the complexities of the novel's structure.

OTE: William Trevor's "The News from Ireland and Other Stories" has been published by Viking ($16.95). Many of the stories first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

INAL HARVEST: AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, by Andrew H. Malcolm (Times Books; $17.95). In September of 1983, a Minnesota small-town banker, Rudy Blythe, and his assistant, Toby Thulin, were lured into ambush at a farm that their bank had repossessed for a defaulted mortgage, and were murdered by the farm's former owner, Jim Jenkins, and his teen-age son Steve. This book unsensationally describes the personalities and the lives of the victims and the killers as a way of describing how the crisis in agriculture has affected the Middle West. The Jenkinses both seem to show such potential for violence and such lack of judgment that one suspects they would have failed in a boom. However, the author's portrait of the countryside suggests that the vagaries of finance have been allowed to fragment the culture of the white man on the Great Plains as ruthlessly as whites once destroyed the world of the Indians.

STALIN AND THE SHAPING OF THE SOVIET UNION, by Alex de Jonge (Morrow; $19.95). This spirited biography is the work of an Oxford professor who is not a Marxist, and who thinks that the Soviet Union uses ideology not to explain history but to legitimatize its policies. Though Stalin took private lessons in Marx and Hegel in the nineteen-twenties (and had his tutor shot in the nineteen-thirties), Mr. de Jonge presents him not as an ideologist but as a formidable politician with a capacity for unremitting attention to detail, who built a personal machine within the Bolshevik Party during Lenin's lifetime. He compares Stalin's mastery of clubhouse politics with the ineptitude of his colleagues and rivals—notably Trotsky. Stalin's pose of simplicity and accessibility made him popular when he needed popularity; when he achieved supreme power he became remote, awesome, almost wholly invisible to the public. Mr. de Jonge ridicules Western leaders' efforts to win Stalin's friendship and trust during the Second World War, reminding us that Stalin had no friends and trusted no one. He sees Stalin as nasty and shrewd, passionate in revenge but not in love. It is a convincing portrait.

LOUIS SULLIVAN: HIS LIFE AND WORK, by Robert Twombly (Viking; $29.95). Louis Sullivan (1856-1924) was perhaps the greatest American architect of his time, and the first to give urban buildings—particularly the skyscraper—an unmistakable American identity. Until quite recently, however, he was half forgotten except by architects and by students and historians of the art. Mr. Twombly, a historian and the biographer of Sullivan's most brilliant pupil, Frank Lloyd Wright, gives a full account of Sullivan's career, and offers a telling analysis of those traits of character which assured him the

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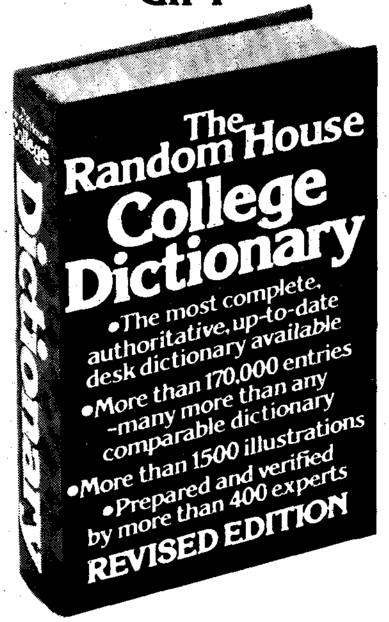
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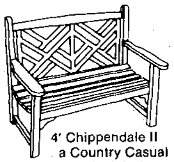

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near-worship of fellow-architects but were at the same time responsible for his decline into poverty and obscurity. Unhappily, detailed descriptions of Sullivan's buildings—their construction and ornamentation—make much of the book impossible for anyone but the specialist to enjoy. Louis Sullivan, the genius who sought to rid architecture of commercialism and to foster a truly democratic art, is here, all right, but he tends to get lost in a welter of extravagant elaboration. Illustrations.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEAD GROUND, by Philip Kerrigan (St. Martin's; $13.95). A first novel—a first thriller—that is a thoroughly satisfying beginning. The general line of the story is not an unusual one in the genre: the hunted man who saves himself by finally turning hunter. Mr. Kerrigan makes this theme his own with a feeling for craft and invention, a sense of place and character, an understanding of when to saunter, when to jog, when to race. His version involves a young London advertising man who is badly injured (and whose sister and fiancée are killed) in an I.R.A. bombing at Waterloo Station—but not before he gets a good look at one of the terrorists, and thus becomes a man marked for death.

THE STAKED GOAT, by Jeremiah Healy (Harper & Row; $14.95). John Francis Cuddy is a Boston private eye, and he tells us here how an old Vietnam friend blows into town and they arrange to meet for dinner and the old friend fails to show up and the police find his murdered and tortured body the next day. Cuddy, as expected, turns avenger, following a trail that leads back to Nam and forward to Pittsburgh, Washington, and Boston. Cuddy is—as is often the case in such thrillers—a widower, and is still grieving for his wife, dead of cancer. He visits her graveside and discusses his problems with her, he prays a lot, and he often just breaks down and cries. As a storyteller, he is long-winded and plodding and tiresome in the extreme.

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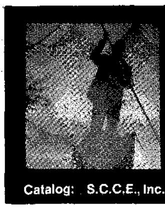

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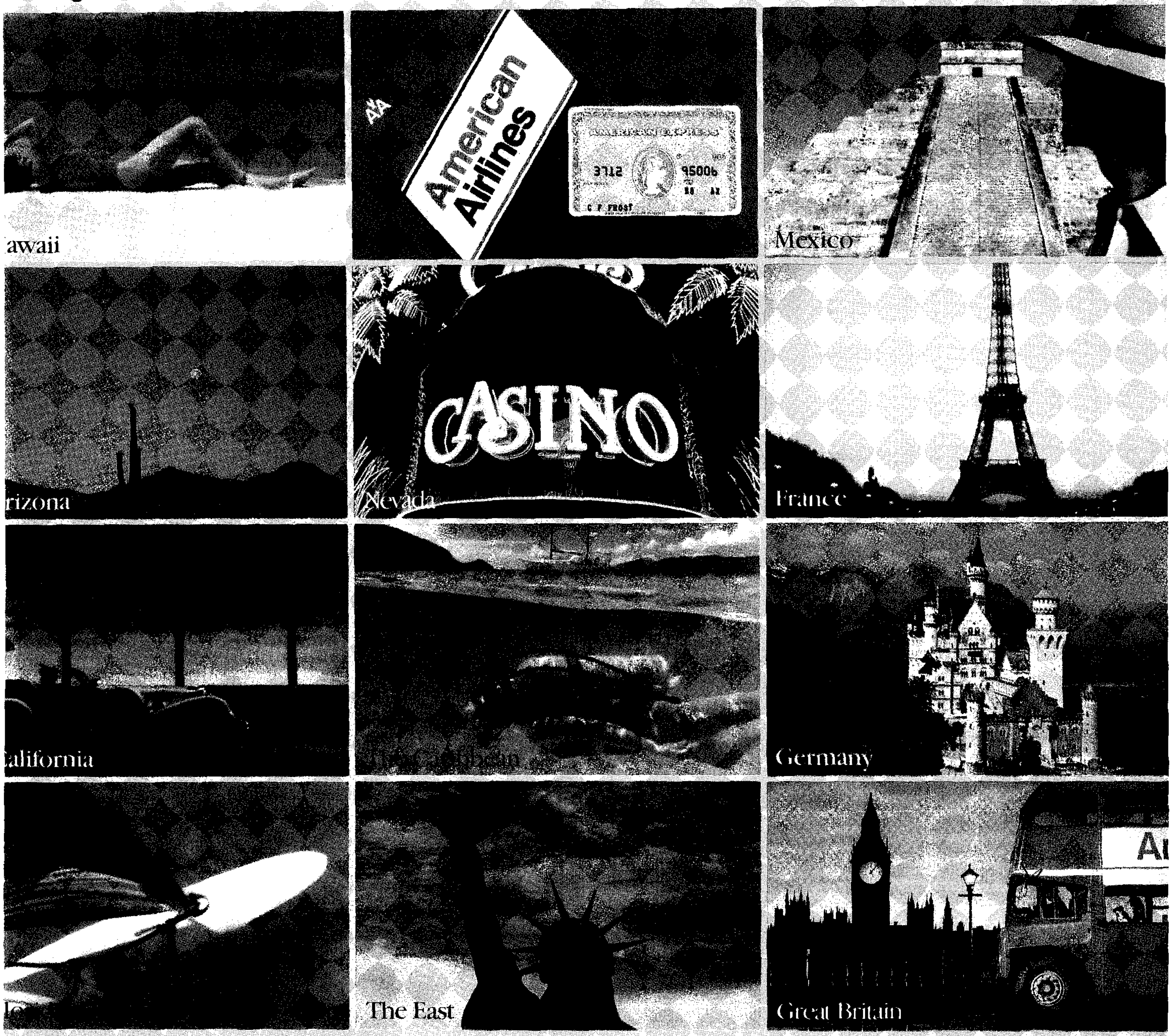
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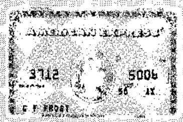
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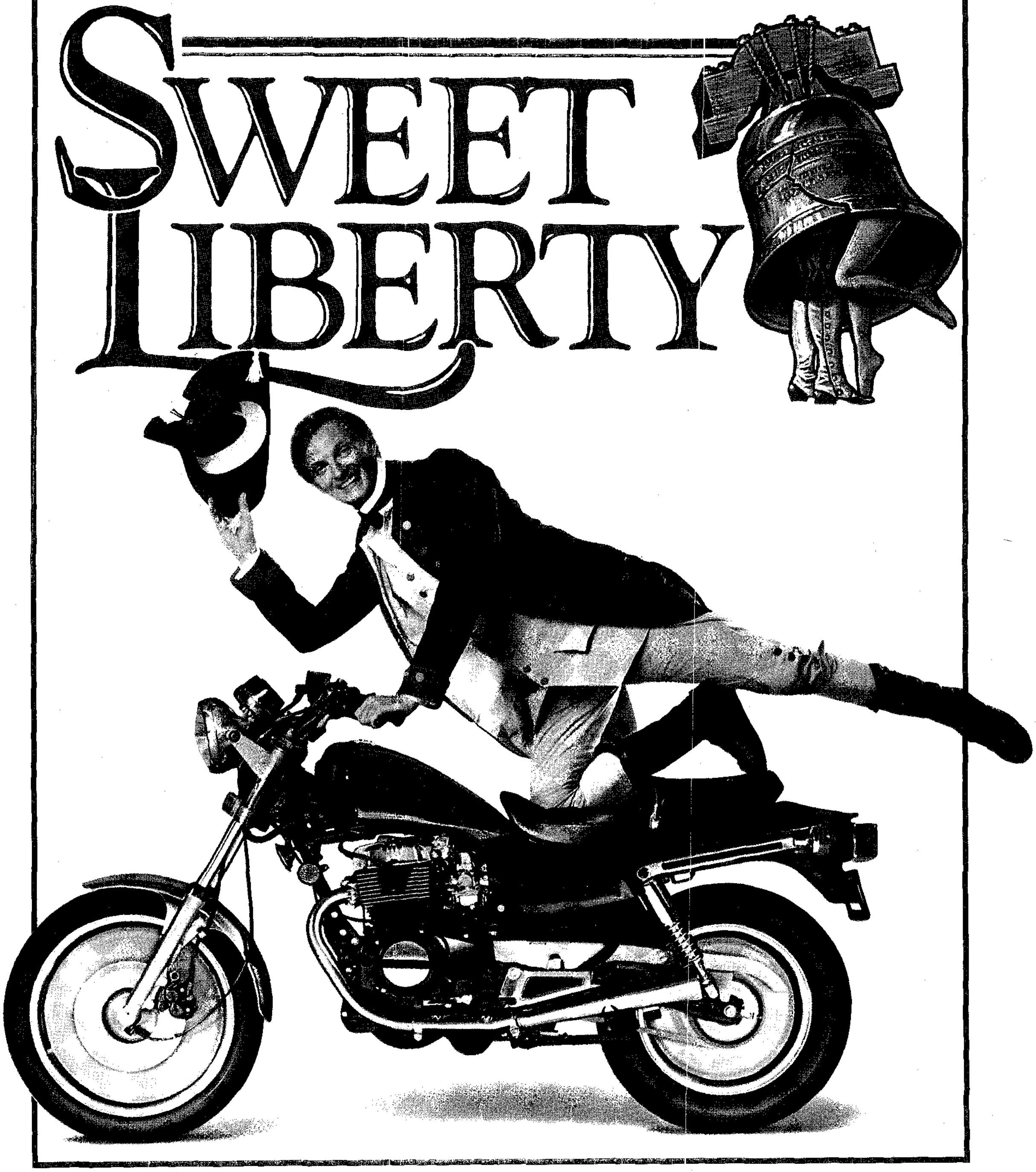

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